



RUSSIA AT WAR

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
J. B. PRIESTLEY

by
Ilya
Ehrenburg

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RUSSIA AT WAR

authorized translation from the Russian by
GERARD SHELLEY

ILYA EHRENBURG



Russia at War

With an Introduction by
J. B. PRIESTLEY



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CONTENTS

| | <i>page</i> |
|--|-------------|
| INTRODUCTION BY J. B. PRIESTLEY | vii |
| PREFACE | xi |
| I. GERMANS | 1 |
| <p>Adolf Hitler. Marshal Hermann Goering. Doctor Goebbels. Heinrich Himmler. Herr von Ribbentrop. Doctor Ley. Walter Darré. The Magnates of the Ruhr. Field-Marschals. The Factory of Killers. The Diary of a German Unter-Offizier. Brown Lice. Magnanimous Burglars. Sentimental Käitchen. The S.S. The Turkey-cock. Dream and Reality. A Baron Went to War. The Barefoot Horde. Two Yards. One More. We Won't Forget! Falsehood. The Ideals of Fritz Weber. Click-Click. The War of Nerves. Worse than wild Beasts. When they are Disarmed. A Skunk in Uniform. "Sentimental Tourists." The Basilisk. Bottled Spiders. Cannibals in Epaulets. The Ravings of Herr Kaufmann. Night Thoughts of a German Colonel. A Nobleman has Arrived. Russian Lessons. A Pile of Skulls. A Barbarian at the Gates of Leningrad. Fear. They are Cold. Ober-Gravedigger. The Thieves Extend their Business. We'll Pay them Back! Silk and Lice. Freezing Them Out. Reply to Ribbentrop. A Black Soul. Russian Music. Icy Tears. The Beast in Spectacles. Witnesses. Out of Reach. The German Christmas. A Witch Wears a Shirt. The Russian Climate. When the Wolf Begins to Bleat. Ragamuffins. By the Same Road. Crime and Punishment. Absent-mindedness Comes to Grief. Back to Savagery. No! Symbols of Sovereignty. Fritz at Play. Contempt. Fritz in "Schmolengs." Fritz as a Man of Letters. Slaves of Death. The Jester. Hatred.</p> | |
| II. HIRELINGS | 133 |
| <p>Benito Mussolini. On the Footman's Seat. The Men they have Driven against Russia. The Rumanian Underworld. Marshal Pétain by Night. Death to the Traitors. The New Kept Woman. The Disillusionment of a Hireling. Mojhaïsk-Paris. Centurions and Foreign Currency. Hirelings. Spring Days. Laval & Co. The Ragged Army.</p> | |
| III. FRIENDS | 173 |
| <p>On the Banks of the Loire. July 14th. The Coalition of Freedom. The Nations' Front. De Gaulle. To the Czechoslovaks. Love and Hatred. The Second War. Live Ghosts. A Ball of Wool. The Meaning of a Betrayal. The Sorrow of France.</p> | |

IV. OURSELVES

page

202

The First Day. Mankind is with Us. Liberty or Death! Contempt for Death. To the Jews. In the Briansk Forests. Life and Death. Kiev. Difficult Days. Hold Out! We shall Hold Out! Ordeal. There is no Fear. After Rostov. The Hour Approaches. Solstice. Happy New Year! Spring in January. The Recapture of Mojhaïsk. The Second Day of Borodino. The Ukraine is Waiting. Death and Immortality. The Miracle. Forward! Courage. Heroines. Waiting for Spring. March Winds. The Spring Equinox. The Soul of a People. Our Spring.

INTRODUCTION

EVER since I first saw the war commentaries of Ilya Ehrenburg in *Soviet War News*, I have read them with increasing admiration. They seem to me the best writing of their kind that the United Nations can show. Other fighting journalists may choose similar themes and hammer away at them with the same fierce energy, but what distinguishes Ehrenburg's work, raising it high above the ordinary level of war propaganda, are the use it makes of significant detail, for which Ehrenburg has a sharp trained eye, and its bitter and ruthless wit. Examples of both can be found here on every page:

Smoking is forbidden in his (Hitler's) presence. This man, who spent ten years in smoke-laden beerhouses, has the nerve to say: "Nobody has ever smoked in my presence." . . .

Before Hitler came to power, the Berlin Court of Justice deprived Goering of the custody of his child on the grounds that the father was a drug-taker and abnormal. The honest German judges were unwilling to entrust a child to this vainglorious murderer. Hitler has entrusted 100,000,000 browbeaten people to Goering. . . .

In Berlin they used to be fond of greyhound racing, betting on the tote. These were innocent amusements till the S.S. began to plunder Europe. The greyhounds ran swiftly. Even more swiftly ran the electric hare. The dogs could never understand why they never caught up with it. That is how the Germans are now chasing victory. And all the while the wooden soles of the women go click-clack, counting the days, counting the dead, and counting their sorrows. . . .

Not so long ago I was driving along the Mojhaisk highway. A little blue-eyed girl was tending some geese and singing a grown-up's song about somebody else's love. The only voice to be heard there now is the voice of the guns. They tell of the fury of the peaceful people, who are defending Moscow.

Not long ago I was writing in my room. A landscape by
vii

Marquet showing Paris and the Seine hung above my table. Golden, rosy Moscow was visible through the window. That room is no more: it was destroyed by a German bomb. I am writing these lines in a hurry, with my typewriter resting on a packing-case. . . .

Hitler has prepared a large number of tanks, planes and guns for the spring. But it is free people who carry on the war. Free people think and sacrifice themselves, and it is only free people who can conquer. The Hitlerites are the slaves of machines. It is not the German who drives the tank, but the tank that drives the German. . . .

There is no shadow-boxing here: every blow gets home. You are made to feel, in truth, that he is writing in a hurry, with his typewriter resting on a packing-case, and the world about him in blazing ruins; but that he succeeds, where so many of our own official propagandists fail, because he communicates the terrible urgency of the moment in lively and witty phrases. He writes as fighting soldiers and sailors talk. He is not deadened but quickened by the explosions all round him. On the other hand, he avoids the brisk and irritating manner of the ringside-seat reporter of war, the man who suggests that everything is happening just to give him a fine chance of showing what he can do. One of the sections of this book that gives us Ehrenburg in his best form is that called "Hirelings," in which the author shows us all the jackals and rats that have followed the Nazis:

No need to teach Doriot anything about withdrawal. He is renegade by nature, traitor by profession, and Judas by inspiration. I have seen him with German officers in Paris. He was all over them. He filled them up with vintage Burgundy and took them on a personally conducted tour of the brothels. He helped them to arrest the French patriots. Judas Iscariot's price was thirty pieces of silver. Jacques Doriot is far more accommodating; he accepts occupation marks. . . .

Here is the author of that massive novel of political degeneration, *The Fall of Paris*. But although it is a good novel of its kind, I for one would rather have written these superb little commentaries,

each one of which tears into its subject like a successful commando raid. Here is the best we know of the war's winning team, the Russian propagandists. I wish we were slamming it across as these Russians are. I shall be told that we have our own way of doing things, our own official-gentlemanly smooth tradition. But it is time we said good-bye to that tradition, which belonged to a small governing class and can never express a fighting people. Meanwhile, here is Ilya Ehrenburg, with his fierce staccato phrases, his wit and scorn, his sharp eye for significant detail, showing us how it is done.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

PREFACE

MY book was finished in July 1942, during days that were menacing for Russia. The German Army and its vassals were advancing on the Kuban, the Caucasus and the Volga. Realizing that he could manœuvre, Hitler transferred divisions to Russia from France, Belgium and Holland. All through those trying months we were fighting alone. We won. The Germans had regarded Stalingrad as a halt *en route* for victory; they found it a barrier.

We have grown still grimmer, still sterner. Now every Russian soldier is a judge, who inscribes his verdict in black German blood on white snow. We have drunk the chill water of hatred from the soldier's flask—draughts more searing than spirits.

Stalingrad became Hitler's Sedan. "See what their fighting has brought them to," our soldiers chuckled, looking at those two dozen captured German generals.

Of the bitter August–September–October days, of the Stalingrad epic of last November when a new springtime began for mankind, of our offensive on the Don, in the Caucasus, at Leningrad, I have written day by day. This was written after my book *Russia at War*, and I cannot convey in a brief epilogue the sorrow and hope of those seven amazing months. Perhaps a new book will be compiled from what I wrote during the autumn and winter.

But I don't want the English reader to close the book when he reaches the fall of the little town of Rossosh. For Rossosh is Soviet once more. Not long ago I visited a near-by place—Kastornoye—where the Second German Army was routed.

Whoever saw Kastornoye will never forget it: here was all that Russia dreamed of for long months—the beginning of retribution.

The moon sheds its venomous green light on the snow, on Germans, thousands and thousands of them, some shell-torn, some tank-squashed, others resembling waxwork figures, mown down by merciful bullets. The blowing snow buries some corpses; the wind exposes others beside them. They are beyond counting. Here they met their end—those conquerors who dreamed of sabres, gold and the sceptre of the world. A colonel shows his old rat's yellowed fangs: a sergeant-major clutches a flask to his breast. A pair of pince-nez, by some miracle, still survives, quivering on a lieutenant's nose, but the lieutenant has no body; a tank passed here. Germans

are trampled, minced, chopped. They dreamed of a "kolossal" victory. Instead we provided them with a colossal necropolis. Here Russia met justice—it was a long-awaited meeting. For eighteen months our country has been thirsting for this sight. We listened to stories of gallows, death camps, towns trampled underfoot by the Germans. We listened in silence, but our hearts beat fast and sometimes breathing was difficult. Now comes retribution: here lie avaricious Pomeranian farmers who thirsted after the Russian black earth. Here lie S.S. men who had bawled about the "Herrenvolk." Here lie brewers, pork-butchers, chemists, executioners; here lie Germans who marched from Kaunas to Voronezh carrying death in their knapsacks like a fountain-pen, cigarette-lighter or penknife. But life arose against them like a tempest of old: death took them and they froze in a last convulsive spasm, pitiful enough amidst an alien land. Lumps of flesh resembling crushed machine parts.

In this valley of death where officers bawled "Hurry up" to the driver bent over the wheel, thousands of vehicles strove to break through westward and were pounded by our aircraft. Suitcases plastered with the labels of European hotels were abandoned. Here were cars of all makes: Opels, Renaults, Buicks, Fiats. Cars that once rushed French newly married couples off to the Riviera. Vans that once went on their rounds with Danish cream and Dutch cheese. The complex mechanism of anti-aircraft guns was now reduced to scrap. Ersatz winter footwear of straw, and a colonel's chased hunting knife: mouth-organs, typewriters, compasses, aluminium lamps, shreds of human bodies, iron disks, hands without bodies, Prague sausages, brief-cases, crosses, helmets, field-glasses, bare pink soles sticking out from the snow like ghastly plants.

It began at Voronezh—the beautiful town of which the Germans made another Pompeii. Its buildings, mined by General von Blum, were still flying into the air. The Germans were still prating of "elastic defence." They marched with the east wind at their backs driving them onward. And suddenly the wind became a whirlwind. Down from the north rushed Russian tanks, tommy-gunners, infantry through Volovo, through Torhuny. Kastornoye had seemed to the Germans a junction stop on the march where they might warm themselves with French rum at Russian stoves. Kastornoye became a fatal cul-de-sac for Germans.

Those who managed to get away rushed westward. The Germans usually number the roads: they marked the road to Kursk 13—a bad omen for superstitious people. The survivors won't forget the thirteenth road.

The Second German Army proved very little less fortunate than the Sixth. General Bentch commanding the 82nd division roared "Hurry up" in helpless fury, jumped out of broken-down cars and ran through snowdrifts, but death overtook him like any ordinary German. Bentch's adjutant, Captain Ziegler, an experienced German agent who had "worked" in Siam, India, China, flapped his white handkerchief—good-bye, Bentch, welcome captivity! He's sitting in an overheated cottage, smiling contentedly, drawing a plan of the Germans' further retreat: "By the end of March our army will probably reach the Dnieper line." I remember how last summer these gentry said contemptuously: "By September we shall reach the Volga line."

Those officers and men of the 13th German corps who managed to escape alive from Kastornoye fled by road No. 13 towards Kursk. They were overtaken by the Red Army's avenging hand. Staff-officer Otto Zinsker, who like Ziegler is also a German agent, has described their escape. Zinsker's special line was Russia, so he speaks Russian quite well. I don't doubt he entertained hopes of a career as Vice-Governor of the Voronezh or Kursk region. Our offensive unexpectedly interfered with his plans. Here is his story: "Up to January 17th our staff, General Strom's, was quiet in the rear at Kastornoye. Suddenly we learned that the Russians had broken through the line south of Voronezh. Communication was severed and I was sent to choose a new staff H.Q. Arrived at Kshenya, I was told—we are retreating. On January 27th, General Strom, who was commanding our corps, got in touch with the commander of the Second Army, Lieutenant-General von Zalmuth, at Kursk. Strom reported we were retreating in panic and begged for help. Von Zalmuth replied 'Defend Kastornoye. I can't give you any help. My orders are to shoot panic-mongers.' Strom objected, 'There's nobody to shoot them—officers have abandoned their units.' 'Try to reach Kursk,' he was advised. But we had no cars left—two hundred staff cars had been abandoned at Kastornoye, so we went on foot. General Strom was with me. We avoided villages and went through snowdrifts. We had no food. In three days we lost half our men. General Strom called me at night—he was sitting in a haystack—and said, 'We must get some food. We've one horse and they say there's a broken-down truck with provisions down the road. Take the horse and ride there.' I didn't find the truck and when I returned I didn't find the general either. For five days I tramped through the snow and when I came half-frozen to a house, I sat down by the stove and told the woman to call the Russians:

'I'm surrendering,' I said." This experienced agent undoubtedly found his knowledge of Russian very useful.

Panic reigned in Kursk. The Hungarians had rushed in. They exchanged horses for a pound of bread and threw away their rifles. The German Commandant forbade the local people to admit Hungarian troops. Hundreds roamed the streets begging. Then the survivors of a decimated German corps appeared. "The Russians are on us," they shouted. "Let's clear out quietly." These routed Germans started a panic among the Kursk garrison. In vain General Schneider, who was in charge of the German positions east of Kursk, used threats and persuasion; the Red Army was advancing. In the north the railway was cut off, then the Kursk-Orel highway. Our troops took Fatezh; ski troops skirted Kursk from the north and threatened the road to Lgov. Kursk fell after some bitter fighting. Then, abandoning dozens of trains with provisions, ammunition and cars, the Germans made a wild dash westward.

I saw the Red Army pressing on through unendurable cold, under the red disk of the frosty sun, their gloves frozen like wood, resting on the hard snow. I saw them pressing on through a blizzard when the drifts choked all cars, when roads, shovelled that morning, had disappeared by noonday. Men and sleighs seemed to be swimming through the seething waves of a sea of snow.

Twenty-five miles daily across the snowy plain—that is our offensive. Unpeopled wastes are now as busy as city main streets. All night long peasant women struggle with the snowdrifts. Skiers glide ahead, tanks growl, bases are left behind. Staff-officers' pencils can hardly keep pace with the infantry's clumsy felt boots. A holy impatience possesses them all.

The army's material strength is tremendous; the home front's heroism, women's sweat have warmed the very snowdrifts themselves. Kharkov has Cheliabinsk to thank; Kursk should acknowledge what Sverdlovsk has done. But not in this alone lies the solution of our offensive. Something must be said about the spirit; for the soldier is neither engineer nor technician. Soldiers are both technicians and artists but—first and foremost—men. In this concrete age it is hard for shells to neutralize machine-gun nests, but a soldier's heart can make an impregnable fortress of an open field and a fortress of a miserable hovel. We saw what happened to the Germans' psychology.

The enemy defences near Yudin were broken through by our units: infantry were marching ahead. The Germans' trench-mortars opened fire left and right. But the attackers went on as though the

Germans were not firing and this had such an effect that the German gunners flung up their hands.

I talked to a young battalion commander, twenty-year-old Captain Tishchenko; he told me something of the power of confidence. At Kavornoye he found himself alone before seventy Germans. Tishchenko did not lose his head: he just walked up to one and said, "Well done! You're surrendering," and seventy Germans, thunderstruck, raised their hands.

"The hardest job is creating an army," Lieutenant-General Khov told me. Our supreme commander, our generals and officers, during the summer's most bitter days, created an army capable of attacking and winning. Everywhere you hear the winged words, "We've learned how." The Russian people never saw any disgrace in the apprentice's apron or taking lessons. We are not given a start: we caught up on the road. General Schneider, whom Hitler commanded to hold Kursk, would doubtless be surprised if he saw thirty-six-year-old General Chernyakhovsky. This tank officer drove his way through knowledge tank-fashion—scorning obstacles . . . This is a soldier-victor. Read brief descriptions of battles for this or that town: you may have misgivings about the geography: our units take towns from the west, south or north, but not from the east. They are going by the enemy's rear. When you reach the last point mentioned in the Soviet Information Bureau's communiqué you find ski troops or infantry have already broken through thirty miles ahead. We have always won by boldness. Now we are winning by presence of mind as well. Knowing that the Germans were listening, Captain Tishchenko shouted, "Neighbours, regiment on the left! Two battalions on the right flank," and the Germans ran. The Germans had fortified Fatezh. Lieutenant Barzenov disguised himself and taking the village elders' documents penetrated to the town, made himself familiar with the German defence system and got in touch with the guerillas. Fatezh was captured without unnecessary losses. In another sector the Germans had been building defences for a whole year and occupied a steep left river bank—a sheer wall of ice. Our men rigged up thirty ladders and scaled the left bank.

The offensive exists not only on the map, not only in the field, but in every soldier's heart. At Volovo, where one of our tanks was surrounded, the Germans put three tank men out of action, a fourth, Colour-sergeant Kotliarev, repulsed the Germans with hand grenades, killed a hundred. Wounded, he would not go to hospital, but grumbled, "No time now for that sort of thing"—he was attacking. That same day he was wounded a second time. Perhaps he had

seen the day before, when he was passing through Mishino village, Glazkova, a Russian woman whose baby the Germans had drowned in a well. There blazes in the heart a fire that can never be extinguished with water—only with blood.

Machine-gunner Haji Babayev defied four hundred Germans. He never flinched but kept on killing them. Eventually his ammunition began to give out but he started to clear his way with a rifle, thrashing the enemy with the butt and bayonet. Seriously wounded by a German bullet, he still managed to crawl to a house and continued shooting from there. He was not taken by the Germans. They set the house fire. Dying, Babayev saw three hundred German dead.

In the dark little house I met a wounded Red Army man named Neimark. He had a grey bristly face and fine eyes. This man was no longer young. Before the war he had been a book-keeper in Chernigov; now he had only one thought—to kill the Germans. Probably two years ago he would not have killed a chicken. "Before, whenever we had a misfortune, we used to call it Jewish luck," he told me. "Now I've really had some Jewish luck—a mine splinter took off three fingers of my right hand. But I've still two and they are just the ones I need, so I can carry on." Wounded though he was, he could think of nothing but the offensive.

Warrant-officer Koriavtsev penetrated in the German rear, got into icy water and, wringing wet, fought the Germans. "Go back to our lines or you'll catch a chill," his commander told him. "But I'm not cold—rage keeps me warm," Koriavtsev said. That is what the offensive means—our people's wrath, twenty months of intolerable anguish, Russia's great rage.

The Germans are bringing up reserve units from France. I saw some prisoners from new Jaeger battalions formed last autumn in eastern Prussia and brought here in transport planes. The Germans of the 40th special regiment remind one of the Germans during the first days of war. They don't know yet what Russia is, they counter-attack desperately. When captured they bite and scratch.

The Germans abandoned huge stores at Kastornoye, Shchigri, Kursk, Zolutukhina, Fatezh. You find here our own flour, French sardines, Dutch cheese, Kiev jam, Serbian cigarettes. A soldier can have Lithuanian "polendici" and wash down his hard biscuit with burgundy. Captive Europe cannot save the Germans. Serbs, French, Greeks may breathe more freely: they are now beginning to feed their deliverers, not their gaolers.

War is a science. We have passed our examination. We shall continue our studies but now we may say that nations will learn

from our victories. War is not only a science, it is an art, an inspiration, demanding talent as well as education. The Red Army's offensives have shown once more how talented our people are. Could our young people have thought ten years ago of a Schlieffen plan, of tanks and pincer movements? We lived for other things then. But if we must fight, then we must fight and the people from whom Pushkin, Moussorgsky, Mendeleyev, Pavlov, Lenin came have created a galaxy of brilliant military leaders. The Germans still have discipline and technical training, accuracy. But where are these pork-butchers and brewers when it comes to Russian talent, inventiveness, breadth of mind and heart? War is not only a science and an art, it is something more. It is a difficult, bitter, terrible business, but it is profoundly human. Victory depends on the heart. So we said in the days of our defeats—we knew victories lay ahead. We are saying the same thing now. We are attacking because we have on our side humanity, truth, the wisdom of history and the sweetness of that little fair-haired girl who is waving her hand in welcome to the Red Star and calling out over and over again, "It's our people! It's our people!"

Now I want to say a few words to my English readers. The war has reached the turning-point. It may lead swiftly to the issue of victory, peace, the triumph of life. Or it may lead to prolonged chronic devastation of Europe, the triumph of death. Germany cannot win, but death may win. Much depends now upon our fighting friends. The Red Army is continuing the offensive. The Red Army is destroying German divisions. The Red Army is doing all in its power. But it has allies. These allies approve, encourage, sympathize, but they are not yet fighting at their fullest pitch. Upon their decision and indecision depends the triumph of life or death. I am a writer, not an agitator. I am accustomed to living according to the laws of art which tolerates all colours and shades, save black and white. But this is no time for observing, for contemplating. Every individual bears responsibility for the fate of the world, for every child, for every city, for every garden. Woe betide him who reads an account of Russia's struggle as an engrossing story, as an exotic narrative, as a tale of others' sufferings. For he will have to answer for his aloofness to himself and posterity. Conscience demands action, conscience loads guns, conscience leads into battle. I hope that every one of my English readers when he reaches the end of this book, will say "The time has come—Russia says so! The time has come—the world says so! The time has come!"

Moscow, *March 6th*, 1943.

ILYA EHRENBURG

I. GERMANS

ADOLF HITLER

THERE was a time, long ago, when Hitler took up the harmless occupation of painting. He failed to reveal any talent and was rejected as an artist. "You'll see!" he screamed indignantly. "I'll become famous." He has justified his boast. Throughout the entire history of modern times it would be hard to find a more famous criminal.

In a tiny fishing village a Norwegian mother weeps for her son who has been shot by the German Fascists, and to herself she keeps repeating: "That murderer Hitler!" At the other end of Europe a Serbian whose village has been burnt by the Germans exclaims with hatred: "That cur Hitler!" . . . The unsuccessful painter has millions of human lives on his conscience.

The German Fascists have invented a "race theory" in order to justify their seizure of other people's goods. According to this theory the German race is distinguished by the special shape of their skulls and by their noble features, and this race has the right to rule the world. Hitler, one presumes, is the model of the "noble German race." Let's listen to what Professor Max von Huber, the most eminent anthropologist of Germany, has to say. Before Hitler came into power, the Professor gave evidence as an expert before the Munich court of justice. This is what he said about Hitler's physical appearance: "He has a low sloping forehead, an ugly nose, wide cheek-bones and small eyes. The expression of the face reveals an individual who has no proper control over himself and is mentally unstable."

Heyden gives the following description of Hitler's début in high society: "Wearing an elegant suit, he entered the room carrying an enormous bouquet of roses and kissed his hostess's hand. When the guests were introduced to him he looked like a Public Prosecutor assisting at the execution of a death sentence. When he began to speak, a baby started crying in one of the neighbouring rooms; it had been woken up by his exceptionally loud and penetrating voice."

Hitler's voice is unbearable—it is a hoarse bark that soon rises to a shriek. When he speaks, he writhes and wriggles and hops

about. Gradually he goes into a trance and begins to utter incoherent gibberings like a witch-doctor.

Hitler's past is shady. The son of an Austrian official, he sold doubtful postcards and lodged in doss-houses. Finally he became a police spy, attending workers' meetings and reporting "mischief-makers" to the authorities. Last year this ex-police spy made his solemn entry into a deserted Paris and had himself photographed against the background of the Eiffel Tower.

Hitler began his political career as the puppet of Germany's heavy industry. At a meeting of industrialists at Essen, Vögler, Kirdorf and Thyssen acknowledged him as the "saviour of Germany." Hitler was in need of money, and no small amount either. He promptly announced to the industrialists that they should "save their saviour."

To the workers he said: "I will destroy plutocracy." He used a different language when talking to the big capitalists. "We'll share the job," he said. "You'll carry on with economics, and I'll take over politics." The multi-millionaire Vögler, chief of the "Steel Combine," became Hitler's chief backer. Hitler promised Vögler substantial profits in the great war that was going to take place. To the German people he announced: "Peace ruins man; only war makes him flourish."

Hitler diverted Germany's excellent technique and the industriousness and discipline of her people to banditry. He convinced the young Germans, cut off from the world and deprived of all culture, that Germany ought to possess the earth. He made the delusion of grandeur a compulsory disease. But he himself has remained an ignorant man who studies horoscopes. He has broken the opposition of many neighbouring countries with threats, blackmail and cunning. Eighty million Germans and one hundred million people of other countries enslaved by the German Fascists have come under his heel.

Hitler is a tenth-rate mountebank. He has built himself a palace on a lonely mountain. Although a hardened murderer, he is a vegetarian who is shocked at the sufferings of lambs and bullocks. Smoking is forbidden in his presence. This man, who spent ten years in smoke-laden beerhouses, has the nerve to say: "Nobody has ever smoked in my presence."

Hitler is fond of being photographed with children and dogs, trying to make out that he is tender-hearted. But every day Himmler reports to him on the tortures and executions that have been carried out. It was Hitler who wrote: "There is no keener pleasure than to haul a defeated rival under the knife."

Hitler is revengeful and malevolent. He killed his best friends, starting with Roehm. He gave orders that journalists who referred to him disrespectfully should be tortured.

"In order to restore order," he declared, "you must hang a man on every lamp-post."

Hitler is insanely autocratic and intolerant. In 1937 the visitors to the "Exhibition of German Painting" in Munich were treated to the rare spectacle of the Chancellor of the Reich tearing down and cutting up with his own hands those pictures which failed to please his taste.

Once upon a time Hitler thought of becoming an architect. Now, at his command, the Fascist airmen are destroying hundreds of outstanding monuments of world architecture. Hitler has said: "I will destroy the whole world. Afterwards, perhaps, I will rebuild it." He hates all the nations of the world. To torture and destroy is essential for him. He told his friend Rauschning: "If the Jews did not exist, it would be necessary to invent them. Cruelty alone brings man nearer to dynamic power." Of Frenchmen he has written: "They are negroes, they must be curbed." He is vindictive towards the Czechs: his stepmother was a Czech. He called the Czechs "Slav swine." In particular he hates the Russians. This conceited cretin called Leo Tolstoy "a mongrel."

Hitler despises the German people. He told Strasser: "Our workers don't need anything except bread and circuses—they have no ideals." He has given the Germans plenty of circuses. They have seen bonfires of books. They have seen Germany reduced to want and savagery. They have seen hundreds of thousands of soldiers' widows. They have seen the ruins in Berlin's main street, Unter den Linden, a retribution for the barbarous bombing of London. Hitler has indeed been lavish with his circuses. He did not provide the people with bread; he ordered his soldiers to get it by fire and sword. He trampled western Europe and the Balkans under foot. The bread was devoured. Then he drove his hungry horde on to the East.

A Swedish journalist who recently talked to Hitler says that this cannibal has grown thin, overexcited and suffers from insomnia. He rushes from one room to another in his palace. He feels his doom is near. Sleeping-draughts no longer have any effect on him: in the stillness of the night he hears the voices of his victims.

Formerly, when Hitler drove through the streets of German towns, the police obliged the people to throw flowers at him. He adores forget-me-nots and pansies. Once, a heavy stone was found

among the forget-me-nots. Some admirer had decided that you need more than flowers to convey your true sentiments. . . . Now it is forbidden to offer flowers, as "bouquets are premature." The Berliners wise-crack on the quiet: "He's longing for a laurel wreath on his grave." He is hardly likely to get even a headstone. For him the vampire's burial with an aspen stake through his heart.

MARSHAL HERMANN GOERING

Adolf Hitler had no difficulty in finding suitable henchmen. Of course, they all talk about the "struggle against plutocracy," but every one of them has got a few millions put away for a rainy day. They are destroying Europe in a business-like manner and with German thoroughness. A stock company is known in Germany as a "limited liability company." These cannibals have formed their own Trust. It is known as the Third Reich and has thrown off all responsibility.

Hitler's closest collaborator, Hermann Goering, is vain as a turkey-cock. He is passionately addicted to titles and rank. His visiting-card reads:

Hermann Goering

Field-Marshal

Minister of Aviation

Chief of the Luftwaffe

Honorary Commissioner for the execution of the

Four-Year Plan

Governor of the German Forests

Oberjaegermeister

President of the Reichstag

There is one title, however, which Goering modestly refrains from mentioning: he is director of the vast Hermann Goering Metallurgical Trust. Since the beginning of the war this "leader" has increased his capital from one hundred to two hundred and fifty million marks. He makes a profit on every gun and every shell. And he has pocketed the industrial concerns of the conquered countries—Czechoslovakia, France and Belgium.

Goering likes to live on a grand scale. He has six residences in Berlin. In one of them, quite a modest affair, there are thirty-two rooms. His motto is: "Live, but don't let others live."

He is phenomenally fat and a voracious guzzler. To others, however, he recommends "moderation in eating." He proclaimed

that "guns are better than butter" and put the Germans on starvation rations. When he made a speech to the emaciated Berliners, he exclaimed pathetically: "I too have got thin. I've given up several kilograms to the beloved Fatherland," and smacked his enormous belly.

Once a year Goering stands in the street with a collecting-box to raise money for the Winterhilfe. Through his broker Schlütter he has transferred 1,250,000 dollars to a Brazilian bank in São Paulo. Who knows whether he may not have to bolt from Germany some day?

He is passionately fond of dressing up. He climbs out of the cabin of his plane wearing full-dress uniform and a gilt sash. One of his photographs shows him in a domestic setting, swathed in a dressing-gown and wearing a dagger. He used to wear a huge golden swastika as a tiepin. Goering has given careful thought to the ritual of execution: the victim's head is struck off with an axe, and the executioner is dressed in a black frock-coat and a top hat.

Goering has publicly declared: "My business is not to bring about justice, but to destroy." At the same time he is as sentimental as Gretchen. He has prohibited vivisection and announced that scientists who torture guinea-pigs will be sent to the concentration camp.

He set fire to the Reichstag and accused the Communists of arson. He has carried off ancient statues from Paris and set them up in his bathroom. He once said: "I don't care what I shoot at so long as I shoot." Before Hitler came to power, the Berlin Court of Justice deprived Goering of the custody of his child on the grounds that the father was a drug-taker and abnormal. The honest German judges were unwilling to entrust a child to this vainglorious murderer. Hitler has entrusted 100,000,000 browbeaten people to Goering.

DOCTOR GOEBBELS

Doctor Goebbels looks like a repulsive ape. He is a dwarfish figure addicted to grimacing and wriggling. In no way does he fit in with the description of the "Aryan race," which the "scientists" of Fascism have served up to the Germans. They have been obliged to invent a special "scientific" term to fit the case of Dr. Goebbels. According to the latest researches of the German "scientists," Goebbels belongs to a special branch of the Aryan race, to wit a "race of German dwarfs who developed dark hair."

Hitler began by painting pictures; Goebbels by writing novels.

Alas, he too had no luck. Nobody bought his novels. Goebbels afterwards explained: "It was all due to Marxist intrigues."

In his principal novel, Goebbels slandered the Russians. He makes a thoroughbred German named Michel say to a Russian with the curious name of Venurovsky: "You must be subdued and exterminated." Doctor Goebbels is hardly likely to venture to exterminate the Russians now: he is a notorious coward, and rushes to the air-raid shelter even when there is no alert.

Hitler entrusted to Doctor Goebbels the essentially cultural sphere of national education. He set to work with a will and immediately made bonfires of 20,000,000 books, taking his revenge on the reading public for having preferred a certain Heine to Goebbels. "I'm sick of the printed word," he says. This is not quite exact, as he has a passionate admiration for his own words—both printed and unprinted. He drove all the writers out of Germany. On the other hand, when the Hitlerites entered Paris, the newspaper which they immediately began to publish in French displayed the following announcement: "Acquaintance with the works of Goebbels will prove of the greatest benefit to French culture."

He now says: "We are fighting against the Russian Bolsheviks. We are defending culture. . . ." In March 1939 he wrote: "Forget the words humanism, culture, international law—to us they are empty ideas."

Goebbels poses before the photographers with five children, trying to show what an excellent family man he is. Nevertheless, everybody knows he is a lecherous baboon. He had to pay dearly for one of his amorous adventures—the indignant husband knocked his teeth out.

Goebbels is interested in the cinema. He writes scenarios which are a mixture of pornography and cannibalism. Moreover, he has established the "right of first night": before she can make her début every young actress is obliged to pass the night with the illustrious baboon.

Apes are said to be frivolous. But Dr. Goebbels is a serious type. He does not forget to plan for the future; he has a little nest-egg in a bank in Buenos Aires: about 1,850,000 dollars.

HEINRICH HIMMLER

Himmler is neither a diplomat nor a *Kulturtraeger*. He is simply an executioner. He is Hitler's *éminence grise* and is spoken of in

Germany as "the Successor." He is a petty degenerate with a round, dull-witted face and spectacles over his bleary eyes. He is the head of the Gestapo. When the Fascist cannibals seized power in Germany, Himmler arrested over a million Germans. The cellars in the Prinz Albert Strasse witnessed all the horrors of torture carried out with masterly technique. When the Hitlerites invaded other countries, Himmler started torturing on a European scale. The Gestapo followed in the wake of the tanks. This happened in Poland, Norway, Holland and France.

Himmler has no time for idle theories. "Let them hate me, so long as they fear me," he declared. He forces arrested persons to clean out filthy lavatories with their bare hands; he provided the camp commandants with special whips. He states that the presence of the prisoners' wives at interrogation is very "helpful"; in the Gestapo they "interrogate" with pincers, razors and lighted candles. Himmler's idea of justice is the smell of burnt human flesh. This sadist once declared: "The sacrament of matrimony consists in racial purity."

Hitler avails himself of Himmler's services in order to get rid of high officials who have fallen out of favour. So it was on June 30th, 1934, when Himmler killed Roehm, Strasser and General Schleicher. Doctor Goebbels' journalists represent Himmler as a saint. According to them he is above money. However, this incorruptible ascetic has a luxurious estate in the Bavarian Alps. He bought it with the money he got from his prisoners. "Contribute so much for propaganda," he told them, "or else you will be beheaded." Kind-hearted Himmler bought the estate in the Alps for his ten-year-old little daughter, who bears the poetic name of Pippa. Being a shrewd man, Himmler has no great confidence in immovable property in Germany. He is anxious to make sure of his future. Of course, he is hated, but who knows whether the time may not come when he will cease to be feared? So the cautious executioner, with the help of his broker, has transferred to America his "life's savings"—2,000,000 dollars.

HERR VON RIBBENTROP

Herr Joachim von Ribbentrop has surpassed both Goebbels and Goering: he has 3,150,000 dollars in America.

When he was a boy of ten, he already showed capacities above the average: he used to make his companions tipsy and sell them schnapps. When he came to man's estate, he went into the wine trade. Before the last war he sold Rhine wines in Canada. He

began to flourish at the time of the occupation of the Rhineland. This "patriot" made large profits on French champagne, which he imported duty-free. Later on he declared: "Those were shameful years for Germany," and modestly fell back on German sparkling wine. He married the daughter of a big wine merchant. He is a diplomat-barman.

Ribbentrop has not always been a "von." He became a nobleman by adoption. When he was in Frankfort he fancied the salon of Baroness Rothschild, where he took part in amateur theatricals. Everybody said: "Our Robby is marvellous at playing English gentlemen."

He was regarded as an Anglomaniac. He built himself a country "cottage" in the English style. When he became a diplomat, Hitler sent him to London. Von Ribbentrop was presentable and had been taught manners. The cannibals assumed he was the right man to carry on conversations with decent people. However, von Ribbentrop turned out to be a savage and a cad. He decided he would teach the English to greet one another in the Fascist style by raising the arm. The English treated him with unconcealed contempt. Like true sportsmen, they laid bets as to who would stay longest in the same room with Ribbentrop. This did not prevent Hitler from declaring: "Germany has never had such a brilliant diplomat. Von Ribbentrop has surpassed Bismarck himself."

Ribbentrop is fond of luxury; he is constantly surrounded by a suite of forty persons. He collects decorations, which he receives from his serfs—Mussolini, General Franco, Horthy. He also collects decorations as "keepsakes" in the conquered countries.

He has always declared that he loves Paris, but the Parisians do not reciprocate his sentiments. When he visited Paris in 1938, the police cleared the streets of all pedestrians, as the French Government was afraid they would pelt the resplendent wine merchant with rotten apples. Von Ribbentrop saw an empty city. He was quite unabashed and said: "Paris has particularly pleased me this time." Eighteen months later he came back to Paris. The city was deserted: the Hitlerites were in occupation and the population had left. Von Ribbentrop picked up perfumes and knick-knacks wherever he could, drank real champagne with the petty spy Abetz and reckoned up how many dollars he would be able to transfer to America by looting Paris.

DOCTOR LEY

Doctor Ley is said to be the "Protector of the Workers." In fact he is a rank hooligan. His official biographers admiringly record that he "can turn any table upside down."

Long before Hitler came into power, Ley showed what a hero he was by raising hell in the Ratskeller restaurant in Cologne, tearing up the pictures, smashing the mirrors and wounding two of the customers. It took his doctors over twenty-four hours to get him sober again.

As a young man Ley published a small pornographic paper. Later he engaged in a more profitable enterprise, becoming the "representative of the proletariat" in the "General Committee of German National Economy." This post brought him millions.

He is not only a hooligan, but also a sharper and an embezzler. His friend Kaiser has stated that Doctor Ley squandered funds belonging to the National-Socialist organization, tried to force Kaiser to live with the wife of a big industrialist in order to squeeze money out of him, and finally quite brazenly stole 25,000 marks from Prince Schaumburg. All this happened during the younger days of the now highly esteemed Dr. Ley. When he grew older, he began to grab not merely a few thousands but hundreds of thousands and millions.

Ley has enslaved the workers, increasing their hours of work and reducing all wages. For this he has been amply rewarded by the Fascist employers. The workers are dressed like convicts in blue-black blouses, and the factories are haunted by Dr. Ley's spies.

He declared that all workers would get a "People's Motor-car." Every worker was obliged to pay a contribution "in advance." The factory began to turn out whippet tanks. The workers' contributions had been pinched. Meanwhile, Dr. Ley had put something more away for a rainy day.

Doctor Ley administers the "Bank of the Workers' Front," into which all workers are obliged to put their savings. The workers' savings immediately become the savings of Dr. Ley.

He is fond of saying: "We're not working for the sake of money, but for the development of Germany." However, he makes no secret of his riches. He built himself a luxurious castle, which cost him 100,000 marks. Some wag wrote up on the castle wall: "It would be interesting to know where Dr. Ley got 100,000 marks from." The inscription was removed. Dr. Ley promised a reward of 1,000 marks for information regarding the identity of the

"criminal" who had committed this outrage on his castle wall. The next day passers-by saw a new inscription: "It would be interesting to know where Dr. Ley got 101,000 marks from."

Ley is always chasing after women. He arranges orgies on specially chartered pleasure-steamers. Ten Aryan maidens accompany him on these cruises.

This millionaire knew there was plenty of money to be made out of war. Indeed, in the course of the last year he has transferred 600,000 dollars to South America.

WALTER DARRÉ

Darré was born in Buenos Aires. However, when the Hitlerites assumed power, a grandiose monument was erected near Wiesbaden with the following inscription: "To Walter Darré. Erected by his fellow-countrymen, the grateful peasants of Nassau."

As a young man, Darré was employed as a minor civil servant, but was dismissed for embezzlement. Hitler appointed him "President of the Peasant Class of Germany." He became the "Protector of the Peasants" and Minister of Agriculture.

As Minister of Agriculture, Darré might have been expected to take an interest in cattle breeding. He preferred to regard people as cattle. He published a plan for the increase of the human stock. According to his instructions, women are to be divided into four groups.

The first group are women who are regarded as the élite. They constitute 10 per cent of the total population and are capable of bearing representatives of the pure German race. They are encouraged by the Government to marry.

The second group are women who are capable of bearing satisfactory offspring.

The third group are women who may produce undesirable offspring. Such women may marry provided they are sterilized.

The fourth group are women who should be strictly forbidden to marry at all.

Darré has destroyed the poorer farmers of Germany by turning them into day labourers. Now he has set to work to destroy the farmers in the occupied countries.

He is a bosom pal of Rosenberg. Together they nursed their dreams of the Ukraine. In May 1940, Walter Darré outlined his programme: "The land of the countries conquered by us will be shared out among the soldiers who have particularly distinguished

themselves and the exemplary members of the Nazi Party. In this way a new territorial aristocracy will arise. This aristocracy will have its slaves—the local population. The Germans are accustomed to giving orders. They are accustomed to inflicting punishment when necessary. They will raise the level of agricultural economy and create a new order.”

Later Darré expressed his idea more precisely: “The new German people will have its slaves. Do not regard the word ‘slave’ as a figure of speech. We really intend to create a new form of slavery and to bring it into being. Slaves are not to blame for being uneducated, and in future education will be the exclusive privilege of the German population.”

This slave-owner is loud-mouthed and brazen. He has said: “England must be destroyed, like Carthage of old.” He also threatens to destroy America. He swears he will turn 200,000,000 Soviet citizens into slaves. In spite of all this, he is far from being altogether certain of the future. He has recently transferred 400,000 dollars to a Japanese bank in case he fails to turn mankind into “slaves.”

THE MAGNATES OF THE RUHR

Who are the people who put these degenerates into power? The millionaires, the flower of German capital, the magnates of the Ruhr, the Stock Exchange crooks, the Steel Kings, the Coal Kings and the Electricity Kings.

At first the German capitalists were rather embarrassed at the prospect of admitting into their houses a gang who talked the language of the thieves’ kitchen. Perhaps the magnates of the Ruhr, when talking to Hitler’s ministers, instinctively hid their cigar-cases and fountain pens. Perhaps when they heard Goebbels’ lecherous laughter, they sent their daughters abroad. However, the magnates could not afford to be too particular—the unemployed were parading under the windows of their palaces, and Hitler was whispering: “I’ll save you.”

The task of saving Big Capital was to be entrusted to the Crazy Tyrolese and a band of demagogues with the mentality of ruthless *agents provocateurs* of the Zubatov type and with a wealth of experience as strike-breakers and narks. The bargain was sealed. Fritz von Thyssen shook hands with the cheap-jack adventurer Hitler. Gustav Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach slipped cheques into the hand of the petty embezzler Ley. Vögler, the head of the “Steel Combine,” smiled affably at the unprepossessing Goebbels. The

spheres of interest were strictly defined. The capitalists were to rule the factories and collect the dividends. The Hitlerites were to rule the country and rob as best they could.

Having realized his plans for a world war, Hitler announced that he was fighting "against plutocracy." In every speech he made he unmasked the capitalists. The magnates of the Ruhr grinned to themselves, knowing that war was a profitable business. They were making money out of the mutilated and the slain.

Hitler's newspapers denounce plutocracy on the front page and analyse the Berlin and Frankfort Stock Exchange quotations on the back. The newspaper issues for June 6th, 1941 contained the interesting information that during the last week of May the shares of all the metallurgical companies rose considerably. During that period tens of thousands of German soldiers perished in Crete. But Vögler and Krupp regarded it as a most successful week—they had done very nicely.

Since the beginning of the war the I.G. Chemical Trust has increased its issue of shares by 43 million. It now disposes of a capital of 773 million marks. The A.E.G. Trust has increased its capital from 120 to 160 million marks. The Rechling concern has seized all the heavy industries of Northern France and Belgium. The dividends of the various share-holding companies have risen to three or four times their former amount.

The magnates of the Ruhr have every reason to be grateful to the cannibals: human flesh brings in fabulous profits. Von Thyssen made no mistake when he admitted in 1940: "Hitler gave me his promise that he would put an end to the working-class movement for good. How could I refuse to support him?"

FIELD-MARSHALS

The pygmy Goebbels backs the venerable Gustav Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach. But who backs the pygmy Goebbels? Who backs the epileptic Hitler? The Prussian military—a caste which was brought up on the idea of seizing Europe.

Just as Vögler screens his safe with Goebbels' writings about National-Socialism, so the tanks of Field-Marshal List screen Hitler.

Garrulity is not a vice of German generals. Goebbels can't live a day without making a long speech, but the generals stick to business. Their portraits can be seen in the German press—the stolid, egg-shaped skulls of the old aristocratic type—degenerate faces, no backs to their heads.

Take, for instance, Field-Marshal Alfred Heinrich Walter von Brauchitsch. He is proud of his ancient lineage, knows all his ancestors right back to the thirteenth century. He is fond of sitting in the study of the late von Moltke. When von Brauchitsch is there, nobody dare disturb him: the Field-Marshal is thinking. For exterminating the Poles he was given the highest mark of distinction and nicknamed "the Strangler of Poland." He is one of the biggest landowners in Germany, owning 300,000 acres of arable land.

Field-Marshal Wilhelm von Keitel is the son of a landowner and landowner himself. Field-Marshal von Reichenau is the son of a general. Recently he stated: "National-Socialism has facilitated the task of us military men. It is sufficient to remark that the workers are now working instead of thinking." Field-Marshal von Kluge is an aristocrat from Posen. Field-Marshal von Runstedt was Hindenburg's favourite staff officer. In 1915 he sacked Warsaw. A quarter of a century later he revisited that unfortunate city. Field-Marshal von Bock is a Prussian aristocrat who began his career in the Palace Guards.

Field-Marshal Sigmund von List at one time commanded the regiment in which the epileptic corporal Adolf Hitler served. The colonel did not remember the corporal, but the corporal remembered the stern colonel. So Hitler promoted von List. This general, who invaded defenceless Czechoslovakia, imagined himself to be a Napoleon. In Masaryk Square in Brno he bellowed boldly: "We have displayed truly German audacity." Later on, he became a specialist in the destruction of the peoples of the Balkans. He introduced disguised regiments into the various countries, providing the troops with tourists' passports. Von List is one of the commanders of the Fascist armies. He makes no bones about his contempt for the Hitler gang. He declared: "They have no manners, but they have done a good deal for our victory."

This is the unholy trinity which rules Germany: the Fascist gang of sadistic thugs, the magnates of the Ruhr with their fabulous profits and the field-marshals.

This alliance of the underworld, the millionaires and the Prussian swashbucklers has only one aim—plunder on a world scale. The former police nark Hitler craves to become Emperor of the World. The Herr Vöglers lust after the oil of Baku and the iron of the Urals. The Prussian landowners aspire to make the peasants of the Ukraine their serfs.

They are bound together for mutual benefit. They are all one

gang. Vögler will not desert Hitler, nor will von List betray either Krupp or Goebbels.

They are playing at being Napoleons, and pretending to be Caesars. But they will be destroyed like mad wolves, like pest-breeding rats, like horrible villainous gangsters.

July 6th, 1941.

THE FACTORY OF KILLERS

When you talk to Hitlerite prisoners of war or read their diaries and letters, you cannot help asking yourself: "Where on earth do these cruel, ignorant beings come from?" You need only take a look at Hitler's realm to understand how skilfully the mass production of killers has been organized.

Hitler has destroyed love, marriage and the family. He has turned human society into a pig-sty, a stud breeding station.

In a book entitled *Knowledge and Motherhood*, the Leipzig Professor Ernst Bergmann writes as follows: "Monogamy is a perversion, and leads to race-deterioration. Fortunately, we have sufficient lads of goodwill and excellent capacities. And one lad can impregnate twenty girls." This was not scrawled on a wall, and Herr Bergmann is regarded in Hitler's Germany as a "scientist."

The *Völkischer Beobachter* writes: "Our farmers have understood the meaning of race purity. We are justly proud of Prussian cattle, which are in many respects superior to Frisians and Herefords, but none of us will be proud of Marx, Heine or the mongrel Einstein. In order to ensure the perpetuation of the race, we must be inspired by the experience of our farmers."

In other words, the Hitlerites must increase and multiply like Prussian and Hereford cattle.

It must be admitted that, with the exception of the S.S. ("one lad to twenty girls") the Germans did not take particularly kindly to Hitler's cattle-breeding fervour. In November 1940 the Army Department of the General Staff of the German Army issued instructions to all company commanders under the heading: "Very Few Children." These instructions include the following lament: "What will be the good of our approaching victory, if one fine day we find we are unable to maintain and defend our country? What use is a big house without children?"

There follow these figures: "In the year 1910 there were 1,800,000 births to 6,400,000 young healthy couples, but in the year 1939 there were only 865,000 births to 8,600,000."

The authors of the instructions are particularly upset by the fertility of the Slavs. They point out that at the beginning of the nineteenth century the population of Europe was 32 per cent German and 35 per cent Slav, whereas now it is 30 per cent German and 46 per cent Slav.

Finally, the instructions reveal the reason why the Germans must increase and multiply: "Every healthy boy born in 1941 can become an efficient soldier in 1961. Every girl born in 1941 can in twenty years' time become an efficient housewife and mother."

The masters of the killer-factory make no secret of their intentions; they are already concerned about the supply of killers and plunderers for 1961. But apparently the Germans are not particularly anxious to bear children for the slaughter, and there are "slackers" even among the lads who are reckoned as "one to every twenty girls."

This regimentation of marriage and cattle-breeding attitude towards people's emotions has perverted the entire psychology of the German people. Hitler has made cynicism and vice the general and compulsory rule. I have in front of me some "cards for kisses," which are printed in Germany and sent to amuse the troops. The coupons are for five kisses, as if for five grammes of fat. These would-be humorous cards show to what an extent the psychology of the people has been changed under the influence of the Fascist cattle-breeders.

All children in Germany belong to Hitler. At the age of ten boys and girls take the oath: "Before the face of the Lord God I undertake to obey the Führer absolutely."

On May 1st, 1937, Hitler said:

"We still have among us old-fashioned people, who are not fit for anything. They get in our way like cats and dogs. But this doesn't worry us. We will take their children from them. They will be brought up in the proper way. We will not allow them to go back to the old way of thinking. We will take them at the age of ten, and by the time they are eighteen we will have inoculated them with the new spirit. They will not escape from us. They will enter the Nazi Party, the S.A., or the S.S."

Parents are obliged to hand over their children at the age of ten to the cannibals. Concealment of a child entails a fine or imprisonment. In February 1941 Rust, the Minister of Education, and Axmann, the leader of the "Hitler Youth," signed an "agreement." According to the text of this document, the children attend school from 8 a.m. till 2 p.m. All their remaining time belongs to

the "Hitler Youth." The text declares that "this 'Hitler Time' is sacred."

Teachers are subjected to penalties if, in arranging excursions or giving out home-work, they encroach on the "Hitler Time." All Saturdays belong entirely to Hitler. Two Sundays a month are allowed to the children's parents; the other two are the property of Hitler. Thus the children are being turned into young slaves. They work and march and are conditioned not to think at all.

Even in school, "Hitler Time" reigns supreme. The questionnaire for prospective teachers contains four points:

- "1. Hereditary predispositions and general racial description.
- "2. Political convictions.
- "3. Physical capacities.
- "4. Knowledge."

Whether the teacher of mathematics knows mathematics or not is left till last. "General racial description" and "physical capacities" are considered more important.

In his preface to the *Text-book of German Physics*, Professor Lenard writes:

"This is pure Aryan physics. Science is created by the race and defined by the purity of the blood."

In the *Messenger of National-Socialist Education*, Professor Erwin Heck states: "Mathematics is a manifestation of the Nordic Aryan spirit and its will to dominate the world."

From their earliest years the children are told: "War is the most delightful occupation." "When you grow up, you will kill a hundred enemies." "The Führer loves you and war." This last is particularly charming: the cannon fodder is conditioned at an early age to the idea that the cannibal has a passion for human flesh.

Two years before the war the Ministry of Education recommended for schools Witkop's book *War Letters* as a preparation for coming events. In this book war is represented as follows: "There is very little shooting. We are sitting in a dug-out. It is very cosy here. We smoke, eat a lot and amuse ourselves. . . ."

Here is the literal translation of the song which is taught even to little children:

Even if the whole world should lie in ruins,
To hell with it, we don't care a damn about that!
We'll march forward just the same,
For to-day Germany belongs to us,
To-morrow—the whole world.

Such has become the prattle of babes in the Third Reich.

According to the statutes published in 1936, the "Hitler Youth" has its own aristocracy—the "Stamm-Hitler-Jugend." These are the élite, the future S.S. These young lads have the right to inflict punishment on the other children. They are also bound to denounce their parents and teachers. The élite are trained for the work of spies and executioners.

In *Mein Kampf* Hitler says: "Each one must be brought up in such a way that he feels his superiority over the rest."

In Hitler's realm human solidarity, the sentiments of comradeship and modesty have been uprooted. The moral principles of the "Hitler Youth" are expressed in the cannibal Hitler's own incantation: "We must be cruel with a calm conscience: the days of noble sentiments are over." "I am liberating man from the degrading chimera known as conscience." "We shall raise a breed of young people before whom the world will tremble, a stern, exacting and cruel breed. I will it to be so. I want them to be like young wild beasts."

Hitler has substituted racial copulation in place of love. Instead of marriage, he has given German women "one lad for twenty girls." He has destroyed the family and taken away the children. He has destroyed the German school. Uncouth, bloodthirsty corporals have taken the place of teachers. In his role of third-rate Nietzschean, Hitler has proclaimed a "new morality"—the cult of plunder, torture and murder. It is difficult to insult these people for they acknowledge themselves to be cruel and devoid of conscience.

And so in 1941 the S.S. have invaded Russia. No doubt they still remembered their school lessons.

August 4th, 1941.

THE DIARY OF A GERMAN UNTER-OFFIZIER

Eighteen months ago Horst Schuster was a student. In February 1940 he was called up for military service. Having a presentiment of the historic events in which he was to take part, he decided to keep a diary.

After putting on his uniform he observed rather sadly: "Liberty was grand! Yes, now I shall have to give it up for a while. . . ."

However, Horst Schuster soon forgets about liberty. He is a grenade-thrower, a smart soldier. Six months later he is promoted corporal and by the end of the year he is an unter-offizier. He notes in a businesslike way: "I need the badge of an unter-offizier. It will help me both in the service and in a financial respect."

It can scarcely be said that our dutiful young unter-offizier liked his job. He writes: "Eighty per cent of the time one is on duty. The worst of all is being on the look-out against air attack."

Meanwhile Schuster's comrades are enjoying themselves in conquered France. They say the Germans will be in London in a couple of weeks' time. What plunder! Horst Schuster asks to be sent to the western front.

Our Kulturtraeger now arrives in Hitler-occupied France. He is fully aware of his superiority. This savage, who can't even spell, arrogantly remarks: "Our German culture is far superior. The life of the French people is so primitive, it sometimes revolts me. . . ."

What agony it must have been for this "cultured" unter-offizier to come into contact with the "primitive" people, who dared to prefer Parliament to beatings-up, and Romain Rolland to Doctor Goebbels!

However, Horst Schuster is soon consoled: he manages to arrive in time for some of the pickings of the feast. He is provided with "occupation marks," and with this counterfeit money he buys shoes and souvenirs, and does himself well. In ecstasy he writes: "Everything is fabulously cheap! A bottle of champagne costs a mark. When we don't like the food, we go into the town, where we get a splendid meal for one mark: soup, roast chicken, vegetables, tomato salad, fruit and wine into the bargain. Yes, this is the life! Now they've opened a brothel near our quarters. All the chaps talk about nothing else, and they go there in droves. . . ."

Now we know what "life," real life, means for this ex-student, who is now an unter-offizier of the German Army: plunder with the help of "occupation marks" and a brothel, which the Kulturtraegers besiege in droves.

But now comes a black day. Horst Schuster is ordered back from "primitive" France to highly cultured Germany. Our patriot weeps bitter tears: Good-bye, roast chicken! Good-bye, brothel!

"The life here has been wonderful," Schuster writes. "And now we've got to go back to Germany. I can hardly believe it!"

He sees everything in a gloomy light. Even the victories of the German Army fail to cheer him up. En route for Germany he writes: "Orleans is destroyed except for a few suburbs. It's terrible to look at! Also there's a horrible stench—our dive-bombers were busy here."

After he has exhausted himself buying shoes and souvenirs, a well-deserved rest awaits our warrior in the Fatherland. He goes home to his native Magdeburg. There's no roast chicken for him

there, no magic brothel either. On the other hand, there's a good Aryan bride, named Erika, waiting for him. He goes to the theatre with her.

"We heard *Carmen*. Unfortunately, ten minutes before the end of the show, there was an infernal air-raid warning. We had to sit three hours in the shelter! I'm out of luck!"

Poor Horst! He had to spend the night with Erika in an air-raid shelter! What impertinence on the part of the English! Especially after German dive-bombers had destroyed Orleans.

And now comes the new year—1941! Hitler said it would be the year of victory, but Horst feels rather out of sorts. Everything gets on his nerves. The roast chicken is forgotten and so is Erika. He begins to have his doubts: "Why is it I never seem to be in a quiet happy mood? It's the same with all the troops. We're always looking for something. But what? Rest? Music? A tart? I don't know what it is. The best time is when you're asleep. Then you don't think about anything."

And so the sobering process begins. All these would-be warriors are fed up with war, although few of them have done any real fighting. Horst Schuster is beginning to think, although in the regulations it states in black and white that "the German soldier never thinks: he obeys." It is hard for a man to think who is not in the habit of it. So Schuster writes: "They are steadily driving us crackers."

Meanwhile Hitler is preparing for his next campaign. Alarums and excursions all around.

"Marching, marching, marching," writes Schuster. "You tramp like a sheep, and you don't know why, you don't know what for. It isn't fair. It looks as if something is in the air again. Some say Spain, others Libya. Anyway it's not England."

If I were Hitler reading this diary, it would give me a shock to find that Unter-offizier Schuster, an ordinary chap who used to repeat all the rubbish given out by his superiors, had suddenly realized that he was a "sheep"!

The Hitlerites overrun the Balkans. Horst Schuster remains in the rear. He goes into raptures over the victories and bleats like a sheep. But ahead far worse trials await him.

On June 12th he goes with his unit to East Prussia. They pass through villages inhabited by Poles who have not yet been exterminated, and Schuster is distressed at the attitude of the Poles towards the invaders. At last he arrives at a frontier village. He senses that something is afoot, but nobody tells him what it is.

On June 16th he writes: "The atmosphere seems to be getting tense. We're being tuned up for action. Where shall we be tomorrow? It's only eight miles to the Russian frontier from here."

The next entry in the diary is brief: "June 22nd, 2.30 a.m. They woke us up. Forward, to Russia!"

The sheep went forward.

Near Dvinsk Schuster writes: "We're in a very serious position; the Russians are attacking us."

The next entry is dated July 5th: "We've been marching a lot and sleeping very little. It was only yesterday that we were fully mechanized at last. The Russians have been bombing us, they gave us quite a pasting. Our company has been lucky so far. The atmosphere is beginning to get tense again. They say something new is up. Only the question is: what?"

Horst Schuster, unter-offizier of the 8th regiment of the 3rd motorized division, had a stroke of luck. He has been taken prisoner. He did not expect such a happy ending to his military career. Eating roast chicken in France is a very different cup of tea from marching with Russian bombs dropping on your head. Now that he is a prisoner perhaps Horst Schuster will begin to think in earnest. Perhaps he will realize how Hitler has cheated him.

The German soldiers did not even know against whom they were fighting. They are mere automatons, possessing rifles and guns. No doubt they can be humanized, taught to think and turned into human beings. But it will need a good many bombs to do that. When things were going well with Horst Schuster, he ate chicken and shouted "Hurrah!" But when things were going badly with him, he began to think for the first time. The campaign against the Soviet Union will become an elementary school for millions of "sheep."

July 16th, 1941.

BROWN LICE

French peasants, driven from their land by the Germans, were trudging through a town. As they passed a woman pointed to a café-terrace where some German officers were sitting, and hissed: "Wicked men!" An old peasant spat angrily and said: "They're not men! They're lice! Brown lice!"

An unheard-of misfortune, worse than plague, drought or death, descended on the peasants of Europe—the Hitlerites came. At first they ate up everything. They took away corn and cattle, fowls and

potatoes. This was only the first stage in their looting programme. Then they began to "restore order."

The French peasants of the Départements of Moselle, Meurthe-et-Moselle, Vosges, Haut-Rhin and Bas-Rhin were made to experience on their own persons the meaning of the "new order." On a wintry night they were woken by S.S. men and told to clear out. "What for?" they asked. "This is our land now," the Hitlerites told them.

"Where shall we go?"

"That's nothing to do with us," came the reply. "Hurry up! Clear out!"

Hundreds of thousands of peasants were driven away. They couldn't take anything with them. All their property was turned over to the Hitlerites. And the farmers, wine-growers and market gardeners were turned into beggars overnight.

The Hitlerites are doing the same in Czechoslovakia. In February 1941 twenty-nine villages in the district of Elba were "cleared of their inhabitants." Hitler had decided to reward a hundred of his cut-throats with other people's land.

It is in Poland that the Germans behave with the greatest frankness. About a million Polish peasants have been deported to Germany. Herr Sorner, the Governor of Lublin, boasted: "I have driven into Germany 46,000 Polish peasants and 15,000 women."

The Polish peasants have been driven from Pomerania and Posnan. Those who remain have been turned into slaves. Over a million souls have been removed. A Swedish journalist, who saw the columns of deported peasants, wrote: "They are herded together in goods wagons for weeks on end. The crush is so great there is scarcely room to move hand or foot. Many die of hunger and thirst. When the exhausted people put out their hands for bread or water at a station, the soldiers strike them with their rifle-butts and shoot at them. After every journey of this sort a host of corpses are dragged out of the carriages."

Those who dared to protest against deportation were hanged in the squares by the Hitlerites "as an example."

The slaves are forced to work for the Germans and submit to them in everything. The German landowners are exempt from the ordinary laws. They can inflict "light punishments" on their slaves without trial. The slaves are not allowed to be out of doors after eight o'clock in the evening. They can only enter shops before midday. In the morning when they come into town, they are not allowed to use the trams. Forty-five thousand German colonists

have been settled in Posnan and given the land, stock, houses and furniture of the deported Poles.

The children of the slaves are not allowed to study. The Governor of Torun has declared: "You don't need education for digging potatoes and sweeping the streets." The schools have been closed.

In May 1941 a German baron living near Gdynia flew into a rage because three of his best Danish pigs had died. He ordered the servant-girl, an eighteen-year-old Pole, to be whipped. The girl hanged herself and three new pigs were sent to the baron from Denmark.

However, France, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia were only snacks for the cannibal. He had long been wanting to get his teeth into Russia. He had referred to this in *Mein Kampf*. Hitler has thought out various methods of exterminating the Russian people. His advisers have presented him with various projects such as driving the Russians into Asia, segregating Russian men from their womenfolk so as to reduce the population to a minimum, using the Russians as labour outside their own country. Hitler wants to free Russian soil from the Russians. The Brown Lice are creeping into our fields and gardens.

One of the cannibals at the Nazi Congress at Nuremberg stated, "When the Urals with their untold wealth of raw material, the innumerable forests of Siberia and the endless wheat-fields of the Ukraine are in German hands, our people will be guaranteed an abundance of everything."

We have been warned. Their appetite is quite modest. All they want is the Ukraine and Siberia, and another little trifle from Poland to the Urals. The murderers who have particularly distinguished themselves by the tortures which they are now inflicting on our wounded are to be rewarded with estates on the Volga or the Dnieper, orchards, beet or tobacco fields, or vineyards in the Crimea. The Russians are to be their slaves.

Such is their dream!

The old French peasant was right—these creatures are not human beings. They are horrible parasites. They are harmful vermin. And they are creeping forward to devour us. They must be destroyed.

July 18th, 1941.

MAGNANIMOUS BURGLARS

Doctor Goebbels has declared: "It is we courageous Germans, magnanimous crusaders, free, disciplined, honourable soldiers, who are now fighting against the Russian savages."

Here is how these "honourable soldiers" are described by the commander of the 79th German Division, not in a newspaper article, but in an order marked "secret":

"Corporal Münch, of the 208th infantry regiment was engaged, over a considerable length of time, in breaking open doors and safes in French houses and stealing linen and other articles of clothing.

"Private Kaufmann of the 208th infantry regiment demanded of a French innkeeper that he should procure him a girl for sexual intercourse. When the Frenchman refused, Kaufmann threatened him with a loaded pistol. He struck on the head with a pistol a seventy-three-year-old woman to whom he had put a similar demand.

"Corporal Kramer of the 179th artillery regiment forged a document of the German Commandant's office in the town of St. Dizier, giving him the right to buy a fur coat.

"Private Walter of the 226th infantry regiment raped an eleven-year-old French girl."

The list could be continued, for it mentions thirty "distinguished" Hitlerites.

A "magnanimous crusader" broke open safes, a "knight of honour" raped little girls, and a "civilized German" hit an old woman on the head with a pistol.

In another order marked "secret," General von Brauchitsch modestly describes the life of his subordinates:

"Soldiers of all ranks are seen in the streets with women who have every appearance of being prostitutes. They turn up with them in public places. Notwithstanding the prohibition, soldiers take with them in motor-cars persons of the female sex who are obviously not German subjects.

"The singing and shouting due to the excessive consumption of alcoholic drinks is harmful to the decorum of the German Army. Orgies with prostitutes are arranged in the hotels in which the Herren officers live.

"Army lorries stand outside the brothels. There has been one case of an officer of high rank, who was found unconscious in a state of intoxication outside a brothel."

Such is General von Brauchitsch's description of the German Army. The "crusaders" get drunk and behave riotously in the brothels. The "disciplined soldiers" shout and get rowdy with prostitutes.

Finally, here is a third expert—the commander of the 18th division. He reports on the bravery and disciplined behaviour of the German soldiers:

"The men do not salute. They are dressed in a negligent fashion and show no smartness. They hardly resemble soldiers.

"I forbid soldiers to buy products and articles of clothing for re-sale. I cannot allow motor-cars to be packed with women's articles.

"I ordered Corporal Kranz and Private Haller to be tried for wilfully mutilating themselves in the hope of being liberated from military service. Corporal Kranz stated that he would rather bear the dishonour of the sentence than be sent to the front.

"Cases of desertion are on the increase. I will ruthlessly punish the faint-heartedness which spreads alarm and despondency. In the Russian campaign we must be doubly vigilant and steadfast."

What is the reason for this? Why is it that the S.S., who a month ago were shouting: "Forward to Moscow!" are now sending gloomy letters to their brides? Why is it that in the second month of the war against us, German soldiers are already keeping diaries, which are full of despair and read like Remarque's novel? Why is it that the captured paratroops suddenly fall on their knees and whimper for mercy?

Gangsters and violators are never brave. Hitler's young men have been brought up in the worship of the fist, the cane and the whip. Debauched youngsters took part in pogroms and carried off "non-Aryan" fur coats and watches. They tortured the prisoners in the concentration camps, and mocked the defenceless Czechs. They went to war as though it were a bazaar, taking shopping bags with them. They set out to rob and rape. Their service records are long lists of looted shops and raped women. They have been fabulously lucky. They found Europe unable to protect itself. Paris lay prostrate and they quickly tore her to pieces. They got drunk and plundered, and nobody punished them for it.

Now the testing time has arrived. The executioners and spies have failed to stand up to it. The man who is accustomed to humiliating other people is above all a coward—he knows that his turn to be humiliated may come. He either stands with a whip or stands with his own back ready for the whip. The courage of our Soviet troops is born of their love for their free country, the sentiment of human dignity and the realization of human solidarity. The Hitlerites yelled: "Long live war!" but when it came to real war in earnest, they began to sigh. We have not intoxicated ourselves with the word "war," but our soldiers are fighting simply, sternly and in earnest.

And now the first dim thoughts begin to awaken in the mind of the German soldier. Here is a letter written by a certain Franz:

"Anna, I can't sleep, although my whole body aches with fatigue. I keep asking myself for the hundredth time—who wanted this war? . . ."

Franz has been killed; there is a pale red stain on the letter. But soon other Franzes will be asking: "Who wanted this war?" Perhaps Hitler will then call for the help of his S.S. guards, the killers, thieves and rapers. But the "knights of honour" will turn against their idol of yesterday. In the notebook of a dead S.S. man I found the following aphorism among descriptions of jaunts and drinking-bouts: "We plunder together, but we die alone."

Thus begins the demoralization of the gigantic horde of gangsters. Their tanks are still thundering along with their stolen goods, but the "knights of honour" are already glancing anxiously around them, as though fearing they will be seized by the scruff of the neck.

August 8th, 1941.

SENTIMENTAL KÄTCHEN

Sentimental German women used to be known as Gretchen. The letter I have before me does not come from Gretchen, but from Kätchen. This person is also sentimental, but like a good Hitlerite she is bloodthirsty as well. She writes to her sweetheart, an officer by the name of Grokimann.

Kätchen works in the offices of the Nazi Party in the little town of Drossen near Frankfort-on-Oder. She tells Grokimann about her misfortunes. She has got to go to Frankfort, must take Frau Bräutigam as a companion. Why? It appears that Kätchen's life is threatened by . . . the Poles. Then follows a passage, which I will quote in full:

"Two Poles ran away yesterday. Everybody is terrified of them. Altogether those Poles are behaving abominably. Only last week a lot of Poles were taken to the police station, where they were given a proper touch-up. And quite right too—they have been behaving defiantly since the very beginning of the war against Russia. They are threatening their employers. Some of them have been arrested. On June 22nd, when the news of the campaign against Russia came through, I was threatened by one of these creatures in Drossen. They probably thought they could do what they failed to do in the autumn of 1939. But these scum will be dealt with. On one farm a Pole killed the owner and his wife! The son found the bodies when he came home on leave from the front. What filthy scum these Poles are! We have been far too humane towards the Polish rabble."

After this outburst, sentimental Kätchen writes that she is now

going to get into her "cosy little bed" and that she has been given a sweet little cake by "Mummy"—such a pity she can't share it with Grokimann—and that Herr Rowe, the secretary of the Nazi organization, has managed to get her a bottle of liqueur.

This woman is stupid and cruel. She is perfectly aware of how the Hitlerites are exterminating the Poles, violating their women and torturing their children. And here she is complaining that the Hitlerite executioners are far too "humane" towards the Poles. The mixture of execration and baby talk in her letter is quite revolting. No time to waste on her particular animal affinity. We have enough on our hands with Hitler and Himmler! But Kätchen's letter shows in what fear the inhabitants of "victorious" Germany are living. Near Frankfort-on-Oder, that is to say, in Prussia itself, the Hitlerites are afraid of their slaves. The people whom Kätchen calls "employers" in human language are called "slave owners." The war which the Hitlerites have declared against Russia has awakened hope in the hearts of the enslaved Poles. They do not believe in Hitler's victory. In Drossen they behave "defiantly." It is easy to imagine how the various Kätchens in Warsaw are trembling!

At the end of her letter Kätchen writes mournfully: "I'm worried about your parents, as I'm told the English are bombing Oldenburg. . . ."

The Hitlerites in Drossen thought that the campaign against Russia would be a "lightning war." On July 4th Kätchen wrote: "You will probably get leave after the Russian campaign." Kätchen's sweetheart ingloriously perished on the soil of Russia. Hitler's lightning turned out to be in slow motion—it hangs in the German sky like theatrical decorations. The Poles of Drossen were right—the hour approaches when they will get even with Herr Rowe and bloodthirsty Kätchen.

July 27th, 1941.

THE S.S.

Hitler's Guards are called, briefly but expressively: S.S., the abbreviation of "Schutz-Staffeln," which means "Guard Detachments."

In 1929 Hitler appointed his faithful henchman Himmler as Chief of the S.S. Himmler the notorious professional sadist, specialist in torture. What better man could be found to command the S.S.? In his first order to Hitler's Guards, Himmler declared: "We are firmly convinced that only pure-bred Germans are suitable for

fruitful work." Easy to guess what the butcher Himmler means by "fruitful work." The S.S. became jailers in the concentration camps, they headed punitive detachments in the subjugated countries, and were the sworn tormentors of French, Poles, Norwegians and Serbs.

The S.S. must be pure-bred Germans. They are required to produce a pedigree, as if they were stallions. The rank-and-file S.S. man must be able to name all his ancestors as far back as the year 1800, and an officer as far back as 1750.

According to Hitler's conception, the S.S. are not only military units, but a special breed which has got to increase and multiply. The S.S. are a state within the state and a tribe among the tribes. The S.S. must not mix with other mortals. In 1931 Himmler issued an order regulating the growth of the S.S.:

"1. The S.S. are a select company of German men of the Nordic type chosen with regard to certain well defined characteristics.

"2. In accordance with the National-Socialist *Weltanschauung* and in the conviction that the future of our people depends on racial selection, I order the introduction, from the 1st of January 1932, of the obligation on the part of the S.S. to obtain permission in order to marry.

"3. My purpose in doing this is to maintain an hereditarily healthy and valuable increase of truly German people.

"4. Permission to marry is granted or refused strictly in accordance with the indications of racial purity.

"5. An S.S. man who intends to marry is under the obligation to obtain the permission of the supreme command of the S.S.

"6. The racial department is keeping a pedigree book of the S.S. in which all the members of the family of the S.S. are enrolled."

Hence the S.S. are a special race, a breed of super-Germans, demi-gods who are called to rule the world.

The first task of the pure-bred S.S. is to guard the person of Adolf Hitler. The bodyguard of the epileptic Tyrolese corporal is chosen from among the most select S.S. men. They form a special regiment. They wear on their sleeves the name "Adolf Hitler" with skull and crossbones underneath. The men of Hitler's bodyguard are aged from seventeen to twenty-two and must all be six feet or over.

In peace-time the S.S. were put in charge of the concentration camps, where the prisoners were guarded by "Death Battalions." These S.S. also wear skull and crossbones on their sleeves. The S.S. men serve twelve years in the "Death Battalions."

Other S.S. form various regiments. At the present time there are 300,000 S.S. men comprising fourteen divisions.

When the German Fascist reaches the age of seventeen, he is subjected to a careful physical examination. His skull is measured, the shape of his nose is inspected and his ancestors are investigated and verified. This work is carried out by Fascist *soi-disant* "doctors." Then professors from the Gestapo study the mentality and emotions of the seventeen-year-old cretin. It is just as important that he should not think as it is that he should have a proper pedigree. Moreover, he must be a creature without a conscience. This condition is required of the S.S. men by Hitler himself, who declared: "Conscience, like circumcision, mutilates a man."

If the seventeen-year-old Hitlerite satisfies all the requirements, he is taken into an S.S. detachment. He undergoes preparatory military training for the space of two years, and then serves in the army for a further two years. Finally, he becomes a fully fledged S.S. man and is given the right to wear a special dagger.

According to Hitler's plan, the S.S. are to form a German nobility in the conquered countries. A "Settlement Bureau" has been organized for this purpose. It gives estates to particularly valuable S.S. men and collaborates with Darré, the Minister of Agriculture.

Since the outbreak of the European war the S.S. have served as shock troops. Their divisions are motorized. Part of their duty is to spread panic. In the occupied countries they act as police, carry out searches and interrogations, practise torture and form execution squads. When the passers-by in Paris streets catch sight of the Hitlerites with skull and crossbones on their sleeves, they take refuge in the doorways—they see Death personified.

Hitler regards the German people as skimmed milk. The S.S. are the cream, the breeding-ground of a new race of super-Germans. By means of controlled propagation Hitler hopes to create an ideal race of tall fair-haired men with no mind and no conscience, ready to commit any crime. This new tribe of S.S. men is to rule the world.

Such are the dreams of Hitler. He has sent his army against Russia. The S.S. race ahead. Russian bullets have given these thoroughbred murderers and pure-blooded butchers a warm reception. The mad corporal thought that our people would become the slaves of his terrifying S.S. Their nickname is a good one—it means something to the Russian ear! Their dress is appropriate—skull and crossbones. The Soviet people are not afraid of death. They go to meet it boldly in order that life may triumph and that their children

may live a life worthy of man. But the S.S. have chosen a death's head as their symbol. They want to kill for the sake of killing. They are ghouls and death-watch beetles.

Here are some prisoners marching along the road. At the head of them strides an S.S. man with Hitler's initials on his black epaulettes and a death's head on his sleeve. This guardsman of the Führer put up his hands when he caught sight of our Soviet tanks. I should say that he has the blood of hundreds of Poles on his conscience. For a whole year he has been wreaking havoc in Lublin. But he does not experience any pangs of conscience; Hitler has abolished conscience. The S.S. man strides on and then suddenly begins to mutter: "My father's a workman, word of honour. . . ." He knows no other arguments. He thinks only in terms of genealogy. He might just as well have said that his great-grandfather was a forest ranger, but the ordinary simply human sentiments are quite foreign to him. When the Polish children cried out: "Don't kill him! He's our father!" he shrugged his shoulders. The Poles haven't got any genealogy. . . .

The S.S. men are horrible, base types. They were selected and trained over a long period, and now they have been sent against Russia. They were 300,000 strong. No doubt, 100,000 of them have already been killed. The rest have got to be killed. Now we know. "S.S.?"

"Shoot to kill, comrade!"

July 31st, 1941.

THE TURKEY-COCK

The turkey-cock is known as a conceited bird. He puffs himself up arrogantly before his hen. But that is his own affair as a bird. It is not so good when a turkey-cock is in command of a tank corps. And General Lemelsen, the commander of the 47th tank corps, undoubtedly possesses the disposition of a turkey-cock. Proudly he boasted that his corps was the best in the world, and that he, General Lemelsen, was a general in a million, and that his troops worshipped him. But it seems that this turkey-cock has been very much annoyed because his own soldiers simply failed to notice him. Therefore the general has issued "Order of the Day No. 2 to the Corps." This reads: "I have seen army units, who did not think it at all necessary to pay any attention to me, although I could be easily recognized in my commander's tank with the staff flag."

See how deeply offended the poor fellow was! He said that his troops worshipped him. But they refuse even to look at their

pompous general. The turkey-cock puffed himself out. But a terrible experience was in store for him; lo and behold his men were wearing red scarves round their necks. Turkey-cocks can't bear the sight of red, and General Lemelsen began to yell: "Sedition!" Furiously he ended his Order No. 2 as follows:

"I have repeatedly forbidden the wearing of red scarves. My prohibition, however, has failed to have any effect. Yesterday I again saw red scarves in great numbers. I am obliged to remark that even officers of the units in question fail to show a military attitude in this matter. It should have been realized even without my Order that it was necessary to intervene and to put an end to such immorality, as a red scarf is to a certain extent the symbol of Bolshevism. To-day when we are fighting our mortal enemy, a red scarf is in no way suitable for a National-Socialist soldier. In future I will call the commanders of the respective companies to account."

I have not altered a single word of this remarkable document.

General Lemelsen stormed and raged for a long time. Then, having quieted down a little, he announced that Moscow would soon be captured. It is not difficult to guess the end of this edifying story. The warriors of the 47th tank corps got it in the neck. They abandoned Order No. 2, numerous tanks and other trifles on the field of battle. General Lemelsen's only anxiety was that nobody should recognize him. He even removed the staff flag from his commander's tank.

August 1st, 1941.

DREAM AND REALITY

The S.S. started out towards the East in the most hopeful mood. They were inspired with hopes of raw potheen and stories of gorgeous feasts to come. They regarded their tanks as magic carpets and Russia as an enchanted tableland.

An S.S. man named Willi wrote to his parents in Eltz: "I will send you tea and various things from Russia. But I can't do it at present because we're on the move."

Yes, they already saw in their mind's eye the well stocked counters of our food stores, and were in a hurry to tie their napkins round their necks and wipe their watering mouths.

The June 29th mailbag of an S.S. regiment has fallen into our hands. Here are a few extracts:

Company Commander Hermann Kurzberg writes: "It will all end very quickly. We will smash Russia and the Red Army, just as our Army Command has foreseen."

Company Commander Wegner writes: "We hope to be in Moscow soon."

S.S. man Schweizer: "We will settle Russia just as quickly as we have settled the other countries."

S.S. man Walter Fritzmann: "I hope to be in Moscow soon."

S.S. man Müller: "We've just reckoned up that we'll be in Moscow in a week's time."

The Germans used to boast that their trains were never late. They always arrived on the stroke of time. Admittedly they are a punctual people. S.S. man Müller calculated they would be in Moscow on July 6th. But they failed to enter Moscow on July 6th. They won't even be there by August 6th, or by January 6th. Their reckoning was all right, but something went wrong. They forgot that the people of the Soviet Union are proud and brave. We shall never be the slaves of the contemptible S.S. Their tanks have turned out to be anything but magic carpets; many of them are already lying shattered in the marshes. And our country is not an enchanted tableland; it spells fire and death for the enemy. The S.S. have got bullets instead of banquets.

Some of them already lie in the Russian earth. Others have lost their cocksureness. They are now writing home in a much humbler vein:

S.S. man Mathias Haas writes: "It looks as though it will be a year before it's over."

S.S. man Willi Kurt: "We're only now beginning to see what war is really like."

S.S. man Hans Neumann of the 16th tank division: "Things are not going particularly well with any of us, as we're coming up against superior enemy forces. We hope our division will soon be shifted, as nobody can stand this incessant fighting. Believe me, Hilda, many chaps out here have lost their nerve for good, and it is only the experienced soldiers who are still managing to hold out."

S.S. man Pilzinger wrote his will instead of reckoning when he would be in Moscow. His letter begins: "If I die in this accursed war . . ."

There is even greater frankness in the letters which the S.S. men get from their relations in Germany:

Lisel Behr of Karlsruhe writes: "Oh, this war, whenever will it end?"

Friedel Hübner of Dresden writes: "It will be a bad harvest. Everything is late in ripening. The farmers are in a bad way. I want

to go away, but now everybody has got to stay put. The trains are required for military purposes."

Edith Reichenberg of Dresden writes: "They are trying to persuade us here that the war will soon be over. Like a good many others, I can't share this optimism."

Anna Hoffmann of Ippendorf, Western Germany: "It is always dreadful when evening comes. If the war goes on for another six months, I don't think I shall be able to stand it. When will they give us a rest? When will the war end?"

Maria Christoph of Vienna: "Crowds stand in the streets listening to the radio. They wait eagerly for the communiqués from the front. The general opinion is that it's still too early to draw conclusions."

Maria Kerk of Mererich, Western Germany: "I don't get to bed till three o'clock, and I have to be up at seven. The baby is ill. I wish I was dead! Just think what this war has brought us!"

If the bombs of the R.A.F. have taught the inhabitants of western Germany something, the S.S. are being taught something on the eastern front.

They started with drunken shouts of "Moscow in a week!" A fortnight later they begin to whine: "My nerves are giving way." Such is their courage.

They were brave against the defenceless Serbs and Greeks. In Russia they soon fall a prey to melancholy. Perhaps they may soon be asking to go home and reckoning up how long it will be before they are back in Berlin. But the S.S. men will not even get as far as Berlin. They will all find their graves in our soil.

August 5th, 1941.

A BARON WENT TO WAR

Hitler declares that the Germans have not enough room at home, so they have invited themselves to Russia, as they need "living space."

In the dispatch-case of a German officer were found a diary and some letters belonging to Baron Kuno von Oldenhausen. He also invited himself to Russia in search of "living space."

Each week the Baron received reports from the manager of his property at home:

"May 4th. Most respected Herr Baron. We have finished with the beet—50 acres. Clover—100 acres. We are cutting the spinach,

We have just driven the young calves out to pasture. In a week's time we will let out the cows."

"May 20th. We have nearly finished the sowing. We have dug a pond. The turnips and radishes have come up. We are carting wood for sale. To-morrow we will cut the wheat and turn the pigs out into the field. We are short of potatoes—there is nothing to feed the Poles on. A hundred centners are needed. The horses are well fed. I have decided to sell the young bull—Doctor Klokenberg considers he is too effeminate."

"June 22nd. The meadows on our three estates have been mown. We are going to reap the wheat in a couple of weeks' time. We have been shaken by the news from Russia to-day. I hope you will remain where you are at present. We are sending fourteen entries to the cattle show."

"June 26th. We have put off building the new garage for the time being, as there are not enough workmen. We have been offered Poles for the agricultural machinery. It is impossible at present to get anyone for the vegetable gardens. There is very little oil or petrol, but I have managed to get some.

"July 6th. The beans are ripe. We are sending them to the canning factory. The flax has finished flowering. The poppies are ripening. We have got a first-class stallion. According to his pedigree he comes of the best blood stock. He has already served twenty mares. He has been examined by the specialists. The sugar factory is taking the beet. We have started to build the garage."

This, then, is the man who came to Russia in search of "living space"—a landowner with three estates, wheat and cattle, beet and forests, flax and poppies, orchards, and even an Aryan stallion, of whom Doctor Goebbels himself might well be envious. The Baron's horses were well fed. His Polish slaves were starved. He reigned like a king on his estate, which bore his name—Oldenhausen. But this still was not enough for the Baron. He wanted more land and more slaves.

The Baron's girl-friend Minna wrote to him: "We spent a month at Warnemünde on the coast. The rooms were lovely and the cooking was first-class. Bertha is having a good time in France. The tomatoes and asparagus there are wonderful. Aunt Hildegard has left Hanover, as a bomb fell near her house. Jobst got two exquisite dresses and a pair of white shoes for me in Paris. He has also sent me the fashion magazines. What a delight they are!"

Jobst is no doubt a robber. The Baron's girl-friend Minna is

enraptured with the stolen property—dresses and shoes. Bertha went to France in order to grab the food on the spot. She appreciated French asparagus. This is how the aristocratic rabble of Germany gets its living. They are nothing but a gang of thieves.

How could the Baron have remained at home? He too wanted to grab something. But he had already got plenty of tomatoes. As for asparagus, he had had his fill of it, having spent four months in France as an officer of the army of occupation. He was sent to Rumania. He sampled Hungarian wine and Viennese cooking on the way, and in Rumania he slept, ate and railed at the Rumanians. He wrote down his impressions in a thick exercise-book, like a poetry album. His notes are quite short: he went here, dined there, slept well. Sometimes he added a little extra: "Rumania is a fantastic country. Here you can become a lieutenant for 1,000 lei, and for 500 you can get three months' leave." However, such complicated thoughts seldom troubled the Baron. Usually he was taken up with food, sleep and the petty cares of life.

Germany attacked the Soviet Union. On June 23rd, 1941, the Baron notes briefly: "We have entered on the campaign." The Herr Baron set out to get more "living space" for himself. The war surprised his manager, but the Baron himself didn't bat an eyelid. That evening he wrote in his diary: "Good dinner. Slept well."

On June 30th Baroness von Oldenhausen wrote to her son: "What remarkable successes in Russia! Bravo! You have now entered the fertile regions where perhaps you won't meet with any opposition."

The Baron was of the same opinion as his mother. He drove around in his car and made his calculations: here he would pasture the offspring of his wonderful stallion; here he would build an office; here he would settle farm labourers. Unfortunately there was a little hitch. On June 25th the car in which Baron Kuno von Oldenhausen was riding was spotted by Soviet snipers. They shot the Baron like any ordinary mortal. They found on him the documents of an officer of the 61st motorized machine-gun battalion of the 11th motorized division and a good-sized dispatch-case. The owner of three estates who had gone out in search of Soviet land had got his portion!

August 6th, 1941.

THE BAREFOOT HORDE

Even worn-out boots are prized by Hitler's horde. In one of the German H.Q.s our troops found the following order of the Supreme Command of the German Army:

“General Headquarters,

“July 13th, 1941.

“902-11.

“On the seizure of footwear in the East.

“1. In the occupied Russian districts all means must be taken to collect every kind of leather goods (Russian boots, shoes, bags, belts, etc.).

“2. It is particularly important to confiscate and collect army footwear. The boots of dead Russian soldiers must be collected. The footwear of Russian prisoners must be taken away from them.

“3. Footwear fit for immediate use can be used for personal needs.

“4. Footwear and all leather goods which cannot be used at once must be handed over for repair.”

They have tramped all over Europe from Norway to Greece with impunity and they have worn out the soles of their boots. Hitler's Germany is reduced to beggary and is obliged to make boots from wood, cardboard and rubbish. The German generals have become marauders. They take the boots from the dead in order to supply their army. They are not fastidious. No matter how worn-out the boots may be, we'll patch them up somehow. . . . They have forgotten one thing: Russian boots are not given up so easily. We are neither a boot shop nor a rag-fair. The soldiers who have come to Russia in search of boots have been greeted by our Red Army men with something heavier than leather. The Germans came in ersatz boots. They will have to scurry back barefoot.

August 15th, 1941.

TWO YARDS

The *Völkischer Beobachter* for July 12th writes: “After the war the German soldiers will be given land. The prospects of settlement in the east are absolutely favourable for our troops. Russia, with its peasant population and small and medium-sized towns is particularly suitable for settlement by German soldiers. Small holdings of twenty to forty acres will form the basis of the future agricultural lay-out in the eastern provinces. Farms of 100-125 acres will also be created, and barracks for day labourers and provisioning stations will be erected.”

The Hitlerites call the Soviet lands they have seized the "Eastern Provinces"—"Ostland." They describe in detail how they are going to colonize "Ostland" with their soldiers, preferably S.S. men. "For every thousand inhabitants there will be ten craft workshops. These will provide the basis for the existence of German hairdressers, tailors, bootmakers and especially builders. Retail trade will also be available to the soldiers."

The "war aims" of Hitler's Germany are thus clearly defined. They aim at seizing the Soviet lands, turning the S.S. men into kulaks and landowners, forcing the Russians and Ukrainians to work for these gentry and colonizing our towns with German policemen, clerks, builders and hairdressers.

A notice regarding the establishment of an office "for the allocation of plots of land in Ostland" was published in the first number of the *Deutsche Zeitung für Ostland*.

The S.S. man in a deserted burnt-out village is uncomfortable and hungry. He has rummaged in all the empty houses and long ago devoured any stray chickens that may have remained. He is afraid to show a light in case the guerillas should come. He listens to every rustle, and dozes uneasily. Then paradise appears to him in his dreams. He sees himself and other cut-throats from the town of Dessau settled on the land in the neighbourhood of Saratov. He has been given 125 acres. He has got a large farmyard, cornfields, orchards and gardens. In the "barracks for day labourers" there are thirty slaves of an inferior race. He punishes them with a whip. "Ivan," he shouts, "you've got to marry Maria, because I want to breed a tall stable-man." Then the S.S. man goes into the town, where the Governor, a Gauleiter from Magdeburg, makes a pompous speech on the spirituality of the gigantic-bellied Goering. The S.S. man goes to a German tailor and visits a German restaurant, where he eats a delicious local sucking-pig. . . . Whereupon the S.S. man wakes up and clutches his belly, which is griped with hunger. Through the dark window he sees the unfriendly night and grips his rifle in case the guerillas come. . . .

In the face of the proverbs of all peoples and all ages, the *Völkischer Beobachter* is busy dividing the bear's skin while the bear is still alive. Why are they in such a hurry? Why have they already opened the "office for allocation of land"? The land is still shuddering under the feet of the Germans. It is burning; it is teeming with guerillas. The German Command is anxious to encourage its soldiers and lure them on with hopes of gain. In the beginning they advanced carelessly—for a pair of boots or a pound of Ukrainian

fat. But the trip to the market turned out to be exceedingly dangerous: one out of every three S.S. men already lies in the earth and no longer needs either boots or fat. And the other two are wondering. So Hitler shouts to them: "I'll give each of you a hundred acres of good black earth."

We are fighting for our native country, our honour, human dignity and freedom. What are they fighting for? For stolen boots, for stolen land, for the jobs of District Governor, for the profits of a confectioner's shop or a hairdresser's. It is both comical and repulsive to hear them talk about how they are going to divide up the land in the future. It is almost unbearable to think that they are dividing up our fields and gardens even on paper, appointing their policemen for our towns and selling permits for the right to trade in sausages in Pensa or to shave slaves in Ufa.

The *Völkischer Beobachter* declares that Russia is simply longing to welcome the Hitlerites. This is quite true. Our machine-gunners, tankmen, artillerymen and airmen are longing to welcome them. And so are the guerillas with bottles which do contain something stronger than schnapps.

The epileptic corporal Hitler shrieks: "Forward to Ostland!"

Don't count your chickens . . .

A hundred acres of our land for each S.S. man?

No, six feet. For the very tall ones—seven.

August 20th, 1941.

ONE MORE

On the night of August 10th a Heinkel 111 bomber was shot down over Moscow. In the pocket on one of the crew was found a diary for Nazi soldiers, published in Paris. It contained various information essential to soldiers in wartime, such as, for instance, advice as to which wines should be drunk with fish, and which with fowl.

This section is entitled: "What one ought to know in the land of wine." In starving Paris, where the mothers look for potato peelings for their children, the German officers indulge in the delights of the gourmet. And in this diary specially prepared for the murderers of French children we read: "Chablis is the most appropriate wine to drink with fish."

The diary proceeds to give some examples of polite French conversation: "Mademoiselle, are you free this evening? I can treat you to some ice-cream."

The illustrations show elegant S.S. men in Paris streets, cafés

and shops. The life of the marauders has been set down in print for posterity.

There is also a short vocabulary entitled: "One thousand most essential French words." This seems a rather too large vocabulary for savages, but the choice of words is interesting. I open a page at random: *revenge, race, drunk, handcuffs, to shoot, to beat, to insult, to shout, shot, pig, to spit, punishment.*

The owner of this particular diary, senior corporal Alfred Kerrle of the 12th regiment in Hanover, had written down his "exploits" with typical German thoroughness. He had been at Brest from where he had bombed English cities. He had been sent particularly often to Plymouth. His notes on the destruction of English houses alternate with useful information such as the size of his collar, the number of his current account, the addresses of prostitutes.

On August 6th the corporal was still frisking around in Chartres, where he washed down a meal of roast turkey with a bottle of Pommard. On the 7th he was sent to the East to take the place of airmen who had been killed by Russian fighter pilots and anti-aircraft gunners. The German Command chooses experienced S.S. men for the raids on Moscow. Kerrle was an old hand at bombing, and had even bombed the British cruiser *Exeter*.

After spending the night in German-plundered Warsaw, Alfred Kerrle took off for Moscow on the 10th. He noted the time in his diary: "19 hrs. 43 ms." He left a space so that he could put down the time when he returned. This space remained a blank—he didn't return.

He had learnt what wine to drink with roast turkey—stolen wine with stolen turkey. He had insulted girls in unhappy subjugated France. He had repeated the words of his pocket vocabulary: "Search. Arrest. Insult." From his dive-bomber he had shot up the miners' children in Swansea. Then he ventured to appear over Moscow.

When a man like Kerrle crashes to the ground, you feel not only joy, but also moral satisfaction. The widows of France and the mothers of England will be grateful to our anti-aircraft gunners. We too will say with pride: one more!

August 17th, 1941.

WE WON'T FORGET!

The wife of German sergeant Franz Brumer writes to her husband from Marienburg in East Prussia: "You know, Franz, I shall never forget hearing gunfire for the first time. It was a week ago

to-day. We were having such a nice sleep, and suddenly I woke up and heard heavy thuds, and then I realized at once they were firing. Then we had to go down into the cellar. You know, where the paraffin is kept. I think it was more dangerous there than upstairs. We had another alert on Tuesday—in the daytime and in the evening as well. Altogether, we have been down to the cellar four times. But in Elbing they had to go down eight times as it was much worse there. Well, now we too have had a taste of war.”

So Frau Brumer will never forget the day when she first heard the sound of gunfire! They thought they were going to make war discreetly without frightening their wives. They thought their brides would not be disturbed by the agonized cries of the women of France, Poland and Serbia.

We remember that morning in June. Our country was living its peaceful life. A bumper harvest was ripening in the fields. In Moscow the people were going to the Agricultural Exhibition. Preparations were being made for the Lermontov Centenary. People were going away to rest-homes. And then the Germans invaded. We won't forget those first shots. Our country bristled with bayonets. Everybody's heart was filled with hatred.

And we won't forget what happened afterwards. We won't forget how the Nazis are destroying our towns and killing our children. We won't forget anything. We say nothing about retribution—our guns are doing the talking. But one thing we know: the S.S. ladies will no longer sleep peacefully. They have already heard the first shots. In Berlin they made the acquaintance of Russian bombs. The Nazis wanted to destroy the whole world and thought that Germany would snooze peacefully amid the ruins after eating her fill of stolen corn. It shall not be! They have already been given a taste of war, as the sergeant's wife put it. They will get their full share, but not on ration cards. They will have more than enough of it and they will curse the day when Hitler drove them into our country.

They marched against us singing gaily:

Ha-ha! Ha-ha!

This will be a merry war!

The S.S. ladies stood at the gates—the wives of the Ober-leutnants and the brides of the Unter-executioners. These Fraus and Fräuleins took up the song:

Ha-ha! Ha-ha!

This will be a merry war!

Now Elena Enzleig writes to Unter-offizier Fritz Walter from Kranzenhen in East Prussia: "I went to the station. The train seemed to be endless. I could hardly look at the poor wretches. It's terrible! Some of them were quite young. Most of them were wounded in the arm and in the head. I can't bear to look at the papers now. They are full of announcements of deaths on the Russian front."

They no longer sing. They realize now what a "merry war" is. The war will come to them and they won't be able to hide from it in the cellars.

They began it. We will finish it.

August 27th, 1941.

FALSEHOOD

There is a little Spanish song:

Some sing what they know.

Others know what they sing.

Hitler knows what he is singing. The Germans sing what they know. They have been brought up on "ersatz." They wear shoes made of hay, socks made of glass and hats made of cellulose. They eat honey made of sawdust, saccharine, and puddings made from tablets. They no longer distinguish between the counterfeit and the real thing. They cannot distinguish truth from falsehood. They have tinned stomachs, blind eyes and empty hearts.

When Hitler came into power, he began to exterminate truth. He declared: "With skilful and persistent propaganda you can make the people believe anything you like, that heaven is hell or that the most miserable existence is paradise."

Hitler has even outdone his own programme: he has made the Germans believe that the Nazi hell is paradise.

In 1933 he entrusted Doctor Goebbels with the task of establishing the "Ministry of Propaganda." As a compensation for his own dwarfishness Goebbels has a passion for everything "colossal"—enormous offices, vast sofas, pictures all over the entire wall. So Goebbels started to fabricate colossal lies according to Hitler's own recipe.

"The greater the absurdity with which we stuff our deception and the more it is calculated to appeal to the most primitive instincts, the better the results."

The lies are manufactured both for internal consumption and for export—civil and military.

In the German Army there are special "propaganda companies," known as "R.K." They remind one of the chemical battalions who are in charge of poison gas. These companies consist of various squads. For instance there are squads of artists, who, according to the instructions, "must portray with the aid of portable easels the insignificance of the enemy and the inspired face of the German soldier." The Radio Squad broadcasts various war noises, such as the explosion of shells or the roar of tanks interspersed with hysterical cries such as: "We've done it again! Look at the endless columns of prisoners!"

According to the text of Goebbels' instructions the R.K. must engage in "active propaganda" and "break the enemy's will to resistance by spreading false and demoralizing rumours." This refers, of course, to propaganda among Hitler's enemies. In Germany itself the R.K. companies must "dress up the facts, changing their appearance if necessary in order to maintain the morale of the German people." What is meant by "dress up the facts, changing their appearance"? It simply means lying. The Nazis have got to lie both to their enemies and to their own people.

During the war with France the Germans arranged radio transmissions which they pretended were coming from French stations. They broadcast false military information. They told the wives of French soldiers that their husbands had been killed at the front. After finding the body of an officer, they gave out that he had surrendered and "made a statement in support of Hitler."

They told the French that the Germans hated the British, and they told the British that the Germans hated the French. In their broadcasts to America they pretended to be cultured people and pacifists. They talked about their worship of the family; they even quoted Byron and Shelley. Meanwhile the S.S. were busy burning books and consorting with whores.

The German journalists are officials of the Ministry of Propaganda. Even in peacetime they wore a uniform and were subject to army discipline. Every day Goebbels plans the subject of his next lie. It is then circulated to the entire Press, marked "Most Secret."

There are various departments in the Ministry. In one department they describe atrocities; in another they assemble data, ethnographical data, and in a third they turn out cheap posters about the exceptional bravery of the Germans. All this is given out in unlimited doses to the German population every day.

Before the seizure of Czechoslovakia, Goebbels ordered his

journalists to lay special stress on "Czech atrocities." Eighty-six journalists set to work. Suddenly the world was informed that the peaceful kind-hearted Czechs had been raping German women and torturing German men. Meanwhile the Nazis had invaded Bohemia and Moravia and were killing the Czechs. Then came the turn for "Polish atrocities." Finally, the arch-instigators of pogroms announced that the Jews were arranging pogroms. . . . It was printed in black and white: "Pogroms arranged by Jews in Bromberg, Lvov and Bialostok."

Other hacks with university degrees set out to prove that the Germans once ruled the whole world and that all countries are virtually inhabited by Germans.

Here are a few of these gentlemen's discoveries: Marseilles and Lyons, they assert, were ancient Germanic colonies. Spain is a land of the old Germanic race. Shakespeare was a German. Copernicus was a German. Cyril and Methodius were brought up on German culture. The principedom of Kiev was in the German sphere of influence. India has blood-ties with Germany.

To describe German heroism all you require is a second-rate journalist and a bottle of gin. We learn that a German pilot shot down 380 British planes, that six German soldiers routed a Serbian division near Skutari, and that three German soldiers surrounded a Soviet battalion.

There are also other sections in the Ministry. In one of them they manufacture letters and photographs showing how joyfully the Germans are welcomed by the inhabitants of the occupied countries. They write in a lyrical vein. "In Paris the women showered roses on us." "In Salonica the women kissed the officers and gave the soldiers wine." "In Smolensk the inhabitants wept for joy when they saw our tanks." The photographs are faked. This is how they made the photograph of "The Germans in Paris." Nazi soldiers are seen marching through the streets, but the crowd on the pavements was taken from a photograph before the war, when there was a parade in the Champs Élysées. Who will tell the Berliners that in Salonica the people plunged into the sea in order to get away from the Germans, that the Nazis entered a deserted Paris and that they found Smolensk empty?

The war against the Soviet Union has inspired Goebbels. This club-footed degenerate with a hare-lip turns out lies day and night as on a conveyor-belt. Here are some specimens of his production:

"Berlin, July 27th. After yesterday's bombing Moscow is on fire. Eight hundred houses were destroyed. The Kremlin is a heap of

smoking ruins. The Moscow Power Station has been demolished. Moscow is without electricity and the trams are not running."

"Berlin, August 8th. Moscow is an empty city. Half the Government offices have already left for Gorki. The other half will be sent to Nijhny-Novgorod."

How could he know that Nijhny-Novgorod was the same as Gorki? He wasn't taught geography: he was only taught how to lie. As for the Germans, they will swallow anything. And in Berlin they have no means of checking whether Moscow is still standing or not.

In Berlin the gossips, sitting in the air-raid shelters while British or Soviet bombs are falling, keep their spirits up by telling each other: "We've got a new secret weapon." They have indeed. Their "secret weapon" is falsehood, shameless, unexampled and unpardonable.

When a child is deceived, you feel like kicking the deceiver. But the Germans are not children. They are overgrown sturdy louts with linotypes and tommy-guns. Why are they deceived? Because they want to be deceived. They are terrified of the truth. Baldur von Schirach, the leader of the Hitler Youth, has said: "Far better a German lie than human truth." And one of his pupils, Corporal Stampe, wrote in his diary: "To-day they told us on the wireless that 3,000,000 Russians have been encircled and that we'll have them all smashed in a week's time. Maybe it's all lies, but anyway it's good to hear it."

They have grown up on lies. Lies are like their mothers' milk to them. They lie to their subordinates. They lie to their superiors. They lie abroad. They lie at home. They can't help lying. When they sign a treaty of friendship, they are calculating all the time where they are going to drop their bombs. When they talk about culture, it means they are going to plunder in an hour's time and hang people in two hours.

How can you argue with them? Only with bayonets. How can you refute their lies? Only with bullets.

August 29th, 1941.

THE IDEALS OF FRITZ WEBER

The *Völkischer Beobachter* writes: "The heart of every soldier fighting against the Russians is aglow with sacred ideals."

Here is the diary of Private Fritz Weber:

"June 30th. Resting in the town of Dubno. Changed my shirt for a Russian one.

"July 7th. 'Organized' two hens and trussed them. Unfortunately, I did not finish.

"July 11th. Requisitions. They gave unwillingly to-day, but we got what we wanted right away and plenty of it.

"July 12th. After dinner an Order against looting.

"July 18th. We got our potatoes.

"July 22nd. Stuck a pig and dressed it.

"July 25th. Field kitchen stuck in the mud, so we requisitioned supper.

"July 26th. Slaughtered pigs. First-class meat and fat.

"July 27th. Was present at requisitionings.

"July 28th. Nothing to eat all day."

Here the diary ends. Two days later the men of the Red Army "dressed" Fritz Weber.

Here you have their sacred ideals—from potatoes to pigs.

Fritz Weber is no exception, and if the German Command is anxious about looting, it is only because the German generals are no fools—they themselves want to "organize" hens and "dress" pigs.

Our country is not a restaurant for these bandits. Fritz Weber has already discovered how Russian hens are paid for. Next, please!

August 30th, 1941.

CLICK-CLACK

The German Press celebrated the second anniversary of the war with a triumphant outburst of articles. Once again they enumerated all the countries which had been seized by the Nazis. But meanwhile at the railway stations there were train-loads of wounded, and women were weeping in the houses. In August hundreds of thousands of them had been informed of the deaths of their husbands and sons. The anniversary celebration was not a success.

Germany is now short of leather. German women are wearing wooden shoes, which they call "click-clacks." They fill the dreary streets of the German towns with their clatter, and one German woman writes to her husband: "When your nerves are on edge, the clatter of the 'click-clacks' is simply unbearable. It sounds as though they are counting the dead."

The "click-clacks" clatter as the widows go by. They have been forbidden to wear mourning. They have been ordered to wear a smile. "You have lost your husbands," they are told, "but we have occupied Narvik and Crete." But the widows do not smile. And those whose husbands are still alive count the days and the hours.

Like a wild fire fanned by the wind the war has spread over continents. Every month Hitler presents the German people with a new victory. And with every month that passes, the victory of Germany becomes more spectral, misty and remote.

The ancients invented the myth of Sisyphus pushing his stone up hill and beginning again and again when it rolled down. That is how the German Army works. When it thinks it has done everything and reached the point of victory, the stone rolls down, and yet another front is opened, and more German divisions have to die.

Hitler promised a lightning campaign against England. The German officers discussed the question of where they would be quartered in London. Some preferred the Berkeley, others the Savoy. By the time of the second anniversary of the war the invasion barges were taken away from Calais and Boulogne, if they had not already been destroyed by the British. The campaign was called off like a village fête, which is cancelled on account of the weather.

Goering declared that not a single British bomb would fall on German territory. But Cologne is in ruins, and whole quarters have been demolished in Hamburg, Bremen, Duisburg, Düsseldorf, Mannheim and Frankfurt. The roads of the Ruhr are impassable. The biggest factories have been shattered and burnt out. And when Goering hears that "the Tommies are over," he bolts down into his private air-raid shelter.

Hitler has said: "We will clear the Atlantic Ocean of enemy ships. We will cut England off from America." But every day more and more British transports cross the ocean. The Americans have occupied Iceland and are guarding the sea routes, while the German Navy skulks in its harbours. It is Germany, not England, that is being blockaded. At first the Germans ate Danish eggs, then Dutch, then Bulgarian. Now there are no eggs at all in Germany—the Germans have eaten the last chicken in Europe. But ships keep coming from America to the shores of England.

Hitler said: "We will finish the Russian campaign in seventy days." The second anniversary of the world war coincided with the seventieth day of the campaign against Russia. The campaign is not finished, it has only just begun. The Germans have taken a number of our towns. They console the German widows with place names, but they do not mention how many German soldiers have already fallen on Russian soil. They started the war against us with a smile, and ordered their uniforms for a parade in Red Square. Now they are ordering skis from Norway for the terrible winter.

Goebbels said: "We have destroyed the Soviet air force." A few

days later there was the sound of wailing in Berlin. The sirens were late with their warning. It was the Berliners who wailed.

Where then is the lightning in Hitler's blitzkrieg? From Cologne a woman writes to a German soldier: "Dear Willi, it has been hellish here. The hysterical groanings in the air-raid shelter upset me more than anything. I simply couldn't bear it. . . . So please forgive my bad handwriting, but I tremble even now when I think of it. . . . As soon as the sirens begin to wail I rush down like lightning. . . ." That's the only "lightning" the German people have lived to see.

In Berlin they used to be fond of greyhound racing, betting on the tote. These were innocent amusements till the S.S. began to plunder Europe. The greyhounds ran swiftly. Even more swiftly ran the electric hare. The dogs could not understand why they never caught up with it. That is how the Germans are now chasing victory.

And all the while the wooden soles of the women go click-clack, counting the days, counting the dead and counting their sorrows.

The Germans celebrated the first anniversary of the war with great joy. They drank French wine, ate Dutch cheese and dreamt of English tweeds and English tailors. Gasping with emotion, they reckoned up how many Frenchmen had been killed, how many Dutchmen, how many Belgians. Their towns were ablaze with light: they were not afraid of bombing. They pored over the maps of Europe, stuck their little flags into them and admired one another's medals.

They met the second anniversary in a different mood. They were on the alert, wondering whether the sirens were going to wail. In scores of towns they rushed "like lightning" down to the air-raid shelters. They licked the herring bones and ate sawdust pudding. Did they do any reckoning? Yes, they reckoned—"Only seventy days have gone by, and already 130 men from our little town have been killed in Russia." They reckoned up the number of ruined German houses and the number of dead soldiers. And in their horror they asked themselves why Hitler went to meet Mussolini. What new trial were they preparing for their slaves?

"Victory!" shout the German radio announcers. "Yet another victory! Always victory!" But when their voices die away, the wooden shoes go click-clack. There's your victory, Germany—the skull and crossbones, hunger and the hatred of the world!

September 4th, 1941.

THE WAR OF NERVES

During the first world war I was on the western front. I saw how the Germans stormed the forts of Verdun. They advanced in mass formation under fire and fell. They were followed by others. The ground was covered with German corpses. But every day new regiments carried on the attack. Their morale seemed unshakable. But there came a day when they failed to come out of their trenches. They stayed there like dead men: their nerves had given way.

That was in the autumn of 1918. They were counting their victories: "We're in Brussels, we're in Belgrade, we're in Bucharest, we're in Kiev." And suddenly they left the front and went home. The conquerors turned into deserters. The Commander-in-Chief of the German Army sent emissaries to the Allies to plead for an armistice.

It is astonishing how easily the Germans pass from ecstasy to despair, from self-satisfaction to self-abasement and from pedantry to anarchy. Everybody knows that the Germans have a passion for precision. It is almost a mania with them. In Berlin flats I have seen the sugar-basin inscribed with the word "Sugar" and the electric light switch adorned with a notice "Light—Upwards" (in your own room even!). When the German travels, he muffles his umbrella in a sheath marked "Umbrella." But he easily passes from fanatical order to absolute disorder. In the occupied countries the Germans are behaving like savages, breaking and burning, killing pedigree cows and cutting down fruit trees.

One day, two years before Hitler's accession to power, there was a Nazi demonstration in a Berlin park. The police broke up the demonstrators. Running away from the policemen, the Nazis still kept to the paths. They were afraid to tread on the grass: for which they would have been fined three marks. And now they have trampled down half Europe with enthusiasm.

Last summer I witnessed an amusing scene in Berlin. There were scarcely any motor-cars in the city owing to petrol shortage. A crowd of pedestrians were standing at a crossing. The street was perfectly empty, but the people stood gazing as though spellbound at the red disks of the traffic lights and did not attempt to move. And now these super-disciplined Germans have to be told every day by their commanders that they mustn't drink themselves unconscious, they mustn't lose their machine-guns in the forest like pins and they mustn't drop their bombs into a swamp when they've been ordered to drop them on to a town.

When they started the war against Russia they went into hysterical raptures. They "annihilated" the Red Army every day. And every day they "liquidated" the Soviet air force. It was difficult to understand how it could be possible to "annihilate" for the third or fourth time an air force which had already been "annihilated" a week before. On the radio they interrupted the military communiqués with cat concerts, beating of drums, fanfares of trumpets, howls of "Heil!" and letting off Chinese crackers. Now their radio announcers gloomily report: "The resistance of the Reds is increasing."

On the body of Corporal Ruhsam three letters were found which he had failed to post. The first was dated July 31st and contained the first inklings of doubt:

"We have already been six weeks in a foreign country. We thought the war in the east was going to be something different. We knew the Russians would fight, but nobody thought they would fight so desperately. We have been taking part in the fighting near Orsha. We hope to see the Russian capital soon. Then this dreadful war will be all over. . . ."

Only a week later, on August 5th, our corporal writes: "Our only desire is to see the finish of this dreadful war as soon as possible. If Moscow falls, the Russians will realize their position is hopeless. But I think it would have been better not to have started this war. In any case, what we've gone through in Russia can't be compared with France and Poland. One may get killed here any day."

Next day the corporal was still alive. He sat down to write his letter on August 6th. Perhaps it had been an eventful day; he may have made the acquaintance of our artillery, to which the Germans are not particularly attached. In any case, on August 6th he wrote very briefly: "You want to know when we are going to be in Moscow at last. We are having some delay now, as the Russians are putting up a desperate defence."

They are indeed having some delay. Another corporal named Herbert wrote to his brother: "All I can say is that you have to have nerves like iron to drive along the Russian roads. They shoot at you from all sides." The Hitlerites' nerves are beginning to play tricks on them.

After seven days' fighting, Corporal Ruhsam changed his tune. We must look at the map and compare it with the calendar. Every day brings the Nazi neurotics nearer to the *débâcle*. It was they who invented the "war of nerves." It will not be they who will win it.

September 4th, 1941.

WORSE THAN WILD BEASTS

Corporal Gerhardt Schmidt was captured by our troops in the neighbourhood of Oratov on July 22nd. Next day the prisoner produced his diary, in which he had described various episodes of his fighting experience. He had been fighting for exactly one month.

On June 24th when he was not far from the frontier, he wrote in this diary: "Saw some Russian prisoners. A repulsive race."

The diary ends on the following unexpected note: "Hands up, drop your rifle! We have been taken prisoner by the Russians. The treatment is surprisingly good. The Russian 'Comrades' share their last morsel with us."

The unsuccessful plunderer suddenly finds the Russians a "pleasant race"—they have fed him. We know the Russians are a generous people. Apparently the Red Army men regarded the wily corporal as an unfortunate wretch who had been deceived. When Gerhardt Schmidt saw the Russian prisoners, it never entered his head to share his rations with them. No, this arrogant German looked at them and wrote in his diary: "A repulsive race." He was hardly the sort of man to be called "Comrade" by the Russians!

We know how the Nazis treat their prisoners. Red Army men who have escaped from the hands of the Nazi butchers have a lot to say on that score. But here is what one of the torturers has to say on his own account. I have before me the diary of Corporal Zochel of Wiesbaden. Laconically he writes: "On march. Bread, milk, butter from the peasants." "Halt at Lakhovo. In the evening pork cutlets and potatoes." "Guard duty at night."

Here is what he wrote on July 25th: "Dark night. No stars. At night we torture the Russians." This is written in the same calm business-like handwriting and style as the notes on pork cutlets.

Three days later this butcher writes: "The Russians open fire on us from their holes. This is a savage piece of villainy."

This blackguard who tortures prisoners thinks the Russians are committing an atrocity when they open fire on him from their trenches. How dare they fire at Herr Zochel from Wiesbaden?

We already knew that the Nazis were a "repulsive race." But every day provides us with fresh evidence of their crimes. People say they are "beasts of prey." No, they are worse than beasts of prey. Beasts of prey do not torture for pleasure; they do not keep diaries. One does not hold them responsible for their actions. But it is quite another story when a corporal from Wiesbaden tortures a man and then writes about it in his diary.

I turn with relief to the last page of Zochel's diary. On August 11th, this butcher was still writing: "Reconnaissance. We cook potatoes. Excellent." On August 12th he went out again on reconnaissance and was shot. Blessings on the hand that held that rifle. Just a piece of Russian lead, and the world is rid of one more torturer.

September 5th, 1941.

WHEN THEY ARE DISARMED

A dead German. A bullet got him. His glazed eyes seem to gaze at the foreign sky. His pocket-book is taken to headquarters. It contains his army papers, money and two photographs. One of them shows a military parade in which the dead man took part. The other shows a soldier with naked buttocks. The Red Army men turn away in disgust, ashamed at this insult to human dignity. But this German corporal carried it next his heart and died with it on him.

Piles of papers. The pockets of every German soldier are stuffed with them. With typical German pedantry they throw nothing away but carry everything around with them: letters from forsaken lovers, old postage stamps, addresses of Paris brothels, letters from aunts and uncles. There are sixty-two solicitors' letters. One man at the front was divorcing his wife. Another had a passion for litigation: he had lawsuits with his landlady, his tailor and some old woman who had called him a "drake." One lieutenant had a business correspondence with a Bulgarian firm: this man was a commercial traveller on the side and dealt in bakelite cigarette-cases. Here is a collection of pornographic postcards. And here are stolen articles: a gold bracelet, an antique snuff-box with a French inscription, a Russian glass-holder and four pairs of silk stockings. Yes, the Red Army men are right—you feel ashamed of the earth on which these people walked. How basely they lived! How basely they died!

Here are the live ones. What has become of their former arrogance? This was not how they talked in the Paris cafés. One corporal is howling: he is terrified. I may not feel much pity for him but it is embarrassing to watch this great husky fellow crying. But here are the contents of his pockets on the table: an obscene photograph, 400 Soviet roubles, a gold ear-ring. He had stolen the money and torn the ring from the woman's ear. Another prisoner explains between his sobs that he has a wife and that her name is Emma. It sounds idyllic. But next to Emma's photograph

is another of such peculiar obscenity that the Red Army man blushes and asks: "How on earth do they get this way?"

Here are prisoners looking like gaunt wolves with dull, hungry, fear-haunted eyes as a well-fed, rosy-cheeked Red Army man comes up to them. Our men burst out laughing. "Look at him," they said. "And you think you stand a chance against us? Better watch out!" Our men are not Fascists—they don't shoot prisoners. And they don't go soft either. One of them said to me: "You see that prisoner over there? When he wants to get a smoke, he runs out and shouts, 'Hitler kaput!'—that's how he earns cigarettes."

I spent half a day with these beasts of prey. A Nazi pilot who had a grammar-school education was ignorant of the names of Heine, Shakespeare and Tolstoy. And yet he was the most educated specimen of the lot. What a benighted people! Compared with them, the Kaffirs and Zulus are highly cultured. Their mixture of arrogance and cowardice is astonishing. The tears are scarcely dry in the corporal's eyes when he starts making demands. He wants to know why he has been put with the privates and why his Finnish hunting-knife has been taken away from him. One lout said to the sentry through an interpreter: "Comrade commissar, I'm not a Fascist. I've always liked the Russians." Then, thinking that I did not understand, he turned to his German companion and said:

"What swine these Russians are." I looked at him in surprise. Immediately he drew himself up, went white as a sheet, and started muttering: "I'm a Marxist."

A middle-aged sergeant came up to me and introduced himself as "Johann Scharck. Social-Democrat. Composer." He talked to me for a long time about his differences of opinion with Hitler. "I consider the Führer's policy to be dangerous," he said. This man, if you please, claims to be secretly anti-Nazi, though not in Germany of course. When he was there he was as meek as a lamb, but now he is a prisoner. He whispered to me confidentially: "You and I are colleagues to some extent. I'm absolutely unfit for physical labour, but I can set the type for your articles in German and even correct them. That's to say, of course, if you can assure me good living conditions."

The prize specimen was Corporal Becker, of the Luftwaffe. He was an "Aryan" with curly fair hair, a low forehead and glassy goggle eyes. He told me enthusiastically how he had bombed London and Coventry. In vain I tried to pierce his rhinoceros hide, it was a waste of time to ask him "Why? What for?" All he could say was: "It's my job to bomb." He livened up when he began to

recall his drinking bouts in Antwerp. War he regarded as a rollicking sport. "Thanks to the war, I've travelled around," he said. "Besides, it's a hell of a lot pleasanter to fight than to stay put and work." He had plundered, raped, wallowed in drink and murdered. "What are you fighting for?" I asked. He frowned, obviously trying to remember some newspaper phrase. Then he blurted out: "We must have *Lebensraum*." And pointing to the trees—we were in the Forest of Briansk—he added: "There's plenty of empty space here."

It would be a good idea to put this corporal into a zoo and hang a notice up: "So-called Aryan." To give it a scientific touch we might add: "*Homo sapiens*—a human being." People would look at him, read the notice and refuse to believe it.

September 14th, 1941.

A SKUNK IN UNIFORM

Three German officers, Ober-leutnant Belzer, Ober-leutnant Lambeck and Leutnant Topp, wrote a report on the work and behaviour of their battalion commander, Major Grundmann. The report is addressed to the Commander of the 29th division and dated: "Russia, August 12th, 1941."

The three lieutenants had a grudge against the major; no doubt there had been some row in the mess. So they decided to get their own back by telling the truth. Here is their report:

"On the evening of July 26th, being under the influence of alcohol, Major Grundmann created a panic in face of the Russian tanks.

"On June 28th, on arrival at Golinka he displayed a morbid nervous hastiness. There was no organization of the defences. Moreover, the major shouted from his motor-car: 'Men, put up a good show! We've nothing left except to die.' The situation at Golinka had deteriorated during the past twenty-four hours.

"When the battalion retreated north of Ozornikie the major was not in a fit state to give orders owing to his lack of self-control.

"In the fighting at Boika the C.O. was nowhere to be found.

"Although Doctor Weschart repeatedly asked where the wounded were to be sent on June 30th (there were many wounded on June 29th and in the night of the 30th), the major gave no reply whatsoever. Many of the severely wounded men died as the result of having to wait a long time at the ambulance station.

"At daybreak on June 30th the Commander suddenly appeared in a motor-car together with Ober-leutnant Belzer and began to shout: 'They're coming! The Russian tanks are on us!'

“The major has shown complete indifference to our losses. He has said: ‘I can’t be bothered thinking about losses.’

“At Golinka on June 27th the major created a panic among the civilian population by setting fire to the village for no reason. He opened fire senselessly on the civilian population. Being drunk, he was unable to express himself clearly.”

According to staff papers, after the authorities were informed of his behaviour, the gallant major was promoted to the divisional staff. The three lieutenants had slipped up; German generals are quite impervious to reports about opening fire senselessly on civilians.

This, then, is a portrait of a German battalion commander. He is arrogant and cowardly. When fighting is going on, he is nowhere to be found. On the other hand, he “bravely” shoots collective farmers and “heroically” sets fire to occupied villages. He is so drunk that even his lieutenants, who are accustomed to drinking-bouts, are taken aback. He is not only cruel to the Russian population. He even leaves wounded German soldiers to their fate. He doesn’t care a damn about his comrades in arms. But when he hears shells exploding, he trembles like a leaf and stammers: “They’re coming!” He is nothing but a cowardly, evil-smelling skunk in major’s uniform. After getting blind drunk he bleats to his men: “We’ve nothing left except to die!”

No, such skunks do not die bravely. They may be brave enough when torturing defenceless people, but they die whining and full of self-pity. Major Grundmann is now attached to divisional H.Q. staff far away from the Russian bullets. He is probably carrying on with his military exploits, burning villages and killing women. He roams about our countryside reeling drunk on schnapps and blood. There are many other abominable majors like him. But they won’t be able to skulk in staff H.Q.s. Our guerillas have an excellent sense of smell. They can scent the staff murderers a long way off. And the Cossacks who raid the enemy’s rear have good ears. They can recognize the sounds of an H.Q. staff a mile away. And our gunners have good eyesight. They won’t miss the staff H.Q. of this evil-smelling major.

September 16th, 1941.

“SENTIMENTAL TOURISTS”

On September 7th, 1941, the *Völkischer Beobachter* writes:

“Even in military uniform the German is a most observant and sentimental tourist. In the intervals of fighting he is anxious to

observe the everyday life of living people with normal needs, inclinations and feelings. But in the Soviet Union he finds nothing of the sort. He sees only Soviet people. The Bolshevik soldiers scarcely ever react like normal people: they go on fighting. . . ."

I have here the travel notes of some of these "sentimental tourists." Kurt Fuchs is a private of the 1st company of the 512th infantry regiment. His home address is Huben, Mückenberg. He observes and comments as follows:

"July 14th. Rokitno. In the evening a seventeen-year-old lad was punished. Sentence—twenty-five strokes in the market square. Everybody looked on. I went to fix up things. Result—sixty eggs and some bacon.

"July 17th. Arrived in the town of Motol at four o'clock in the afternoon. Plenty of strawberries. They shot fifty women and children in the market square."

And here is the edifying diary of Senior Corporal I. Richter (4th battalion, 40th infantry regiment, field-post 01797E). He is a real tourist, even a spa devotee. He sun-bathed in Russia with enthusiasm:

"July 28th. Slept till eight o'clock. We went sun-bathing.

"July 29th. Sun-bathed in the morning. Then slept till dinner-time. At four o'clock the regimental band arrived. Great enjoyment. We heard German tunes once again.

"August 15th. Woke at eight o'clock. Then went sun-bathing."

These nature worshippers needed extra rations. They were not only interested in sun-bathing but also in gourmandizing.

"July 7th. Matula and I ransacked the quarter. We got some booty: twenty-five eggs and a hundredweight of sugar. We ate the sugar straight out of the sack with our hands.

"July 22nd. Hugo and Emil killed a pig. Ten of us ate it. We had pork cutlets, roast pork and dumplings. We made the women clear up after us.

"July 24th. To-day we organized another food campaign. Cooked a chicken pie. Hugo and Emil got a pig.

"July 25th. Hofstädter gobbled up all the dumplings. Emil sick from overeating."

Poor Emil; Russian food did not agree with him.

Corporal Richter, that "most sentimental" of Germans, hates his comrades in arms. Being "most observant," he notices that his colleagues stink. In his diary for July 30th, he writes: "Emil stinks like a polecat." On August 15th: "Everybody in the tent stinks." His battalion was sustaining terrible losses. On August 9th he

remarks that the battalion is no longer fit for military operations, as so many “tourists” have been killed. Richter’s friends may perish, but he doesn’t give a damn. Neither does Matula or Emil give a damn about Richter.

The Berlin Press writes that the Germans are anxious to “observe the life of living people” in Russia. We have already seen how at Rokitno and Motol Private Kurt Fuchs “observed” the cruel punishment of a young lad, and the cold-blooded murder of fifty women and children. Now let’s examine Corporal Richter’s observations:

“July 1st. We shot sixty prisoners at H.Q.

“July 19th. Hugo found a guerilla in the forest and hanged him.”

But this did not satisfy our “tourists.” They craved more sensational experiences. On July 6th Senior Corporal Richter wrote in his diary: “Matula dug up a corpse in the Jewish graveyard. Hofstädter cleaned the skull with his fingers, Matula stuck it on a block and hacked it with an axe. I and one of the paratroop squad managed to get two geese. To-day is my birthday.”

This is what they call “normal needs”—digging up dead bodies and tearing the flesh from the bones. They are ghouls and vampires.

Millions of young Germans have been brought up to plunder and commit atrocities. They have been told that war is a merry sport: you can sun-bathe, rob, torture people, listen to German bands amid the agonies of the victims, gorge yourself on dumplings at the foot of the gallows and finish up with strawberries after the torture is over.

The diaries of Private Fuchs and Corporal Richter should be sent to all countries, so that the world may know that these men are not soldiers but perverted thugs.

The diary of Kurt Fuchs is stained with his own blood. Corporal Richter’s diary has a hole through it. The bullet pierced not only the book, but also the contemptible heart of its vampire author.

The *Völkischer Beobachter* is indignant because our troops “react” badly. They want us to receive their thugs as the flunkys in the Berlin hotels receive distinguished tourists. But, as the *Völkischer Beobachter* correctly remarks: the Germans have found only “Soviet people” in Russia. We have no flunkys in Russia, nor will we ever have any. Private Fuchs and Corporal Richter got their deserts. The turn of Matula, Hofstädter, Hugo, Emil and thousands of other thugs and butchers is coming.

September 18th, 1941.

THE BASILISK

Our Soviet fliers are delivering presents to the Germans. Sometimes they give them leaflets instead of bombs. In these leaflets we ask the German people to look at themselves and see what they used to be and what they have now become. We say to them: You were the people who gave us Kant and Goethe, Marx and Heine. You have become the mercenaries of the sharper Goebbels, the bandit Goering and the pimp Horst Wessel. You used to be industrious workers and philosophers. You have become pirates and murderers. Before Hitler came, you built schools and hospitals, factories and museums. With Hitler you have destroyed factories and museums. With Hitler you have destroyed Rotterdam and Warsaw, Orleans and Belgrade.

They lie to you and you lie in your turn, repeating the lies of your masters. They give you a sticky mess made from sawdust and tell you it is honey. You frown, but you eat it. They allow you to copulate as though you were pedigree cattle and call it love. You work and die for the sake of the magnates of the Ruhr, the Prussian landowners, and a gang of money-grabbers. They assure you that this is "Socialism." You puff yourself up with self-satisfaction and you repeat at all the cross-roads of Europe: "I am a National-Socialist."

Ask Herr Vögler and Herr Krupp how much money they have made out of the war. Since the beginning of this war the I.G. Chemical Trust has increased its issue of shares by 43 million. The A.E.G. Trust has increased its capital by 40 million. There are two million killed and wounded Germans. From each dead or mutilated man the I.G. and A.E.G. shareholders have received twenty marks clear profit.

Ask Goering how much he has made out of the people's misery. He won't answer. But the Inspector of Finance of Brazil has answered for him: Goering has 1,250,000 dollars deposited in a Brazilian bank. Do you imagine you fought in France in order to liberate the Alsatians? No, you fought because the Rechling concern needed the factories and mines of France. Do you think you occupied Czechoslovakia to save the Sudeten? No, the Deutsche and the Dresdener banks wanted to grab the banks of Czechoslovakia, and Krupp wanted the Skoda works for himself.

Every day in Germany children are dying of starvation. Potato peelings have become the basic food. Working-class women can only dream of a white loaf. As for butter, they daren't even dream of that. But every day the magnates of Krupp's transfer their stolen

millions to Brazil and the Argentine. The Krupps and Vöglers live in luxury. Goering spends hundreds of thousands of marks on his hounds. His prize hounds are better fed than the German workers. Do you call this "Socialism"? Stupidly you repeat the lies you are told. Once you were a reasoning people. You have become a mass of yes-men in uniform.

The German landowners have vast estates, employing thousands of farm labourers. Field-Marshal von Brauchitsch calls himself a "farmer." This modest farmer has 3,000 acres of arable land. His labourers eat meatless stew and sleep in unheated shacks. Such is Hitler's "Socialism."

The German capitalists want to get possession of the oil of Baku, the wheat of the Ukraine, our manganese, our steel and our timber. They pretend they are taking part in a "crusade" under the sign of the swastika, which looks like the markings on a bloated spider's back, but which they refer to as a cross. They lie and they have taught you to lie. What they are after is the Baku oil. Your officers want to get a hundred acres each of our good black earth and fat jobs as Gauleiters in Russia: they are waging war in order to rob. And you too have come to us to collect, booty bag in hand. The letters written by German women to German soldiers in Russia are absolutely shameless. They all ask their husbands to send them fur coats, stockings and Ukrainian bacon. They have become accomplices in the gigantic Nazi burglary. And after that you dare to talk about the chivalry of Nazi Germany? You'd better hold your tongue!

You talk of a New Order in Europe. Ask the French and Poles, the Norwegians and Serbs what they think about you. You are hated everywhere. You have become the bogey of all the nations.

You talk about culture, but you have plunged your own country into darkness and imposed it upon every European country you have occupied. You have revived the tortures of the Middle Ages, and you bring the whip and the gallows with you wherever you go.

You don't want to know what you are. But you've got to know. You've got to realize that you listen to lies, speak lies, eat lies and breathe lies. Reckon up how many of your acquaintances have already been killed in Russia. Later on you will have to reckon up how many have remained alive. Who is responsible for the soldiers' graves in the fields of Bielorussia and the Ukraine? Your masters! Look at the ruins that gape all around you. What has become of Cologne, Hamburg, Düsseldorf? What does Berlin's main street, Unter den Linden, look like? If you haven't learnt to understand

human language, then listen to the language of the bombs. Why are the German towns being destroyed? Because Hitler wanted war and because Hitler sent his Luftwaffe to bomb London and Coventry, Moscow and Leningrad. You're being paid back in kind for the houses they destroyed. You're being paid back for the blood they shed. So far you have received only a little on account, but you will be paid in full.

This is what our leaflets say to the German troops.

In ancient days people believed in the existence of a mythological animal called the basilisk. According to Pliny's description, it was a terrifying creature. It had only to look once at the grass, and the grass withered. When it crept into a forest, all the birds died. The eyes of the basilisk brought death. But Pliny relates that if a mirror was held up before the creature, it was unable to bear the sight of itself and perished.

Fascism is a basilisk, a death-dealing creature. It doesn't want to look at itself. Germany is afraid of the mirror and covers it up with showman's rags. She prefers the portraits of other people's ancestors. But we will force her to the mirror. We will oblige the German Fascists to take a look at themselves. Then they will perish like the basilisk.

Drop your bombs, comrades of our air force! And drop your leaflets as well. The Nazis won't get away from the bombs. And they won't get away from the mirror either.

September 19th, 1941.

BOTTLED SPIDERS

Rudolf Lange, a private in a German motorized regiment, was a model Nazi. The diary found on his body constitutes the self-portrait of a Fascist. It begins ten days before the war. Lange has a bad foot. "My toes are swollen," he complains. "Unter-offizier Funke and Corporal Bartsch are persecuting me. They think I am swinging the lead. But I'll get even with the bastards!" On June 19th the Hitlerites are told that they are going to invade Russia; they will get plenty of easy pickings and Iron Crosses. Lange's foot is still painful, but he is afraid of being late for the loot. "Our sergeant-major sent for me and said I must remain behind on account of my foot. Remain behind! Not bloody likely!"

The war still has not begun; they are still quartered in the Polish town of Modlin, but Rudolf is itching to fight. He writes: "I arrived with my comrades-in-arms in this filthy hole, which anyway now

belongs to Germany. The best thing would be to shoot all this rabble. I never thought such emaciated creatures could exist. When you see a Pole you feel you want to pull the trigger. That can wait; we'll polish them off in good time."

In the evening of June 19th Lieutenant Binder reads the Führer's proclamation to the men. Lange goes into raptures. He writes: "Our Divisional Commander says in his order that the destination of the campaign is Moscow! Hurrah! We are in high spirits. We roar with laughter at one or two cry-babies."

On June 22nd he writes: "Great disappointment. We imagined the advance would be somehow different." Why has he suddenly lapsed into a minor key? He gives the explanation: "We saw the graves of the first German soldiers."

Next day this brave warrior has a talk with Willi. "This conversation," he writes, "was a surprise to me. Political education will have to be carried on even if it means using force." Then follows this remark: "We passed through a little town and I helped Walter to clear out the shops. We took as much as we had room for in the lorry."

June 26th was a good day for Rudolf. "The enemy is hiding in the vast forests where he carries on guerilla warfare. Some captured guerillas were brought in. There can be no mercy for them. They were forced to dig their own graves. We drove past them with indifference and parked our lorries in the graveyard. Our damned German humanitarianism is out of place here. I must expound this idea to the whole squad. They say to me: 'There will be a lot more fighting yet. You'll get fed up with this.'"

A good day for Lange; he enjoyed the spectacle of Bielorussian peasants being forced to dig their own graves. But that night brought a little unpleasantness. Unter-offizier Krawinkel, Gerhardt Fürst and Leppasch wanted Lange to clean the machine-gun. But Lange wanted to sleep, whereupon Krawinkel stepped on Lange's bad foot, "on purpose," as he puts it. Rudolf howled with pain and wrote in his diary: "This incident is typical of our squad. It is not a matter of the assault on me personally; the whole command and the organization and unfortunately even my comrades are swine, the worst swine alive! When the bullets begin to whistle, the masks fall from their faces, and sheer egotism glints in the eyes of every one of them. The inability of the officers to hold their own has caused our squad, which only a short while ago was at the top of its form, to become a disorderly, good-for-nothing mob. We lack the spirit that would cement us together. This locality is getting more

and more dangerous. It's impossible even to think of getting a decent sleep in the car."

Lange arrives at Baranovichi, where a German motorized column has preceded him. "The ruined town looks quite uncanny," he writes. Then he remarks that on the way from Mir to Stolbtsy he sees nothing but ruins. He moralizes about this: "We did not feel any pity, but only a colossal will to annihilate. My fingers were itching to shoot at the crowd. Soon the S.S. will come and smoke them all out. We are fighting for the greatness of Germany. Germans cannot associate with these Asiatics; Russians, Caucasians and Mongols."

Lange is one of a squad composed of the choicest cut-throats, but in a melancholy vein he writes: "It grieves me to find that my enthusiasm is not shared by my comrades. I ask myself in vain why they volunteered to join a fighting unit."

These Nazi "volunteers" are not excessively brave. Lange writes: "When at last I fell asleep worn out, they woke me up again, as they were afraid of guerillas and scared of stray shots. The excitement in the lorry reached its height when Gerhardt started teasing me. Ekermann was on look-out. He got terrified at the least sound."

The lorry rushes along the road, carrying a load of Nazis who quake with fear. They are afraid of the pines and birches, and squabble among themselves, like spiders in a bottle.

Rudolf Lange found consolation in the little town of Krusko: "At first I had no particular desire to go after booty," he writes, "but having finished reading a trashy novel, I joined in ransacking the deserted houses. We broke open the doors with crowbars and axes. We went to the end of the village and I kept my gun at the ready all the time. I collected three eggs from each house."

And now comes what our courageous Lange has been longing for—his first battle. He notes as a preliminary: "The food has become scanty. Suddenly Russian planes begin droning overhead." Next day he writes: "Leutnant Lodtner refused to attack. If we had attacked, we should all have been sent to Kingdom Come, and there was not the slightest chance of success. The enemy is putting up a stiff resistance."

Finally: "I am bound to say that our squad has failed to stand up to the test. I would not have said so an hour ago but now it is quite obvious. The lack of sleep during the last few weeks, the scanty food, the old-standing quarrels in the unit and the unaccustomed strain on our nerves—all this has contributed to our demoralization. We thought we would be able to drive to our objective in the lorry,

suddenly attack the enemy, win the Iron Cross and drive away again. But it turned out very differently. However, it is not my job to strengthen the political set-up, the devotion to the Führer and the enthusiasm in our company."

Only a short while back Rudolf Lange considered it was his job in particular to strengthen the devotion to the Führer. But now, only three weeks later, the squad is demoralized. Lieutenant Lodtner assembles the men and threatens them with court-martial. Lange says that it is all the fault of Ekermann, who got cold feet. Ekermann blames Lange. Unter-offizier Krawinkel blames both of them. Lieutenant Lodtner blames the whole lot. On June 19th when Lange heard about the forthcoming campaign, he wrote in his diary: "Oh, God, I thank Thee for having created me a German!" On July 12th he whines: "It's all up! Why was I born?" What a hero! Man-haters. Bottled spiders.

September 20th, 1941.

CANNIBALS IN EPAULETS

General Kübler, Commander of the German 49th Alpine army corps, is notorious as the man who carried out the barbarous destruction of Vinnitza. Now the general reveals himself in a new light. This humanitarian discusses the question of what is to be done with the wounded Soviet soldiers who fall into German hands. He expresses himself in a terse, detached style.

"Medical aid is to be given to wounded Russian prisoners only on condition that a sufficient quantity of medicine and bandaging material is available after considering our own needs in the future and the possibilities of the arrival of hospital supplies. It is forbidden to convey wounded Russians to dressing stations in ambulances."

The order is clear enough. You want to bandage a Russian? Stop! We've got only enough bandages for three months and we must keep them for our own wounded. The Russians will have to go without bandages. You were going to take Russian wounded in a lorry? It's absolutely forbidden. We need the petrol for something else, but the Russians can die just as well here.

Cannibals in generals' epaulets do not eat human flesh. No, they eat chicken, and then write orders for the murder of wounded men. They dare to mark their hospitals with the sign of the Red Cross, and talk unblushingly of the Geneva Convention. Yet they condemn their wounded prisoners to a slow death: let the birds peck them and the dogs gnaw them. The practical Germans take care

of their lint—they will need it for the wounded Nazis next year. But even the lint isn't theirs. The lint has been stolen, so have the drugs. They hide their stolen chloroform like gold, and don't regard a wounded prisoner as a human being.

Let all our fighters read the order issued by the cannibal Kübler. Let them clench their teeth all the more. We will remember everything when the hour of retribution comes. We will not forget about our comrades who were left without help by the Nazi "ambulance men"—butchers, there is no other name for them.

Let our ambulance men and stretcher-bearers read the cannibal's order. The story of their courage is on the lips of Soviet mothers and Soviet wives. Who would not carry a wounded comrade away from the butchers? To save a comrade is to save oneself. To save a comrade is to save one's country.

September 24th, 1941.

THE RAVINGS OF HERR KAUFMANN

The special correspondent of the *Berliner Zeitung am Mittag*, Günther Kaufmann, writes on August 22nd: "Novgorod, otherwise Naugard, was founded a thousand years ago under the emblem of the swastika. The Novgorod Kremlin was the heart of a state which was ruled by the Germans and stretched from the Baltic to the Caspian Sea."

Horse thieves dye stolen horses another colour. The Nazis want to dye Novgorod, and indeed the whole of Russia, the colour of Germany. Everybody knows that Novgorod was founded by the Russians. It was inhabited by Russians, and the ancient bell of its City Council proclaimed the news of Russian victories. In those days the Germans had no swastika. It was brought to Germany by a Tyrolese swindler called Hitler some eight years ago. The Russians ruled Novgorod, and the Novgorod Prince Alexander Nevsky on Lake Chutsmore showed the forefathers of the Hitlerites how attempts to invade Russian soil come to an end.

The surname of the *Berliner Zeitung am Mittag* correspondent means "merchant." There were German merchants in Novgorod in the Middle Ages. They used to come there from Lübeck. Russia has known German merchants from earliest times till quite recently—from the "visiting merchants" of Lübeck to von Ribbentrop. The Russians traded with the merchants and looked them squarely in the face so that they did not cheat. But when the merchants came with machine-guns, we hid our money-bags and got out our grenades.

Now we don't reckon in roubles on our abacuses, but in German corpses.

The swindlers want to dye Russia another colour. Novgorod has never been "Naugard" and never will be. Tourists used to come from all corners of the globe to admire the architectural monuments and paintings of old Novgorod. Hundreds of books—many of them by German archaeologists—have been written about the treasures of the ancient city. Not one of them has ever breathed a word about Novgorod being "essentially German." Only now, when Germany has become a land of savages, has a Kaufmann come forward with a pistol under his cloak to plant the foul German rag in our proud city.

They talk about a German state stretching from the Baltic to the Caspian. No, they won't succeed in passing off the Russian forests as Berlin squares, the Russian language as a German dialect and Pushkin as Klopstock!

Our country has had a difficult life, but it has been a life of high endeavour. We cherish every stone of the past, because it stands for our past. We cherish our language, which is broad and fluid as our rivers. Europe has no rivers like them. The world has no language like it. The Germans never possessed Russia and they never shall. The horse thieves are wasting their time.

In the old days when the German merchants tried to cheat the Russians, people had a word for them: "Tricks and wiles are German styles." We know their knavish tricks of old. Who is it Herr Kaufmann of the Berlin newspaper is anxious to deceive? The German robbers? They don't care whose property it is, so long as they have the opportunity. The world? Even the penguins of the South Pole know that the Nazis are crooks and gangsters. Us? But we're not holding a debate with them. Our gunners at Novgorod are giving Herr Kaufmann his answer.

September 30th, 1941.

NIGHT THOUGHTS OF A GERMAN COLONEL

Nekrasov once wrote a poem on an old woman's thoughts as she lay awake at night.

I now know what a German colonel thinks about when he can't get to sleep. Colonel Kress, the Commander of the 99th Alpine rifle regiment, jotted down on a sheet of paper the thoughts that came into his head as he lay awake. These he calls "Fundamental principles for the guidance of officers." He begins with an admis-

sion: "It must be pointed out that for reasons of secrecy the details cannot be stated. Nevertheless, officers are indiscreet both in their letters and on the telephone. Even I, the commander of the regiment, don't know everything."

In fact, the Colonel is very far from knowing everything. Indeed, there's very little that he does know, but he is garrulous, like his officers. He may not chatter on the telephone, but he writes down everything that comes into his head. Owing to the absent-mindedness of his officers and the initiative of our Red Army men, the colonel's essay has fallen into my hands. I take the liberty of quoting this distinguished author:

"Russia has double the population of Germany and is able to put twice the number of troops in the field.

"There is no need for us to be in a hurry for Moscow. The fact that the Russians are throwing in more and more troops against us makes no difference to us. We will take Moscow when we want to.

"The young people of both sexes are a great danger. They belong to the Bolshevik organization. Wherever these ragamuffins are discovered they must be detained and inquiries made at the burgo-meister's office as to whether they are local residents. If they are not residents, they are to be arrested immediately, but they must not be shot before they have been interrogated by the Gestapo. Adults who are not local residents or who arouse suspicion must also be detained. The question of shooting them can be decided by each officer individually.

"The Russians are very tenacious in defence and particularly skilful in constructing field fortifications.

"In the Gaisin district the Russians discovered that our situation was serious, and for that reason they began to bomb us daily.

"Only a reserve field battalion saved us from encirclement by counter-attacking.

"Young soldiers must remember that even during a protracted war a soldier remains a soldier. Care must be taken that they do not get out of hand, otherwise we shall go downhill without noticing it with ever increasing speed, as happened in the last war.

"We cannot deny the Bolsheviks' courage and contempt for death. We have not been confronted by such an opponent hitherto.

"As yet our troops have not been exterminating all prisoners and wounded. But the longer the war goes on, the more ruthlessly must we wage it. We will set aside all who were Bolsheviks, either officially or by virtue of their conduct. We will kill ten Bolsheviks

for every German. Without attempting to prophesy—prophecy in wartime is always dangerous—and without using any fine language, I am bound to say the following: we are going to cross the Dnieper. We have no time to lose and must make short work of the Russians before the bad weather sets in. Obviously, we shall be exposed to attack by their cavalry.

“The heavy fighting near Moscow has now been going on for three weeks. Apparently we are allowing the Russians to counter-attack and even to advance in some sectors. The situation at Leningrad looks very promising. But we must not forget that the Russians, unlike the French, are able to throw in more and more masses of men.

“Conclusions:

“1. Our communication lines have been considerably lengthened. Every bullet has to be brought by railway, then by motor transport and finally across country. Do not abandon ammunition under the influence of panic and do not waste it. Keep calm.

“2. We have experienced a shortage of petrol and will continue to do so, as well as a shortage of supplies, provisions, etc. Actually, the bread ration has already decreased to 300 grammes. We are not receiving sugar or butter. Therefore food that has been seized must be dealt out economically.

“3. We have only two lorries of necessary articles for the whole regiment. Everybody must send home for razor-blades and boot polish.

“4. We shall soon enter the malarial region. Malaria is a very unpleasant disease, although not necessarily fatal. It is carried by mosquitoes. When we get twenty-one miles beyond the Dnieper there will no longer be any danger of malaria.

“5. In future no leave will be granted except in special cases.

“I leave it to those experts with sufficient leisure to clarify the future course of events.

“Colonel Kress.”

Not being an “expert with sufficient leisure,” I make no attempt to “clarify the future course of events.” I will confine myself to “clarifying” the present.

Colonel Kress is a fool, but unlike his colleagues he is modest. When he can't sleep, his thoughts turn to depressing subjects. He is scared of everything: Russia is a vast country and there are plenty of people in it. Children of both sexes, who have not yet been shot by the Germans, threaten the 99th Alpine rifle regiment at every

step. The mosquitoes are no better than the children. Most terrifying of all are his own soldiers. On their bread ration of 300 grammes they have managed to get out of hand. The colonel sounds a warning—it's easy to go downhill that way. He has visions of the *débâcle* of 1918. He reasons like a nervous young girl—his thoughts jump from Russian cavalry to razor-blades, from the shooting of wounded prisoners to boot polish. And all the time he has an uneasy feeling. . . . He tries to persuade his lieutenants that the Germans are not taking Moscow because they're in no hurry. They'll take it when they choose. But he goes on to admit that it's difficult to prophesy in war. The Colonel is feeling depressed and uncomfortable. He is on the horns of a dilemma: shall he shoot a ten-year-old Bolshevik girl or go out and get drunk?

I know the German Army has won a series of victories. I know Colonel Kress is languishing on the Dnieper and not on the Spree. Nevertheless, I will say this is not the way conquerors reason. Colonel Kress's writings betray his fears. It is the Russian resistance which is causing his sleepless nights. Our fighters have quite upset this German colonel. And they will go until on they have done for him altogether.

September 25th, 1941.

A NOBLEMAN HAS ARRIVED

Some people thought the Germans would bring back the Russian landowners. How little they know the Nazi breed: the Herren grabbers won't give away so much as a stolen pin, let alone stolen land. A nobleman, Count Kermer, has arrived in the Russian village of Otradnoye. We learn of his arrival in an order of the 38th German motor-cycle battalion of the 18th division:

"In view of the order of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, I decree that the respective measures in the territory under my authority must be carried out by the troops in the territory in question.

"The following officers are appointed Agricultural Officers:

"Leutnant Mattern (Motor-cycle Battalion). The villages of Melekhovo, Kuzmichino, Mitnevo and Klevtsy are placed under his authority.

"Leutnant Graf Kermer (Reconnaissance Group of the 18th Division). The villages of Timoshino and Otradnoye are placed under his authority.

"The Agricultural Officers will establish contact with the village

headmen, to whom they will give instructions regarding the work which must be carried out immediately. It is exceedingly important that the crops should be harvested without fail and that the autumn sowings should be carried out.

"Instructions regarding the supply and issue of corn will follow later.

"The collective farms are to be maintained as going concerns. The peasants must be prevented from dividing up the land. It should be explained to the peasants that the collective farm system, in the Bolshevik sense, is being abolished, but large farm units will be maintained on the land of the former collective farms. It cannot be otherwise. Every peasant is under the obligation to work on the general land. He will be paid for his work at certain intervals with agricultural produce or wages.

"The commandants of the villages will appoint as assistants to the Agricultural Officers suitable Unter-offiziers, who will supervise the work on the spot and report to the Agricultural Officer on the success of the work, cases of sabotage, unwillingness to work, etc. The village headman must be held responsible for the carrying out of all work. He must be supported in every way against his fellow-villagers.

"Kunert."

Lieutenant Mattern and Count Kermer are the new hereditary nobility, who are to be endowed with Russian domains. They are to receive not only the Russian black earth, but Russian serfs as well. Serfdom was abolished in Russia in 1861 under popular pressure. In 1941 Hitler is re-establishing it. "Suitable" unter-offiziers with whips are to see that the work is carried out. "At certain intervals" Count Kermer will toss to his serfs a handful of potatoes and the stalks of the wheat. Sluggards are to be thrashed in the stables. For the girls there will be the Count's bed. For the discontented—Hitler's gallows.

A nobleman has arrived in our country—Herr Graf Kermer. It would be a good idea to organize a little Socialist Emulation—who will be the first to do away with this aristocratic robber.

September 26th, 1941.

RUSSIAN LESSONS

Short-term courses in the Russian language have been opened in Berlin. Some ingenious persons are promising to teach the Germans Russian in a hundred lessons. They teach a peculiar form of the

Russian language; the nouns are: *chicken, headman, requisitioning, flogging, gallows*. The verbs are: *to take, to torture, to shoot, to bury*.

It is doubtful whether the dull-witted Berliners will master even this limited vocabulary in a hundred lessons. But it must be admitted they have learnt something at the front. For a hundred days and nights they have been learning the language of the Russian guns. This is the only language the young Nazis understand, apart from the language of bombs, mines, grenades and rifles.

After a hundred lessons the more capable of them have passed their examination: they lie in the earth or sit in the camps for prisoners. Their writings bear witness to their achievements.

Here is what Sergeant-major Hugo Raeder wrote to his friend Sergeant-major Andreas Leicht on September 10th (Field Post 29654B):

"It's terrible! Who would have thought in Poland that it would be even worse in a couple of years' time? When we were crossing the Dnieper I counted 103 German graves. We've never had to deal with such a ferocious enemy before. And besides, there's no sign of it ending."

On September 10th he also wrote to his sweetheart Elsa Bauer:

"Unshaved, dirty and hungry, I'm sitting here thinking of you. There's nothing but wilderness all around. I swear I'll never go near Russia again. Compared to Russia, Poland was a land of milk and honey."

The sergeant-major is evidently a quick pupil. Poland was only a preparatory class, but in Russia he soon made rapid strides.

Private Urban Modler (Field Post 29654B) did not take part in the campaign in Poland. He was sent to France and thence to Russia. On September 6th he writes:

"It's now certain that I shall have to go through far more here than in France. I didn't realize how lucky I was when I was there. You can't imagine what it's like here. I shall never forget the Russian artillery."

He too has passed his exam. He has learnt his lesson very well, and as he puts it himself, he'll never forget it.

Corporal Theodor Heinz (Field Post 29654B) is one of the advanced pupils. On September 12th he writes:

"You can't help noticing that we've got a lot of old men and youngsters. It's my opinion they take anybody without distinction just for the sake of making war. There are German graves everywhere. I've had more than one frightful day here. I sometimes think I'm done for. My nerves won't stand it any longer. I feel

I'm going out of my mind. If only it would come to an end! And after the war I shall be just the same ass as I was before. I simply can't tell you how I feel. The Russians keep bombing us with heavy stuff. It's unbearable!"

Corporal Theodor Heinz turned out to be remarkably capable: after a few lessons in being bombed he even realized that he was an ass. This man is a brilliant pupil.

If the men are learning, so are the officers. The diary of Lieutenant Josef Kassing (Field Post 12337E) is good enough for a diploma. At first he is quite carefree. His only preoccupation is how to combine a chair of theology with a stud-farm. He writes:

"What is going to become of me? You know that I intended to study theology, but I shall corrupt all the girls as soon as I get home. That's the first thing I shall do."

He is still stupid and ignorant. But he is soon going to have some lessons. And now he begins learning the Russian language:

"I started out on this campaign feeling quite different. It is not the same as the war with France. I am tortured by the thought that I shall be killed. There are lots of German graves and there are still a good many unburied Germans. Oh, it's terrible! It wasn't like this in France. The Russians send us their greetings with the dawn, and they go on firing every minute. O God, what does it mean?"

"The Russians have again pounded us with heavy artillery fire. Our losses are very great. I have prepared my trench and lined it with straw. I wanted to say to the others: 'Have you ever seen a man dig his own grave?' God, help me! I can't bear to hear any more of it! I simply can't!"

It is obvious that Lieutenant Josef Kassing has not spent three months in our country for nothing. This stallion has become tearful and sentimental. He has heard so many shells and bombs that he has grown wiser and realizes that the German Army is digging its own grave in Russia.

Hundreds of thousands of German soldiers have already passed their examination. Wooden crosses, not iron ones, are their certificates. We had no intention of teaching the Berlin cretins. We had our own jobs to do and our own life to live. It was they who forced us to become teachers. They want to learn the Russian language at all costs. Probably they are dreaming of careers as Gauleiters, taskmasters, prison-warders and tax-collectors. Their first short-term course is finished. The backward ones will have to undergo additional instruction, until they understand. . . .

All glory and honour to their teachers: our gunners and fliers,

and all the men of the Red Army! They are teaching the Nazis and will go on teaching them until the final lesson has been learnt.

October 1st, 1941.

A PILE OF SKULLS

When Hitler mounted the rostrum, even his most trusty henchmen shuddered. Three million victims—this is what fifteen weeks of war in the East has brought the German Army. Germany's Cannibal No. 1 was not standing on a rostrum—he was standing, clowning and raving on a pile of skulls.

How many times in the last two years has Hitler tried to put heart into his hoodwinked people? Not long ago he promised them: "The year 1941 will be the year of decisive victory." He then swore that he would soon take London. He did not take London. Instead of Great Britain he presented the Germans with Crete. Instead of peace he presented them with another war. The stench of corpses emanates from him. Hundreds of thousands of German dead are rotting in Russian soil. German wives shudder when they look at the Cannibal, and German widows weep when they hear his hoarse bark. The hungry Germans go about their business with wrinkled foreheads. They had expected trainloads of meat and bacon from the East. But the trains that come from the East are loaded with mutilated Germans. Where then is victory? Where is peace? Once again Hitler asks the Germans to wait. As for London, why should he take it? He has plenty of time. He doesn't care for sour grapes. What does he want peace for? He can wait. . . . And so fresh trainloads of soldiers go to Smolensk. The Germans in the carriages are already pale with that pallor that precedes death. They are the dead men of to-morrow. And so the cattle-trucks are loaded with young Carls and old Fritzes. The trucks will bring back the mincemeat. The Cannibal stands on the tribune with his napkin spread out. This is another of his regular meals.

He looks at the German people, and suddenly he begins to mutter: "We made no mistake about the quality of our arms. We made a mistake regarding the strength of our opponent."

This is not the language of a conqueror. The Cannibal is trying to justify himself. He did not know the strength of the Red Army. He thought Russia was like Belgium or Denmark. He is astonished at the resistance of the Russians. Yes, he is compelled to mention it, despite all the successes of his army. He is compelled to mention it because even the stupidest German knows that the Germans may

win a dozen victories each day, but they have not won and they will never win final victory.

Germany possesses mighty armaments. For nine years that large country lived only for war. For seventy years Germany has cultivated one single science—war. The Germans have produced thoroughbred field-m Marshals and constructed thousands of tanks. They have occupied a dozen countries and forced hundreds of factories and millions of slaves to work for them. Armed to the teeth, they attacked us on the sly and penetrated deeply into our country. They thought they were going to bring off a lightning victory. But they discovered they were up against something they had not reckoned with—the strength of a great people. So the Cannibal makes a public confession that he did not know the strength of Russia.

The starving Germans stare at him. The weeping German women stare at him. The mutilated men who took Amiens stare at him. So do the blind soldiers who took Crete. The Cannibal writhes under their gaze. He begins to whine: “But we have reached the outskirts of Leningrad! We have reached the Black Sea!” What do the outskirts of Leningrad mean to the Germans? Another hundred thousand wooden crosses. What does the battle for the Crimea mean to them? Another hundred trainloads of wounded.

Hysterical speeches are not in our line. We live on the earth, not on stilts. We know that Hitler’s road to ruin passes through our land. And it is no easy matter for us to provide German graves. But we can survive however bad the news. We know there will be good news in the future. At present Germany is throwing down all her gold on the green cloth of the gaming table. She is throwing in all her divisions on the battlefields of Russia. Our strength, which is such a surprise to Hitler, is our staying power, our unity and the simple, unobtrusive and thrice glorious heroism of the Russian people.

Having finished weaving his spells, the shaman Hitler left once more for the East. He is searching for new victories, but he will find new crosses. “I am proud of the German soldiers,” he exclaims. He will have to find pride in German skulls.

October 7th, 1941.

A BARBARIAN AT THE GATES OF LENINGRAD

The diary of German Sergeant-major Eugen Kronenberg contains a number of brief entries:

"September 6th. We have been guarding Novaya Mysa. The order to attack has come. We are getting ready for action. What's going to happen? I must return home safe and sound. Enemy mortars are pounding us hard.

"September 7th. Survived the first enemy tank attack. Strong impression. Letter from Hildegarde.

"September 10th. Went into action at 12 o'clock. Joined up with the 218th regiment. What's going to happen next? Attack postponed.

"September 12th. Big attack. Hildegarde! I hope I'll come back. Bregs is wounded. I'm all right. Hagemann and Drogos are also wounded. My feet are soaking wet.

"September 13th. Wet. Strong artillery fire. If only I survive!

"September 15th. Artillery. Dive-bombers.

"September 18th. We are under heavy artillery fire. Hildegarde!

"September 21st. Had a good sleep. Advancing on Petersburg. Krasny Bor. Russian planes bombing us.

"September 22nd. At last we are in position at the river crossing. What's going to happen now, Hildegarde?"

Hildegarde is the sergeant-major's wife. On September 2nd, 1941, she wrote to her husband from Düsseldorf:

"It's a good thing you are now with the sappers. I do hope it will soon be all over, but I'm afraid Petersburg won't surrender easily. We had an air-raid warning at a quarter to eleven to-day. Of course, we ran down to the cellar. They didn't drop anything here. But something was on fire at Helberg, near the anti-aircraft barracks, and somewhere else in the town. I saw the glow in the sky. They say the Russians are putting up a stiff fight. One would never have thought that such an uneducated people would claim so many victims from us! But they must be slung out of world history once and for all. One sees this clearly from what is happening to-day. Take care of yourself and keep your ears open. It's a good thing you're not tall."

On September 23rd the "uneducated" Russians put an end to the earthly labours of Sergeant-major Eugen Kronenberg. I do not wish to show any disrespect for his wife's grief, but she deserved a reply: the Russian people have not been "slung out of world history," but the so small German Sergeant-major Eugen Kronenberg has been slung out of life.

The Germans, it seems, are offended because we are giving them a bad reception. Sergeant-majors who wanted to visit Leningrad are not allowed in. How can the sergeant-majors' wives be expected

to put up with such an insult? Indignantly they scream "Uneducated people!"

Barbarians with notebooks and fountain-pens have come to the gates of one of the most beautiful cities of the world. They are shattering its wonderful monuments with bombs. St. Petersburg was sung by Pushkin. Its mists inspired Gogol and Dostoievsky. One October night the workers of Petrograd opened a new era. The perspectives of Leningrad are majestic. Every stone of it is sacred. The city is inseparable from the fate of Russia, and inseparable also from the fate of humanity. Who dares to lay hands on it? Berlin—the city of vulgarity, barracks and beer-houses.

They want to "sling the Russian people out of world history." They won't succeed. Our people are immortal. They may be saddened and wounded, but they will neither falter nor surrender. Others will surrender—the fellow-soldiers of the dead sergeant-major. We are indeed "uneducated"—we don't want to live under the Germans. Sergeant-major Kronenberg realized something before he died: the Russian tanks made some impression upon him. We'll soon have more tanks, and then the impression will be even stronger. We'll go on educating the Germans without bothering ourselves whether they are giants or pygmies. And British and Russian bombs will shatter the dens of these smug Philistines. In the language of Hildegarde, the Nazis "must be slung out of world history once and for all."

October 8th, 1941.

FEAR

The following document of German Army Headquarters has fallen into the hands of our troops:

"251st Infantry Division. Counter-espionage Department.

"Filled chocolate in the form of tablets weighing 250 grammes emanating from the firm of Lanvin in the town of Dijon has been found to contain steel filings in the form of small hook-shaped wires. The chocolate is labelled: 'Lanvin Chocolat Fourré Crème Genre Alsacien.'

"Chocolate of the firm Usines Vitry-sur-Seine bearing the label 'Côte de France' has been found to contain bacilli engendering intestinal diseases.

"Both brands of chocolate have been issued to German troops. All sub-sections must be warned. The issue of these brands of chocolate must be stopped. Any contraventions of this order must

be reported to Divisional H.Q. so that the offenders may be brought to justice."

In ancient history tyrants used to be tormented by the thought that their food might be poisoned. They knew they were hated by the people. They were afraid to touch a piece of bread and gazed in horror at a cup of water. They saw death lurking everywhere. In Russian villages German corporals devour French chocolate. Suddenly they begin to writhe in convulsions. Gripping his belly, the general writes out a stern order.

Yesterday he cursed Danish preserves. To-day he denounces French chocolate, which is well named "Alsatian variety." Tomorrow we shall be reading that Bulgarian eggs or Dutch cheeses are stuffed with dynamite. Who knows whether or not the French workers really treated their enslavers to steel filings instead of marzipan? Perhaps it merely seemed to be so to the terrified corporals.

They cannot escape from fear. Germany is the tyrant of the twentieth century. She has seized the vineyards of Champagne and the olive groves of Greece. She has trampled Europe under her boot. Does this mean that she is triumphant? No, she is shuddering like a dog with distemper: death peers out at her from all sides—from Russian forests and even from French chocolate. The tyrant knows there will be no mercy. We too are feeding the tyrants with sweetmeats—not with marzipan fillings, but with another kind of stuffing. We will cure them of the bacilli with grenades. The grave will cure them of fear.

October 9th, 1941.

THEY ARE COLD

The Berlin correspondent of the *National-Zeitung* writes: "The German troops advancing on Moscow realize that they are fighting for warm winter quarters, for a roof to shelter them when the weather breaks up."

So now we know what sentiments are animating the German "heroes" of Volokolamsk and Naro-Fominsk. They are flat-hunters, who have set out on a campaign in search of warm rooms. They have become much more modest. In the summer they were after estates. They each reckoned on getting 100 acres of Russian land. The corporals cast greedy eyes on estates equipped with every amenity. The weather was fine; the S.S. men basked in the sun and dreamed fondly of summer houses, verandas and hammocks. Now they are no longer thinking about land, but about a roof and snug

little rooms in Arbat or Ordinka (in Moscow)—snug little rooms and big stoves. The corporals have turned out to be very chilly.

In winter, wealthy Germans used to go to the Alps for winter sports. Now Hitler has sent his people to us for their winter sports. We will give them plenty of ski-ing and tobogganing. The only trouble is that they find our climate too cold and they've nowhere to get warm. The towns behind them are in ruins. They've got to stay out in the open. But these bandits are accustomed to robbing in comfort. They demand central heating. Already the first Russian blizzards are beginning to whirl around them. So they are making a dash for Moscow in order not to freeze to death. For Hitler Moscow means a political triumph. For the German soldier Moscow means a nice warm hole.

They shall not enter Moscow! The wild beasts shall not warm themselves in our houses. Let them hibernate in the snowdrifts. There is only one lodging for them, and that is the frozen earth. Perhaps they're beginning to feel the cold? We'll warm them up with shrapnel. We did not build enormous new blocks of flats, hospitals, schools and an underground in order that a beastly German rabble should defile our Moscow.

Comrades, soldiers, don't spare the lead for our uninvited lodgers! Give them plenty of heat in November, and they'll cool down a little in January. They'll know what our Epiphany frosts in January are like. We'll see what the Düsseldorf commercial travellers and the Heidelberg students will say when the real Russian winter sets in. Moscow is right under their noses. But what a long way it is to Moscow! Between them and the city is the Red Army. We'll turn their campaign for winter quarters into a campaign for graves! We won't give them any wood for fuel—Russian birches will be used for German crosses.

Fresh divisions are coming to our aid from the East. And from the East also is coming that old Russian Marshal Frost.

November 11th, 1941.

OBER-GRAVEDIGGER

Some people say that so far Hitler has succeeded in everything. It cannot be denied that the Tyrolese house-painter has had a large-scale career: he has hoodwinked and enslaved the German people and conquered a dozen nations. Nevertheless, it is high time to point out that Hitler does not succeed in everything.

Hitler wanted to bluff, blackmail, wage war without fighting and

take countries by force of threats. He wanted to enter London and Moscow as he had entered Prague. Instead he found himself with a war on his hands; and what a war! Now there is not a country in Europe without rows of wooden crosses marking the graves of German soldiers. Germany has already been at war eight hundred days, and there is still no sign of the end.

Hitler wanted to wage war in such a way that all the burden of it would fall on his opponents. At the beginning of the war Goering proudly declared: "Not a single enemy bomb will fall on German soil. I give you my word." The recollection of this speech is not likely to console the inhabitants of Cologne, Münster, Hamburg and Bremen. Scores of German towns have been demolished. The Russian and British fliers have not forgotten Berlin either. Hitler wanted to drive through illuminated streets and under triumphal arches before an enthusiastic crowd. He dashes hurriedly past ruins and corpses.

Hitler wanted to conquer England. He studied the map of London and chose a square for a parade. He drove millions of his troops to the Channel ports. In their dreams his soldiers already saw themselves ordering English suits and smoking English pipes. But they are still walking about in German suits made from wood-fibre, still smoking German tobacco made from cabbage leaves.

Hitler wanted to conquer the world. He built "pocket battle-ships" and submarines. He said he would starve England into submission. He sent his commercial travellers to Brazil and Chile. He saw himself as the emperor of the two hemispheres. But the British are eating Australian meat and Canadian wheat, while the German Navy hugs the shore or skulks in Kiel. The sea has remained an open path for Hitler's enemies, but it has become a prison wall for Hitler.

He wanted to come to terms with the conquered countries. In Norway he set up Quisling, and the word "Quisling" immediately became a term of abuse. He tried to curry favour with the French. He seized half France and gave the French the ashes of Napoleon's son in return. The French answered Hitler's speech with revolver shots. He began by smiling at France, but now he shoots French hostages. He thought Yugoslavia would be his ally. When the Yugoslavs rose in defence of their country, Hitler went mad with rage and burnt Belgrade to the ground. Then he tried to flatter the Croats. But they take to the mountains and harry the German invaders. Hitler has failed to subdue the Dutch, the Belgians, the Poles and the Greeks. He wanted to turn Europe into a flourishing

German colony. Instead he has turned Europe into a wilderness. He wanted to make all nations work for the Germans. He has only succeeded in making all nations curse the name of Germany in their grief and destitution.

Hitler wanted to come to terms with America. He had only taken half the world. He did his best to flatter the Americans. He sent experienced *provocateurs* and well-bred spies to the U.S.A. Tenderly he whispered: "America for the Americans, and Europe for me." He backed up his sweet speeches with submarines, flattering and threatening at the same time. America answered him not only with words. She answered him by gritting her teeth, setting all her factories to work. Convoys of ships bearing planes and tanks pass from America to the shores of Britain and Russia. Hitler wanted the whole of Europe to be with him. But it turned out that not only the whole of Europe was against him, but the whole of America as well.

He snarled like a wild animal at bay. He sent his bombers to England where they murdered English children. Then he sent the honey-tongued Hess. Hess flew without luggage, without bombs, and without even a winter overcoat. Hitler wanted to come to terms with England. Hitler offered his bloodstained hand, but the great-grandchildren of Pitt are not the naïve young ladies he had hoped to meet. Hitler's hand remained hanging in the air.

He wanted to conquer Russia at "lightning speed." He reckoned on being in Moscow by August 15th. The triumph was put off till September. Then he decided to have a parade in Red Square on November 7th. There was a parade in Red Square on November 7th, but Hitler did not attend it. He thought he was going to walk over Russia as he had walked over Europe—without sacrificing his men. The Russian fields are covered with German crosses. He was afraid of our sultry July days—German corporals have tender skins. Now his corporals have discovered what a Russian winter is like. Now Hitler says he doesn't care about lightning wars. He's not in a hurry, he says. He thought he was going to be as fleet as a deer, but in the last few weeks he has been moving at a tortoise pace. It is to be hoped he'll soon be moving like a crab.

Hitler thought he would break our resistance with speeches, cunning and provocation, if not with bombs. He tried to incite one people against another and our peasants against our workers. He merely succeeded in uniting the whole Soviet people against him. He raised a crop of avengers. Russian children have learnt to throw hand grenades, and old men have reached out again for their guns.

He thought he was going to cast a spell over Russia. He merely infuriated her.

Like Napoleon, Hitler wanted to enter Egypt. He was checked on the threshold. He thought his allies, the Italians, would beat the record for light-weight boxing, but instead they beat the record running for their lives.

He thought he would find in Russia bread and salt, wheat and bacon, well-equipped factories and comfortable quarters. The Germans found only empty barns, blown-up wharves and burnt-out factories. Instead of houses they captured rubble and snow-drifts.

Hitler wanted to feed his people with synthetic sausage, chemical Frankfurters and laboratory cutlets. But the German people have grown thin. They are longing for a real pre-Hitler sausage, and in their dreams they see the Weimar sausages of long ago.

Hitler said that 1941 would be the year of Germany's victory, and that the Germans would greet 1942 in brightly lit towns to the sound of victorious fanfares. But 1941 brought the Germans millions of graves, and they will greet 1942 midst the ruins of their blacked-out cities. Gloomily they will chew their synthetic sausage. Millions of widows will say: "Hitler has killed my husband." Millions of orphans will ask: "Hitler, where is our father?" It won't be the fanfares that will sound—it will be the sirens. Germany will know the full measure of woe.

Hitler wanted to be a Napoleon. But who is Hitler? He is the director of a horrible firm of undertakers, a drunken torch-bearer, the ober-gravedigger of Germany. For whom is this Tyrolese nark digging a grave? For yet another million Germans at the approaches to Moscow, Leningrad, Rostov and Sebastopol. Whose grave is this third-rate house-painter digging? Germany's.

November 18th, 1941.

THE THIEVES EXTEND THEIR BUSINESS

The *Neue Zuercher Zeitung* of November 10th reports that the German Government has decided to sell the captured Russian factories to private German firms.

It would be difficult, of course, to sell the factories of Kiev and Kharkov: they were evacuated long ago and are working in the East. However, let us assume that the Germans have succeeded in capturing some of our factories. They are putting up the stolen property for auction. No doubt, there will be no lack of buyers. How can

the Hermann Goering Trust fail to be tempted by the factories of the Baltic states or the Ukraine? At first Marshal Goering made money on corpses. Now he wants to make money on loot. Six hundred thousand German slaves are working for him. And he wants Russian slaves to work for him. Besides the Marshal, the Krupps and the Vöglers and all the *hochgeborenen* magnates of the Ruhr will turn up at the sale. Stealing is their profession.

The credulity of these German burglars is astounding. They are putting their capital into a rotten concern. Their satisfaction will be short-lived. When the time comes to reckon up the annual dividends, the German capitalists will have other worries. The German corporals won't lord it over the Ukrainian towns for ever. The day will come when Marshal Hermann Goering will start poring over the map of South America. The day will come when the armies of the United Nations will march through the streets of Essen. Why do the German capitalists want to acquire stolen Russian factories as their property for ever? They have no choice. They have invested all their capital in a moribund enterprise known as Hitler Germany. When Hitler is wiped out, it will be good-bye to their money. What does it matter to Goering how he dies, whether as a Marshal or as a capitalist who has invested his by no means honest savings in the shares of Riga or Dniepropetrovsk factories? May as well hang for a sheep as a lamb. And let's hope the hanging will be good. Then Goering will forget all about his shares and his marshal's baton into the bargain.

The German burglars have given up talking about "justice." They have come out into the open: they have passed from their "crusade" to the disposal of the swag. These swindlers call themselves "Socialists." Now they have shown the German fools what it is they are dying for—the revenues of the Goerings, Vöglers and Krupps. The fools go on dying, but Marshal Goering sells the booty to himself. The fools get wooden crosses, Marshal Goering gets millions. That's their "Socialism."

They will haggle and bargain and settle the matter among themselves. They will print beautiful shares on expensive coloured paper. Perhaps they will send out a swarm of directors and managers. These will get something they did not bargain for. Instead of dividends—bombs. Instead of the popping of champagne corks the bursting of grenades. Russia is not for them to buy and sell. The day will come when the Russian people will recover their stolen property. Then we will form the German Fascists into labour squads and they will be forced to rebuild the ruined houses and

factories, repair the roads and heave the stones. They will curse the day when they "bought and sold" Russia.

November 19th, 1941.

WE'LL PAY THEM BACK!

There is a difference in the fate of nations. The Italians, Poles, Serbs and Greeks know what it is to suffer national oppression. The Russian people have experienced a good many things in their time. They have known the Oprichnina¹ and serfdom. They have known famine, wars and pestilence. But they have never known national oppression. Russians have never been despised for being Russians. It is this contemptible Hitler who has dared to raise his hand against Russian honour and national pride.

I have in front of me a dirty scrap of paper—an order of the German Commandant of the town of Krasnoarmeisk.

"October 24th, 1941.

"Order.

"When meeting a German soldier, the civilian population of the town of Krasnoarmeisk must salute him by uncovering their heads.

"All persons failing to obey this order will be punished in accordance with German military law."

A German soldier comes along the street. He has just robbed somebody's house. Silver spoons and a woman's coat are sticking out of his pockets. He reeks of gin. This blackguard killed a wounded Russian. He gaily whistles: "Ach, mein Puppchen!" And you've got to take off your hat to him? And to his superior, the Ober-leutnant, the two-legged beast who tortures arrested persons? You've got to take off your hat to this loathsome German rabble?

They point their revolvers and shout: "Take your hat off, or I'll plug you!" Then they print sentimentalized descriptions of how "the Russians welcome the Germans by taking their hats off to them." The Germans are not satisfied with killing—they want to humiliate as well.

They do not know the Russian spirit. We'll pay them back for everything. We'll pay them back not only for the towns they have destroyed, but for their mortal insults. They won't get away with hats—they'll have to pay with their heads.

November 25th, 1941.

¹ The Oprichnina was the name given to special guards who formed the private army of Ivan the Terrible. They were mainly used against the feudal boyars but they also terrorized the population.

SILK AND LICE

In every German town women are now going about with tear-stained eyes. Their husbands have been killed near Leningrad, Moscow and Rostov. Who knows what their widows are thinking about in their sleepless nights? Perhaps they remember the happy time when their husbands sent them cheerful postcards about their victories, French perfumes and Greek spices. Perhaps they curse Hitler, who has not only ruined hundreds of European towns, but millions of German families as well.

Besides the widows there are wives going about in every German town. Their eyes also shine but with the light of hunger not tears. They are waiting for letters from the front. But they are waiting even more anxiously for bacon and sausages. They are also waiting for shoes and stockings. They still haven't learnt their lesson. They regard this war as a sort of department store where their husbands have gone shopping. All these Elsas, Emmas and Gertruds have greedy eyes. They dream of gammons of bacon, Siberian squirrel skins and silk stockings. However, they are not particular. Some of the latest letters found on the bodies of German soldiers reveal their beggarly condition with surprising frankness.

Here is what Frau Kaphefer of Neukirchen wrote to her husband: "... We received the parcel with the birch broom and mop. It is a good birch broom. It must have been made in peacetime. Mama was more delighted with it than anything, as it's needed every day, and it's impossible to get one here."

Here is what Frau Kusters of Herne near Aix-la-Chapelle wrote in a letter to her soldier husband: "... I've got another request for you. If possible, get me some string. You can't get it here."

Such are the depths to which Hitler has reduced the German people! From the country of advanced civilization comes the wail: send us a birch broom! Send us some string! A holy crusade for birch brooms. Heroic battles for mops. They have gone all over Europe and ransacked every country, burning, destroying, devouring and plundering, and now, reduced to beggary, they are dying for the sake of a birch broom.

Some of these female beggars are great visionaries. They think the summer of 1940, when France was plundered, will be repeated. Gertrud Holmann writes to her fiancé, Gustav Reisenberg: "Send me some pink silk for a blouse and chemise. I've been dreaming of one for ages."

Silly little German doll! Her Gustav has been killed. He lies

buried in the Volkhov snowdrifts. There are no dress shops, houses or cottages there. There is nothing but white, unheeding snow, and Gustav lies dead, face down in it.

But the Gustavs who are still alive are not thinking about parcels. They have no time for their "brides." They crouch round a little camp fire, enchanted by its feeble warmth. They huddle as close to it as they can, like moths. They clasp their wretched greatcoats about them and tremble at the thought of the great Epiphany frosts to come. Already half-dead with cold, they are rendered unconscious by the heat of the fire. The frozen earth refuses to receive them. They will lie there till the spring like meat in cold storage. They lie next to the living, and the living shiver and shudder and scratch themselves.

Here is a letter which Franz Zebet wrote to his wife the day before his death: "... I don't know how to get away from the lice. There are so many lice and nits in my uniform that I can't bear to put it on. As for my shirt, it's just a pool of blood." He writes about the winter and the German Christmas, sends greetings to his relations and suddenly adds by way of a joke: "What about sending you some of our lice?"

This is German humour—winter of 1941 edition. "Send me some pink silk for a chemise," chirps Gretchen. And Franz grunts in reply: "Don't you want any lice?" The rear is still dreaming of mops. The front is choking amid lice and dung. The rear is still talking about victories. The front is wailing: "We're cold. We don't want any more victories—we're dying of victories. We are freezing of triumphs. We're dying in the snow like mangy starving wolves. And the lice are eating the cold emaciated bodies."

November 26th, 1941.

FREEZING THEM OUT

German prisoners captured by the British at Bardia stated they had been carefully trained for the operations in the African desert. The Nazis who were to be sent to Libya underwent a special course; they were kept in excessively heated premises, made to get accustomed to stuffy heat. Moreover, the German High Command made a study of "the appropriate diet for a tropical climate," and of the clothing suitable to the hot African sun. So the prisoners taken by our allies were not ordinary German soldiers, but men who had been well adapted to climatic conditions.

How the German soldiers freezing in the fields of Russia must envy their compatriots in Africa! The Russian winter was a surprise for the Prussian tourists. They shiver and mournfully complain to

one another: "Willi was a lucky bastard—they kept him two months in a hot-house and then sent him to Africa." The Russian winter is no joke. As for clothing, it's much easier to undress a man than to dress him. When they sent the Germans to Africa they undressed them scientifically. That was easy. When they drive the Germans into Russia, they tell them: "Heil Hitler," and instead of wool or fur they give them a warm Hitler speech. But Hitler is not a sheepskin coat, and von Ribbentrop is not a pair of felt boots. As for "diet," in this respect the Germans at Murmansk are on a level with the Germans at Benghazi: the less food, the better. They prefer to feed the German troops with victorious communiqués and military marches.

They are rushing towards Moscow like frozen men rushing to the fire. They want to warm themselves. Von Ribbentrop makes speeches in Berlin on the greatness of the German Empire. He talks about the "New Order." The German soldiers near Moscow are feeling cold and longing for a good old stove. They are on a genuinely tropical diet: they can't warm themselves up with borstch or pork. They are ready to come under fire in order to get a pair of felt boots or a woman's warm jacket. That's why they are now doubly dangerous. In bitter winters even wolves take refuge in the towns. But Hitler's wolves are townsmen themselves and are rushing towards Moscow. In terror they say to each other: "This is only November." In Stuttgart or Frankfort the worthy burghers don't set foot out of doors when there is ten degrees of frost. When there was twenty degrees of frost two days running in Berlin, the newspapers wrote about it as though it was a national disaster. We'll see what the Germans will say in our January.

They can't help striving to get to Moscow. They have no other alternative—bullets in front of them, frost all around them. By storming the defences of Moscow they hope to save their hides. Fear makes them bold. But Moscow won't let them in. Not for them the Russian stove, the warm felt boots or smoking stew.

They must be made to spend two or three months out in the cold. If the German High Command has not trained them for it, we will do so. Let the British pound the ones who have been baked. We will pound those who are frozen. We won't give them a chance to get warm. Fighters! scouts! guerillas! if there is a house in which the Germans are warming themselves, smoke them out. The Germans are very anxious to stay at the Moskva Hotel. They even write about it in their letters. We won't let them into Moscow, let alone the Moskva Hotel. We'll prepare a splendid hotel for these tourists: the open countryside. They'll have wind in the morning,

blizzard in the evening and snowdrifts at night. Instead of feather beds and eiderdowns they'll have snow. Instead of sheepskin coats and warm jackets—an icy wind. Instead of rump-steaks—icicles. They have counted the killed and wounded. They will now have to count the frozen as well.

By the spring we shall have more tanks and planes: the ocean doesn't freeze and the Americans don't sleep through the winter. By the spring we shall have our fresh divisions. Many things will have changed in the world by the spring. But at present let the Germans stay outside in the cold with chattering teeth. Our work for the winter is not to let them into Moscow. If they want to get warm, let them go to Libya—they'll find a temperature of a hundred degrees there and British tanks. We shall beat the Germans near Moscow, the British—in Africa. They'll get it cold and warm.

November 30th, 1941.

REPLY TO RIBBENTROP

Germany's "allies" were gathered together in Berlin and invited to attend a solemn ceremony. It had been planned that Hitler should announce the capture of Moscow. At the last moment the programme had to be altered. The Germans failed to take Moscow, and Hitler decided it wasn't worth while for him to appear before his lackeys for nothing. The "allies" had to put up with the ex-commercial traveller who used to sell bad champagne—Joachim von Ribbentrop.

Von Ribbentrop is the most brazen cad in Germany. When he was Ambassador in London, the English tried to kill him with irony. They told him: "You're a perfect gentleman." Von Ribbentrop took it quite seriously and replied "Jawohl!" as he stepped on his neighbour's foot. He can be quite pleasant when it is a question of selling phoney wine or passing off mobilization as a country fête. He is a man of the world and also knows when to be insolent.

He put on magnificent airs before the lackeys. He began by praising his menials. He made out that the lousy Rumanians were legendary heroes and represented Marshal Mannerheim as a paschal lamb. Afterwards he changed his tune and went in for abuse. He denounced everybody—President Roosevelt, Churchill, the British, and in particular the Russians. What he said about the Russian people was so picturesque that it is worth quoting: "The Russian is dull, cruel and bloodthirsty. The ideas of progress, beauty and the family are unknown to him."

Well tried, Ribbentrop! How nimble he is in the Berlin servants' hall! How bravely he attacks the Russians—in his own house as far away as possible from the Red Army! How cleverly this dapper commercial traveller juggles with words!

Who is this man who says we are ignorant of progress? He is the Foreign Minister of a State which prides itself on having revived the tenth century in the middle of the twentieth. The progress of the Nazis is a distinguished progress indeed! In 1941 they have resurrected the customs of their ancestors, the Germanic savages. They have introduced the executioner with the axe, duels with hammers, one lover of progress smashing the head of another, *autos-da-fé* for unfortunate books, Jewish pogroms and a "race-theory." These zealots of progress have expelled from their country one of the greatest scientists of our age—Einstein. They have burnt hundreds of thousands of books. After Darwin, they have returned to their family trees. They are castrating the Czechs—as the savages at the dawn of humanity castrated their enemies. They have introduced the economics of nomads who trampled down the various countries. They have converted Europe into a wilderness. They worship the heathen god Wotan and offer the blood of the victims to him and his high priest, the Tyrolese nark Hitler. Once again the Black Death and the terror of the year 1000, when people expected the end of the world, reigns over Europe.

Beauty? How dare these creatures talk about beauty? They have burnt Rouen, the museum of France. They have burnt Novgorod. They have thrown the most beautiful pictures out of the German museums. Their idea of beauty consists in the frog-like paws of Goebbels, the pyramids of skulls, the ripped-open bellies of Polish and Serbian women. Who violated Greece, the beauty of the world? The friends of von Ribbentrop, the gang of mechanized plunderers. There is no uglier town than the capital of Nazi Germany with its pot-bellied burghers, its Ober-leutnants with duel-scarred faces, its fat-bottomed Valkyries and spider-like swastikas on the façades of its buildings.

The family? Who talks about the family? Goebbels, who was thrashed in public for his lechery? Doctor Ley, who assaults girls? Or maybe the corporals who set up brothels in our towns and defile our women?

Von Ribbentrop called our people "dull and cruel." It would be more objectionable still if this swindler praised our people. The Russian people, who have forged ahead by virtue of their own unaided intelligence, the people of Lomonosov, self-taught men and

women, can only laugh at the fool who calls them "dull." Our people have given the world some of its greatest scientists. Whose books did the Germans read until the day when Hitler ordered them to become a nation of fools? Did the Germans read the novels of Goebbels in 1932, or the "philosophical" excursions of the black-guard Rosenberg? No, they read Tolstoy, Dostoievsky, Chekhov and Gorky. Are the Russians a "dull people"? We have invented many things. We will now invent the best method of ridding the world of these "progressive" pogrom-instigators, the dull and arrogant Fascists. We have no shortage of inventors in Russia. Perhaps in the spring some "dull" bomb will descend on von Ribbentrop's sharp wits. That too is on our schedule.

Von Ribbentrop says we are "a cruel and bloodthirsty people." The man who says this is a Hitlerite, that is, the representative of a tribe who have annihilated millions of people. What do the Polish widows and Serbian orphans think of von Ribbentrop's humanitarianism? The Russians were a peaceful people, too peaceful, perhaps. Leo Tolstoy did not live in Berlin. The brotherhood of nations was not proclaimed in Potsdam. When Germany was starving, the Russians sent bread to the German workers. Von Ribbentrop doesn't remember that: he was then speculating in French champagne. Now we are resolved to kill all the Germans who have invaded our country. We have no wish to torture or torment them. We simply want to annihilate them. It has fallen to the lot of our people to carry out this humane mission. We are continuing the work of Pasteur, who discovered the serum against rabies. We are continuing the work of all the scientists who have discovered the means of destroying deadly microbes. Russian people, in the name of progress, beauty and the family, fire on the German invaders!

December 3rd, 1941.

A BLACK SOUL

Why is Walter Darré regarded in Germany as a "specialist in peasant problems"? Because Walter Darré despises the peasants. He declared: "The problem of agricultural economy is a problem of chemical manures and pedigree cattle. But labour can always be found."

Why is Doctor Ley a "specialist in labour problems"? Because Doctor Ley regards the workers as "simpletons," as he deigned to express it. He has enslaved the workers of Germany.

Why do the Hitlerites call Alfred Rosenberg a "specialist in Russian questions"? Because Alfred Rosenberg hates Russia.

Nazi "specialists" are executioners: one beheads the workers, another shoots the peasants, a third hangs the Russians.

The Baltic barons were past-masters in the art of punitive expeditions and high treason: they were either putting down popular uprisings or selling Russia to the German Empire. Alfred Rosenberg has eclipsed his ancestors: he is both an oppressor and a traitor.

He was born at Reval. From his childhood he spoke Russian and thought in German. He was educated in Riga. He sang "God save the Tsar," but kept looking impatiently towards the west as he did so: in those days his Tsar was called Wilhelm. When Russia was defending herself, arms in hand, Alfred Rosenberg suddenly disappeared from the scene. In the middle of the war he went abroad. The opinion of his friend Himmler is that Rosenberg at this time was engaged in espionage. On his return to Russia he decided to finish his education and settled down to pass his examination. Then the Riga Technical College was transferred to Moscow. In 1918 the alert young Alfred walked the dark streets of Moscow and ate his rationed bread. He dreamed of the day when the Germans would come to Moscow. But the mountain did not come to Mahomet. Rosenberg set out for Germany, and in 1919 the runaway Baltic baron met the copper's nark Hitler in Munich. Adolf understood Alfred. Alfred understood Adolf.

Alfred was the teacher in those years, expounding to the enraptured Adolf all the "theories" of the old Russian Black Hundreds. Hitler tried to stammer: "But Ludendorff says . . ." Rosenberg interrupted: "Ludendorff, fiddle-sticks! In Russia we had a colonel of gendarmes called Zubatov. Now there was a real philosopher for you! You must organize workers' unions with the help of the police, and declare that the Government is above the class war. The employers will be delighted, and the workers won't dare to revolt. You must not only keep them down, you must also deceive them. Zubatov was very clever. We must work up hatred against the Russians. We must proclaim that the Germans are the first people in the world."

From that day Alfred Rosenberg became an expert on Russia. He devoted his life to vilifying the Russians. Here are some examples:

"Only the Warags, that is to say Germans, were able to overcome the wild chaos of the Russian steppe. The Russians are incapable of creating anything. They can only imitate. Biologically they are lower than any savage people."

"The correctness of our racial theory is proved by its application to Russia. The existence of Russia constitutes a mortal danger to the Nordic, that is to say, to the German race."

"The Russian people are incapable of appreciating the conception of honour. They are only capable of apathetic bloodless love."

"It is necessary to keep in check a people who have been corrupted by Tolstoy."

Rosenberg not only talked, he also acted. He sent wreckers to Russia, printed forged Soviet banknotes and organized explosions and murders.

Hitler made him his unofficial Foreign Minister. Rosenberg was at the head of all Nazi disruptive activities abroad. He financed the conspirators in Alsace, prepared the Sudeten risings and directed the Rumanian Iron Guard. At the same time he wrote books with high-sounding titles: *The Struggle of Spiritual Values*, *The Future Empire*. This pogrom-monger from Reval was regarded as the leading philosopher of the rough-hewn Germany.

The "Drang nach Osten"—so Rosenberg defined his programme. "Russia must be driven into Asia," he wrote. In his dreams he was already dealing in Baku oil and Ukrainian wheat. He said: "We will begin by liberating the Ukraine." In the Nazi language "to liberate" means "to steal."

He was also regarded as a teacher. He trained the Hitler Youth and taught the future S.S. men the art of violating and robbing. He said: "Women only love men who are cruel." He chose for promotion the most dull-witted and dishonest types. As he himself put it: "One man has got to give the orders and all the rest have got to obey him."

The second world war broke out. From Riga and Tallin, Rosenberg's friends, relations and clients came hurrying to Berlin. He gave them a friendly reception saying, "Wait a little. Justice will soon triumph. The Warags will set out for the East again."

Rosenberg likes to express himself in elegant terms; he likes to show the Nazi thugs that he, Alfred Rosenberg, is a highly educated man. Nothing of the house-painter about him; he is a baron. At the beginning of the war he loftily proclaimed: "This war will be the finish of the English people."

When the French capitulationists surrendered Paris to the Germans, Alfred Rosenberg went into raptures. This man loves to humiliate people. In his private life he humiliates women and servants. But this does not satisfy him. He longs to humiliate entire nations. He came to Paris, mounted the tribune in the French

Chamber and arrogantly announced: "We're going to hurl all French so-called enlightened ideas into the dustbin." A month later I saw Alfred Rosenberg in Brussels. He had arranged a parade of S.S. men in the Place de la Constitution; he did his utmost, down to the smallest detail, to humiliate the conquered Belgians. He dreamed of arriving in a conquered London, entering the House of Commons and shouting: "Your Magna Charta of liberty is now going to be used for lighting the fire." But this dream was doomed to disappointment.

Now the hour long awaited by Baron Alfred Rosenberg has come. Adolf Hitler has appointed him "Minister for the Eastern Provinces"—he has been put in charge of the Soviet regions occupied by the Nazis. This pygmy baron is forty-eight years old and still full of ambition. He sees himself as Alfred the First, Kaiser of Russia.

In his new post Alfred Rosenberg has already made three decrees:

1. All collective farm property is declared the property of the German State.

2. Rosenberg's "Ministry" is to be housed in the former Soviet Embassy in Berlin. He has taken a fancy to the old house in Unter den Linden, which has long been the Russian Embassy. He likes the idea of venting his spleen on Russia in the house where Russian interests were defended.

3. Postage stamps "for former Russia" are to bear the effigy of Hitler and the inscription "Ostland."

The pygmy Baltic baron is taking his revenge on the Russians. What for? Because he once ate Russian bread? Because the Russians are a great people? Who can understand the black soul of this adventurer? No doubt he will go to Yasnaya Polyana and desecrate the grave of Leo Tolstoy.

We now know what our fate will be if Hitler wins. Russia will become "Ostland"—the "Eastern Province." A miserable creature by the name of Alfred Rosenberg will rob, hang and torture.

No, this will never be! Alfred Rosenberg has forgotten Russian history, though he once studied it. He thinks the Russians are only capable of "bloodless love." He will soon learn what full-blooded Russian hatred means.

December 5th, 1941.

RUSSIAN MUSIC

No tragedy without its jester. A bitter wind whirls the dust in the dingy Berlin streets. The crutches of the cripples tap out a dance of death. Every evening millions of German women are

racked with anxiety. Every morning several thousand new widows wake up in Germany. The smell of human flesh seems to be wafted from the East: but the butcher Hitler sends more and more divisions to the slaughter. Fear grips Berlin; the city is on the verge of losing control. And lo, there appears on the scene the court jester of Germany—Clubfoot Goebbels.

On December 2nd Goebbels made a passionate appeal to the German people. He asked them to remember the German soldiers who were fighting far away from their country. "Send your contributions," he shouted. What did the German soldiers lack? Perhaps, as they froze in the cold, they were dreaming of felt boots, warm jackets and cosy mittens? Perhaps they were hungry and longing for tinned foods? Oh, no! The only thing the Germans lacked near Moscow was—music! The court jester wrote:

"Our soldiers out there in those joyless wastes are homesick for Germany. You must contribute gramophones and as many records as possible."

It is to be hoped that the German men and women will respond to Dr. Goebbels' appeal. What do they want gramophones for? They will gladly take all their records to the collecting centres. And the rolling snowdrifts will echo to the strains: "Ach du lieber Augustin. . . ."

To the Germans who are dying near Moscow they will send the love-song, "Why are you so hard on me, my lovely?" According to the German Press they were already "in the suburbs of Moscow" on October 5th. Sixty days have passed and thousands of Germans have perished. The "suburbs" have turned out to be very extensive. Moscow has turned out to be hard on the Germans. Let the fools listen to their sentimental song before they die. And Goebbels can send to Mariupol that other song: "Happiness passes too quickly." Perhaps some of the "victors" of Rostov will listen to the trills of the singer, but I doubt if they will be in the mood for coloratura.

Germany's court jester even turns death into a showman's booth. Moscow has become the Verdun of this war for the Germans. The environs of our capital have been turned into an enormous German graveyard. Not only are hundreds of thousands of Germans buried there, but also the glory of Germany itself. The German soldiers are not thinking about glory. Gloomily they scratch themselves with their benumbed fingers, and shiver in the icy wind. They listen anxiously to the explosions and wonder whose turn it will be next. Every one of them has cursed the day he was born, and all of them have cursed the day Hitler was born. The jester Goebbels sends

gramophones to these living corpses. They will hear marches and waltzes, waltzes and marches. Goebbels won't send them the only record which is really suitable: the Dead March. Step out in the snow, you dead men! Bury your happiness! Bury your Germany! No, instead of that the gramophone will wail huskily over the graves: "Tatari-tatara, valeri-valera."

But what if the gramophones get lost on the way? What will the musical Germans do "amid the joyless wastes?" Perhaps our artillery will cheer them up a little? That's music too, and the Germans are very familiar with some of the melodies of our guns. We'll treat them to a good concert, and if any of them remain alive, they'll never forget our Russian music.

Comrades, Red Army men! the Germans are pining for music. You must give them on your trusty instruments—guns, mortars and machine-guns—the next item on the programme: the Dead March of Germany.

December 7th, 1941.

ICY TEARS

The German radio broadcasts every day from the front a description of the soldiers' life. This is the work of the R.K.—the Propaganda Squad. These broadcasts usually consist of monologues by model S.S. men on the theme of "We came, we saw, we conquered." But yesterday some words of truth were heard in the broadcast from the Eastern front. Speaking of the Russian frost, the voice said:

"An icy-cold wind is blowing. It is just as though it were in league with our enemies. It makes our eyes run with tears. What an absurd picture! We wipe our eyes and say we're not afraid of the cold. If our boots are not too tight, we put on two pairs of socks and wrap our feet round with newspapers. But our feet get numbed just the same."

Perhaps we shall soon hear the R.K. broadcasting about the condition of the Germans' ears and noses.

Behind the quiet voice of the announcer you can sense a shudder: the conquerors of the world are sitting with chattering teeth and frozen paws. They are sitting and weeping, not because they have any feelings—what feelings could these wild beasts have?—but because it is cold. It is indeed an "absurd picture."

The German prisoners look enviously at the felt boots of the Russians. "What are these?" they ask. There is no word for them in German. The Russians are accustomed to the Russian cold from childhood. The Russians' houses and dress are adapted to the severe

winter. But this is something new for the Germans. They wear tight boots in a temperature of thirty degrees below zero. They sit and weep. The murderers of Russian children weep like little girls. Don't imagine that their conscience has begun to stir in them. It is only the cold that has moved them to tears.

The north wind sweeps over the plains like a tank column. The blizzard is blinding. The Russian winter is attacking the invaders.

Laugh, clowns, laugh! Weep, you murderers! You invaded our country. Take what is given to you!

December 9th, 1941.

THE BEAST IN SPECTACLES

The successes of the Red Army at Rostov and Tikhvin and around Moscow have found an echo throughout the whole of Nazi-enslaved Europe. Hope has awakened in the hearts of the down-trodden nations. Revolvers are being fired and bombs are being thrown. The frightened Germans retaliate with executions. The Hitlerites are a cruel, cowardly gang. The greater their fear, the greater their cruelty.

"What beasts they are!" we exclaim, when we read about the murdered hostages, the gallows and the tortures. The German, however, is a learned beast. He is a beast with a fondness for moralizing, a beast in spectacles with a fountain-pen, a beast who disports himself in the land that discovered book printing. The Germans are now busy not only torturing, but also trying to justify torture.

A certain Hefner—butcher by nature and journalist by profession—has published an article in *Das Reich* entitled "The living and the dead." He gloomily confesses that the Germans are hated by all the nations who have come under their yoke. However, he is anxious to assure his readers that the yoke of the Germans is the loving clasp of a foster-mother, and the Nazi butchers are dear old nannies full of solicitude for their charges. "In the occupied countries," he writes, "there are murderers, saboteurs and conspirators. A shot fired at a German officer is aimed not only against the German authorities, it is also aimed at the back of all Europeans who are prepared to defend Europe."

Who are these "Europeans who are prepared to defend Europe"? They are a handful of lackeys: Mannerheim, lousy Antonescu, butcher Mussolini, drunkard Horthy, criminal Pavelich, the petty *provocateur* Quisling, and a few other pimps and pickpockets.

According to Hefner, these henchmen are "living people," while the patriots of all countries are "dead people." We won't argue. We are witnessing a stirring spectacle: "dead" Frenchmen, Poles, Serbs and Greeks have started wiping out the "living" traitors.

Hefner takes a sweet out of his dirty pocket and tries to seduce the fools. He promises Minsk to the Dutch in place of Holland. He promises Dnepropetrovsk to the French in place of Paris. He assures the Norwegians that they will forget about Norway when they receive Pskov. He pretends to be a millionaire with a vast fortune to give away. Profoundly he writes: "After the appointment of Rosenberg as Minister of the Eastern Provinces Europe will for the first time be confronted with a new problem—the problem of space. A stream of Europeans will soon be flowing towards the East in order to exploit the new land." Well said indeed! The only trouble is that Hefner is giving away other people's property. Apropos of Rostov we might ask to whom he has promised it. Pavelich, apparently. And Tikhvin was promised to Quisling, was it not? There is no sign of any "stream of Europeans" in a hurry to get to the East. The only sign of any movement is that of the Germans, who are preparing to go west.

Hefner realizes that promises are not enough. He reminds his readers that a beast with a fountain-pen is after all a beast. So he writes: "It is Germany's historical duty to be cruel." This German is quite frank with his fellow Germans! Their "duty" is to be cruel! The poor things are obliged on account of their "historical duty" to torture children, hang old men and rape girls.

Our historical duty is much more simple: we must cleanse the world of Hefner and all the beasts of his breed. We don't want to be cruel. We only want to exterminate the butchers, whether they are butchers with automatic rifles or butchers with fountain-pens.

December 11th, 1941.

WITNESSES

Here is an order of the Commander-in-Chief of the German Army:

"The struggle against the anti-German elements of the civilian population of Russia is entrusted to the special Security Detachments.

"Members of the armed forces are forbidden to be present when necessary measures are being carried out by the Security Detachments, and especially to photograph the work of the Security Detachments."

This order represents a victory by the Gestapo over the German generals: Himmler gets the monopoly of the gallows and the Gestapo men get the privilege of burning villages, machine-gunning women and murdering Russian children. The "Security Detachments" are S.S. men, more wolfish than wolves and more reptilian than snakes.

Neither do the other Germans like to stand on ceremony. Under the pretext of combating treason against the State, ober-leutnants violate Russian girls. Corporals say they are clearing the Communists out of the country, when they clear the blankets and pillows out of the peasants' cottages. German soldiers pretend they are fighting the guerillas when they kill ten-year-old children. But to the Hitlerites these are mere trifles. The wholesale murders, the machine-gunning of thousands of citizens, the destruction of villages and the torture chambers for prisoners are entrusted to the "Security Detachments."

Why are members of the armed forces forbidden to be present at the mass executions, tortures and beastly cruelties? Perhaps the field-marsals want to spare the sensitive souls of their corporals? Perhaps the nerves of the sergeant-majors are beginning to play tricks with them? Oh no, the sight of other people's blood has no effect on a German. The agony of other people's children leave him cold. Then why did the Commander-in-Chief sign this order? The answer is simple: the chief executioner, Adolf Hitler, is afraid of responsibility.

There are plenty of talkative men among the German troops. One of them may be taken prisoner and say: "Our people did a good job of work in Kiev. They took the women to the cemetery and shot them. And in Rostov they burnt some children in a cellar. Oh! they did a remarkable job."

Even more dangerous is the camera. The Germans like to take photographs of their exploits. I have seen photographs of gallows for Serbians and of murdered Greek women. I have seen photographs taken by the Germans in Russia: an old Russian peasant being shot, a naked girl in the square of a Ukrainian town. No doubt there are also photographs of the atrocities at Kiev. The camera is very observant; it records everything—the sufferings of the victims and the beastly faces of the executioners.

Hitler is afraid of responsibility. Himmler is tucking in his tail. The S.S. men are beginning to realize they can't go on disporting themselves for ever—the time will come when they will have to render account. They want to kill without witnesses. They want to

torture without onlookers. They are afraid of anything in the way of evidence. So away with the cameras!

A naïve subterfuge! We have millions of witnesses. They haven't killed everybody. And those who have remained alive have seen everything. The burnt-out houses are also witnesses. The women's jackets in the German staff H.Qs. also constitute material evidence. We'll do without German photographs. We won't waste our time trying to guess which S.S. man committed the act of violence or which one smashed the skull. We know that all the S.S. are Himmler's henchmen and professional executioners.

The day will come when we'll put Hitler in the dock. He will have to answer for everything. Perhaps he'll say: "Where's the evidence? Where are the witnesses?" Then the tortured victims will rise from their graves. Then the mothers of the victims will rush at Hitler, and even the stones of the burned Russian towns will cry out. Then our land which has known all the horror of German atrocities will cry out: "Death! Death! Death!"

December 18th, 1941.

OUT OF REACH

The *Frankfurter Zeitung* writes:

"The Bremer cotton firm has announced the increase of its net capital of 5,000,000 marks, which are intended for the sowing and purchase of cotton within the framework of the economic development of the East, including the sowing of cotton in Turkestan."

No doubt about it: the German plutocrats have long arms. What do they dream about in Frankfort in between the R.A.F.'s raids? Cotton in Turkestan.

Meanwhile a shareholder of the Bremer Company, who is also an ober-leutnant of the German Army, is taking to his heels from Kalinin. "What are you shivering for, Herr Ober-leutnant?" a tactless colleague asks. "It's cold," says the ober-leutnant. "Phew! what a dreadful climate!" He's lying: he's shivering not only with the cold, but also with fear.

The dream of cotton in Turkestan will have to be abandoned. It's a long way from Kalinin to Tashkent. It's much nearer from Kalinin to Frankfort. But it's not only a question of miles. The Germans have been campaigning in the East for six months. Now they have changed their direction; they are running towards the West. No time to think about Turkestan. They are more concerned with getting back to their own accursed hole.

They had already divided up the skin of the Russian bear. But there seems to have been a slight hitch somewhere: "Before you can say knife the bear is on top of you." They were already carting away our cotton in their dreams, selling one another shares in Magnitka, licking their lips as they made bids for the Baku oilfields. From these dreams they were woken by the guns of the Red Army.

They were recently boasting that "we could see Moscow through our field-glasses." You saw! That's enough. They have laid out five million for nothing. The money will be used for something else: it will go on the reconstruction of Kalinin. And the Bremer shareholders will have to part with their cigars, these little darlings will be sent to Klin to repair the roads.

December 21st, 1941.

THE GERMAN CHRISTMAS

A German soldier lay under a snow-clad fir-tree. His white, dead eyes were rolled towards the West. A letter from Wernigerode was found in his pocket. "Dear Willi," it ran, "our German Christmas will soon be here. We shall celebrate it without you. Martha and I hope you won't forget us and will send us some nice little presents from Russia for the Christmas tree."

And now their German Christmas has come. Darkness looms over Wernigerode and Brocken in the Hartz Mountain country, and it seems as though the witches are holding their sabbath there. No, it is the wind howling in the chimney. Martha and Anna are standing in front of an empty Christmas tree. It is adorned with three candle-ends and a tarnished star from last year. And here's Father Christmas with the presents. He has a postman's cap on his head. What is he taking out of his bag? A fur cap, a Russian ham, some stockings for Anna? No, it's a letter. "Your husband died the death of a hero on the eastern front."

Hang up the official notification on the Christmas tree under the tarnished star of your Führer. There won't be any ham or any stockings. Far away, somewhere near Tula, the blizzard is covering up the corpse of your darling Willi. The postman has whole batches of such letters and he knocks at one house after the other. This Father Christmas won't pass anyone by. He won't forget Hilda, Emma or Frida.

So this is your German Christmas! You thought you were going to celebrate it in a different style. You thought you were going to illuminate merry Christmas trees in the middle of bludgeoned

Europe and dance a German cancan in the huge graveyard. Drunk with schnapps and blood, you thought you were going to sing "Peace on earth." Your world is a world of wolves—your Christmas is the Christmas of Herod.

We do not wish to mock the tears of Anna or Martha, but we have in front of us, in precise Gothic script: "Send us some nice little presents from Russia." We can see this greedy German hyena licking her lips and we will say briefly: "Madam, you expected presents. You have got what you deserved. Weep, if tears can lighten your black conscience."

We were a peaceful nation. At Yasnaya Polyana which you have desecrated, Leo Tolstoy thought only of peace. On that stormy October night when the people were silent, drowning in blood, the workers of Petrograd, the city which you had mutilated, shouted, "Peace to the world." We did not want other people's property, nor did we covet other people's happiness. We acclimatized wheat in the Far North and we opened canals like wonderful arteries. We loved books and the warm clasp of brotherly hands. You mistook our love of peace for weakness. You attacked us and you have awakened our hatred and wrath. We no longer regard you as human beings. We have neither pity nor condescension for you. We have bullets and fir-trees for you. Under our fir-trees you will sleep the last sleep.

Burn on, three candle-ends on the Christmas tree in Wernigerode! Weep, German women! Your Christmas will become an endless fast. And if you don't wish to weep, then dance, jesters, pipe away and thank the Führer for your German Christmas! In the spring the snow will melt and you will smell the stench of corpses. In the spring Hans the drummer will come to Wernigerode and play a Hitler march. The death-drummer of Germany will beat his tattoo.

December 25th, 1941.

A WITCH WEARS A SHIRT

The new Commander-in-Chief of the German Army, the Tyrolese nark Hitler, has issued an order: "The collection of warm articles is necessary for the successful prosecution of military operations. For this reason anyone who fails to take part in this campaign is liable to the death sentence."

The bandits have begun to strip their own people. Hitherto they have been taking sheepskin coats from our Russian collective farmers. They took boots from the French and Norwegians. But

they were not satisfied. Now they have started despoiling their own people. Berliners, hand over your warm winter pants, otherwise you'll be shot! German women, off with your warm jackets, or else it will be off with your heads!

What a delightful New Year has the Tyrolese nark prepared for Germany—how cheerful, well provisioned, warm and snug. The bandit country, stripped by the arch-bandit himself, will shiver in the cold. The Germans will have to strip themselves of the stolen property of the French and Russians—the French jackets and Russian fur coats. The Berliners will go about in summer clothes made of ersatz wood fibre.

There is an old fairy-tale about a poor girl who was selling matches. When she was freezing to death, she still tried to warm herself with the tiny fire of the matches. She dreamed wonderful dreams. In the morning she was found frozen to death.

Germany used to be portrayed as a plump, full-breasted Valkyrie. Those days are past. The Valkyrie has lost weight on Hitler's rations. Now she is a desiccated, bony woman with stringy arms and dull eyes. Not long ago she was wrapped in Russian furs. Now Hitler comes up to her with a knife and says: "Off with that fur coat!" Germania is left standing in nothing but her underclothes—not a match-girl as in Hans Andersen's fairy-tale—but an old witch.

She still tries to warm herself. She doesn't burn matches—she burns our towns. According to the German Press, "the Germans carefully destroy the towns they abandon." Frozen Germania is trying to warm herself by setting fire to Kalinin and reducing Klin to ashes. Perhaps she is still dreaming wonderful dreams? Perhaps she still sees herself as the Mistress of Europe? Perhaps she fancies she is in Moscow, lying in warm mansions and giving orders to the world? If so, these are the dreams that precede death.

The Tyrolese nark raves like a madman. In the cold winter nights his young henchmen rush from house to house, break open the trunks and rummage in the cupboards. "Your coat or your life!" roars Hitler. But nothing can warm the German soldiers. Around them stretch the snows of death. The chill of defeat is in their hearts. As they freeze to death, they become delirious. They see before them a frozen old witch in a winding-sheet—Germania.

So you wanted to freeze out peace? Then freeze to death yourselves! So you wanted to kill Europe, Germania? Then die in your tattered worn-out shirt under your own German hedge!

December 26th, 1941.

THE RUSSIAN CLIMATE

Having listened to the German radio, you might imagine that all Germans had become meteorologists. Generals discuss the peculiarities of the Continental climate. The Ministry of Propaganda is busily studying the isotherms. The newspapers forget about tanks and write instead about atmospheric depressions. The Nazis proclaim unanimously that they are abandoning the Russian towns on account of the severe cold. Only a month ago they were proclaiming that they were quite immune to any degree of cold. They made fun of "General Winter," saying with arrogant presumption: "We're not living in the time of Napoleon." They even explained that it was much easier for tanks in the winter than in the autumn. Said Goebbels: "All this talk about the Russian winter makes me laugh. Nothing can stop the victorious progress of the German Army." Goebbels is hardly likely to be laughing now. This degenerate with the clubfoot is not in the mood for laughter. Together with the rest of the Nazis, he says: "Alas, the Russian climate has proved unsuitable for the operations we had planned."

No doubt about it: the Russian winter is a serious matter. A good many of the German gangsters are now in hospital with frozen paws. Once again the Germans have given themselves airs for nothing—"General Winter" has taken his revenge on them for their misplaced sneers. But the truth cannot be hid behind a screen of meteorology: the Red Army, not the cold, has defeated the Germans. Not "General Winter," but Generals Rokossovsky, Govorov, Belov, Boldin, Meretzhkov, Fedyuninsky, who are driving the Nazi would-be conquerers to the West. Winter is winter, and war is war.

Hitler cannot conceal this defeat from his people. He puts all the blame on Field-Marshal Brauchitsch, the Commander-in-Chief of yesterday. Apparently the Germans are devoid of humour, otherwise they would have laughed through their tears when they read the dismissed Field-Marshal's farewell message. Brauchitsch wrote that he was retiring on account of heart disease. Strange indeed that the Germans should get heart disease from the Russian frost. No, the winter has nothing to do with it. It was not the winter that recaptured Kalinin, but the Red Army. It was the attacks by Soviet divisions, not the frosts, that affected General Brauchitsch's heart.

However, if the Nazis want to blame the climate, let us leave them this consolation. We can say quite frankly: "Our climate is not suitable for the Boche." It is hot in the summer and cold in the

winter. The snow melts in the spring, and it rains in the autumn. This is clearly not to the liking of the Berlin Press hacks. Moreover, Russia is inhabited by calm and sober people who are accustomed to the cold of the winter and the heat of the summer. They refuse to cringe and crawl before Prussian sergeant-majors and Herren. They are accustomed to speak in Russian and they have no desire to give up their coats and felt boots to "magnificent Aryans." The climate of our country is the climate of courage and freedom, and it is part of the lives of the Russian people. It has proved deadly not only to General Brauchitsch. It is proving deadly every day to thousands of Germans with the kind assistance of Russian bullets and mines.

What disease is Hitler, the copper's nark turned Commander-in-Chief, going to get—inflammation of the heart or angina pectoris? He would do well to remember his predecessors—Kaiser Wilhelm and Ludendorff. There is nowhere to bolt to this time—the Dutch will take their revenge for the ruins of Rotterdam, and neither dark spectacles nor a woman's skirt will be of any use. Hitler will not escape the penalty.

"It is impossible for a European to imagine the Russian winter," explains the German High Command significantly. Yes, it is hard to imagine a winter that gives a Commander-in-Chief a weak heart and makes his "invincible" soldiers contract the "bear's disease."

December 29th, 1941.

WHEN THE WOLF BEGINS TO BLEAT

On the occasion of the New Year of 1942 Hitler has addressed a message to the German people. The tone of this message is melancholy in the extreme. Evidently he was quite unable to forget about Kerch and Kaluga.

He addresses the German people not only as their Führer, but also as Commander-in-Chief of the German Army. He does not appear to have much to boast about. If Field-Marshal Brauchitsch surrendered Rostov and Kalinin, Corporal Hitler has already succeeded in surrendering Kaluga. In vain he screams to his divisions to stand. They go on retreating to the West.

Hitler assures the German people that his soldiers are retreating of their own accord, as they prefer winter quarters to snowdrifts. But there were plenty of snug houses in Kalinin and cosy nooks in Kaluga.

Hitler says that the only purpose of the German retreat is to

shorten the front. But the front has become longer, not shorter. It has been pierced by stout Russian crowbars, squeezed by firm Russian pincers. Between Klin and Kashira it was a little horseshoe. Between Staritsa and Kozelsk it was an enormous arc.

Hitler is at a loss how to allay the fears of the German people and in his New Year message he heaves a sigh. This decrepit wolf bleats: "I wanted peace, not war." Listen to him, people of Europe: the incendiary of Warsaw, the butcher of Belgrade, the murderer of Paris, the pogrom-maker of Kiev puts himself forward as a peace-loving old gentleman! His pockets are full of sweets. He wanted to show kindness to all Europe, but the naughty little children were ungrateful to him. He wanted peace, but the Norwegians threatened him. He wanted peace, but the Belgians intrigued against him.

"I wanted to work in the sphere of culture and education," he writes. How were we to guess that the Tyrolese nark was a humanist, an educationalist, a Froebel schoolmistress? There were indeed signs of desire to work in the educational field. He wanted peacefully to burn books and execute scientists. But Luxembourg hindered him. Luxembourg attacked him, so he was forced to abandon school-books for tanks.

"I wanted to devote myself to a civilizing mission," he goes on. His civilizing mission is perfectly plain. He has beheaded people in public. He has sterilized women. He has replaced science by genealogy. He has substituted stud-farms for love, and concentration camps for universities. He wanted to go on with his civilizing mission, but the Greeks suddenly attacked him and again the poor fellow was forced to wage war.

The wolf wears a grandmother's lace cap on his head, his jaws are tied up with a bandage, and he bleats like a lamb, but fresh blood is dripping from his muzzle.

Hypocritically he exclaims: "To whose advantage was this war? The armament manufacturers." His closest fellow-warrior, Marshal Goering, smiles sweetly: as head of a vast armaments trust, the war has brought him untold riches. Von Ribbentrop also smiles. Himmler slaps his pocket, and Clubfoot Goebbels purrs—all of them have millions tucked away in South America—the dividends they have drawn from blood, ruins and corpses.

Hitler ends his message with the whimper of a sanctimonious humbug: "At the beginning of the New Year we can only ask the Almighty to give us the necessary strength. If we are faithful to our obligations, our fate will be that which Providence wills. We are fighting for our daily bread, our people and our future. God will

help us and will give us salvation in 1942.” Herod’s successor, devotee of bloody Wotan, the man who has tortured French and Serbian priests, pretends to be a worshipper of God. He wouldn’t dream of killing children. Oh no, he only prays and puts his trust in Providence.

The wolf looks very kind. He holds out a feeding-bottle to the little children. He complains that the sheep have jostled him. But look at the blood on his wolfish paws. His wolfish eyes mirror the gallows of Volokolamsk, and his coat smells of burning—the smell of the burned Russian towns.

Hitler began the year 1941 with the bold cry of “Victory!” He ended the year with a plaintive wail about “Salvation.” He wants to justify himself before the German people. He wants to pass himself off as a great martyr and his cut-throat Germany as a poor insulted maiden. He wants to paint the S.S. men, arrant gangsters and violators, as innocent victims. He declares he is fighting for his people and their future. No doubt Hitler values his future—he will either rule the world or hang on a tree. No doubt Hitler values his people—the S.S. men and the Storm Troopers, Goering and Goebbels, von Krupp and Vögler. No doubt Hitler is fighting for his “daily bread”—Germany has already been living by plundering and eating stolen bread for more than two and a half years. Now the Germans are beginning to take to their heels. Now the stolen crusts have stuck in their throats. Now the time is coming when they will have to settle accounts.

It’s a good sign when the wolf begins to bleat—beautiful music to our ears. But it will be even better when the wolf begins to croak. And he is bound to do this before long. We are not taken in by the lace cap on his head. We do not mistake his grenade for a feeding-bottle. We hate him as much as it’s possible for men to hate. We won’t forget about Kiev when we enter Berlin. We won’t forget about our towns and villages when we burst into the beast’s lair. The Oder will answer for the Dnieper. We shall remember the gallows of Volokolamsk when we get to Berchtesgaden. The wolf will begin to croak.

January 6th, 1942.

RAGAMUFFINS

The Commander of the 134th German infantry division operating on the south-western front has issued the following order:

“1. Our depots are in Warsaw; consequently they are a long distance away from us.

"2. There are plenty of lorry-drivers with good uniforms. Their trousers must be taken from them and exchanged for those of men in fighting units.

"3. Soldiers in patched trousers side by side with absolutely ragged infantrymen present a very gratifying spectacle.

"The bottoms of trousers, for instance, can be cut off and replaced with Russian material. The piece removed can be used for patching the seat of the trousers.

"4. I have no objection to the wearing of Russian trousers."

This German commander's affairs must be in rather a bad way, if patches on the seats of his soldiers' trousers are "very gratifying" to him. The poor general has no time for strategy: Hitler talks about "shortening the front," but the general is busy shortening his men's trousers.

They entered Russia proud and well-dressed as though they were on a ceremonial parade. Six months have passed, and the German Army has become an army of ragamuffins. The general says he has no objection to Russian trousers. No doubt he has no objection to Russian skirts either, provided he can find something to cover a hole. The only trouble is: we object. Our trousers are not for you, lousy ragamuffins. You can die even without any trousers.

January 15th, 1942.

BY THE SAME ROAD

"Our soldiers are almost naked. They set fire to the cottages in order to warm themselves. To-day there are forty-three degrees of frost. Our men have wrapped themselves in blankets or fur coats. Their heads and feet are wrapped in cloths and rags." (Pyubinsk).

"Some have dressed themselves in women's fur coats. They were taken from the Russians and were intended for wives or sweet-hearts" (Griev).

"My feet are swollen, but my gaping boots have shrunk on account of the snow" (Castellane).

"I am sure my toes are frost-bitten. To make matters worse, I have burnt my boots through putting them too close to the fire" (Vategir).

"It has now become difficult to move on account of the severe cold. And to crown all, we are eaten up with lice" (Dupuis).

"Lice have become a real torture to us. We don't undress on account of the beastly cold, and these parasites have multiplied enormously. You can't sleep on account of the terrible itching.

When we get into warm quarters, we start looking for the insects without more ado" (Giraud).

"I know of no more unpleasant feeling than that which one experiences at night in a forest of unknown extent in a hostile country. The forests are literally teeming with Russians" (von Zukkov).

"We have been given orders to burn all the villages when we retreat" (Pastore).

"Our poor soldiers were unable to do anything. Many of them had frost-bitten hands and feet. The Russians killed almost all of them" (Bourgoyne).

"We were compelled to abandon the guns. Our strength is reduced to 4,000 bayonets. Many outstanding officers have perished."

Where do these quotations come from? Are they from the diary of some Ober-leutnant, or the letters of some German corporal? No, these notes are much older: they were made by Frenchmen, Germans and Italians who took part in Napoleon's Russian campaign. They were made in the early days of the retreat. Later on the invaders had no time for literature.

No doubt Hitler is very far from being a Napoleon. Bonaparte was an army commander of genius. Pushkin and Lermontov wrote about him. Who will write about Hitler? Goebbels, perhaps?

However, the retreat of Hitler's horde is strikingly reminiscent of the retreat of the Grande Armée. Evidently the Russian land has its own tradition: a warm welcome for friends, frost and death for enemies.

The wretched clown may console himself by exclaiming: "I am retreating in the footsteps of Napoleon." The only difference is that Napoleon entered Moscow, whereas the Tyrolese nark had to be satisfied with field-glasses.

January 18th, 1942.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

An edifying picture can be seen in one of the burnt villages near Mojhaïsk: the half-charred body of a German lying among the ruins of a cottage. His face has been eaten away by the fire, but the naked sole of his foot is pink with the cold and seems alive. The women collective farmers relate how this German and other "torch-bearers" set fire to the village. The bottle of inflammable liquid flared up in his hand. Now he lies like a lump of charred meat, an example of crime and punishment.

In another village, of which only two houses and 108 chimneys remain, the women collective farmers saw a German prisoner. Fritz was dirty and contemptible. There is nothing more hideous than the eyes of a murderer when they turn sentimental, the hands of a thief when they are folded in prayer, or the voice of a black-guard when he puts on a gentle lisp. Fritz cooed that he had a wife and children at home. Then one of the women went up to him and shouted: "Didn't you eat our cows? You did. Didn't you eat our chickens? You did. What have you burnt down my house for?" The German blubbered in reply: "Nichts! Nichts! Not me, Hitler . . ." Then he turned to the interpreter and said: "For God's sake, protect me from your civilian population!"

At present they are burning down Russian towns and villages. These madmen don't realize that they are burning down Germany. I see the Nazis' country burnt to the ground and naked pink heels sticking out. The incendiaries themselves will burn. I know they will begin whining: "Nichts! Nichts! It wasn't us. It was Hitler." But we are now learning not to listen to last-minute protestations. We are learning not to see crocodiles' tears. We will say to each one of them: "It was not only Hitler who did the burning. You did it. Hitler was your god and Führer. But we regard Hitler as an insignificant creature, a spy, just one of the Fritzes. A Fritz like you. Don't put the blame on Hitler. You were able to plunder, you must be able to take the responsibility." Millions of women collective farmers will present their account. So will all our people, and the whole of Europe from Montenegro to Norway.

You will start whining: "Protect us from forty nations." Nobody will protect you. Your war factories and arsenals will be blown up. Your fortresses will be razed to the ground. Your swastika will be thrown down and trampled on. In that Berlin street which is named the "Avenue of Victories" you will be able to raise yet another monument: Germany with a torch, Germany the incendiary, charred, ugly and black as night. Woe to Germany!

January 20th, 1942.

ABSENT-MINDEDNESS COMES TO GRIEF

The German general in command of the 98th infantry division is very indignant at the absent-mindedness of his troops, who carry all sorts of papers about with them, at the risk of their falling into the hands of the Russians. It must be admitted that the general himself suffers from absent-mindedness; when he was running away

he dropped an order which was marked "Secret" in very large letters. Here is the text of this order, dated December 4th, 1941 :

"The German soldier at the front is too much given to writing. It is intolerable that the diaries of German soldiers or letters addressed to their relations should fall into the hands of the enemy. The anxiety of a relation about a son or husband is interpreted by the enemy as our weakness. The Russians are unacquainted with our mode of family life and understand the contents of the letters in a literal sense.

"It is necessary to remind the troops once again that they must not mention very much in their letters and above all they must not describe heavy losses. By making such statements we merely sadden our relations, whereas we ought to sustain them with cheerful news. Moreover, news of this kind passes from mouth to mouth and may reach the enemy.

"The letters reaching the front often contain complaints about the length of the Russian campaign. It is time to get rid of the idea that the war will soon be over. If it is sometimes stated in our Press that the Russians are thoroughly beaten, such opinions on the part of our leading authorities are published exclusively for consumption abroad in order to emphasize our confidence in victory.

"The postal censorship holds up all undesirable letters. When a soldier describes his experiences, he must not say anything likely to cause anxiety to his relations. We are men and it is our duty to bear all the unpleasant consequences of the hard struggle without burdening other people."

Another German general, the Commander of the 263rd division, has also got the itch for writing. He too dropped an "absolutely secret" order, dated September 18th, 1941 :

"Soldiers must be informed that in writing letters it is forbidden to make any mention of supposed or genuine difficulties, especially the unfavourable influence of the war on the morale and health of the soldiers.

"Letters from home, in which any mention is made of abuses of any kind, or personal anxieties, must be destroyed.

"We are in duty bound to bear with courage any difficulties that may arise from the winter campaign, without providing food for enemy propaganda."

Apparently, two German generals have decided to ruin me: they don't want to let me have any material for my articles. I am very partial to the diaries of Fritzes and the letters of Gretchens. Mean-

while, however, the generals have given me a great treat: what could be better for our propaganda than these two orders?

First of all it must be pointed out that the Commander of the 98th division makes Hitler out to be a rogue. Who is the "leading authority" who asserts that "the Russians are thoroughly beaten"? It is, of course, the Tyrolean nark, who is also the Supreme Commander-in-Chief of the beaten German Army. It appears that Hitler is in the habit of lying for the benefit of foreign countries.

However, it is not a question of Hitler, but of an exchange of love letters between Fritz and Gretchen. I have read at least a thousand letters. Perhaps the general thinks I "understand the contents of the letters in the literal sense"? Not always. For instance, when Gretchen writes that her home has been blasted by a "Tommy's" bomb, that she has got nothing to eat, and that she "firmly believes in the Führer's genius" I don't take this in the literal sense. I know that a British bomb has really blasted Gretchen's home, that potatoes have ceased being doled out at Münster, and that the bit about "the Führer's genius" was meant for the postal censorship.

The German general is afraid we may understand Fritz's and Gretchen's correspondence in this way. He says we are uncouth people and know nothing about the "mode of family life" among the Germans. In fact we know a good deal. This mode of life is not very complicated. At first Gretchen wrote and asked Fritz to get her a Russian fur coat. Fritz wrote back that he was sure to get one when he got to Moscow. He also sent very encouraging news: he was going to be in Moscow in a week's time, and meanwhile he was eating Russian chicken every day. The female of the species was waiting in her lair for the booty. The male was out hunting, licking his lips and swaggering. Now the weather has changed, and Gretchen is no longer dreaming about a Russian fur coat. Goebbels has even stripped her of her wood-fibre German jacket. And Fritz has forgotten about Moscow. He is no longer eating chicken. He is shivering with the cold, scratching himself and cursing the day when he was born.

The German general expresses himself beautifully: dear Fritz mustn't mention that the Russians have taken Mojhaïsk—this is "a genuine difficulty." Don't write that the Russians have advanced to Vyazma—this is "a supposed difficulty." Don't write that both your feet are frost-bitten and that you are cursing the Führer—this is "the unfavourable influence of the war on morale and health."

Fritz, don't breathe a word about being beaten. Write home

that you are conquering. Otherwise Gretchen will believe you and not Goebbels. What would be the good of writing German communiqués, if the soldiers' letters give away the defeat of the German divisions?

Gretchens, don't breathe a word about "difficulties of any kind," or that your towns are being bombed. Don't breathe a word about your having eaten up everything: French sausage, Dutch cheese, Bulgarian eggs. But sit hungry in your unheated houses and listen to the chattering of your teeth. Don't say a word about the weeping widows or that you are afraid of losing your husbands. Say nothing, so that the Russians may not find your letters on the Fritzes. Yesterday those letters were smeared with the hungry saliva of the female thieves. To-day they are blurred with tears.

Say nothing, Fritzes, so that we Russians may not know how terrified you are. Say nothing, Gretchens, so that we may not know how anxious you are.

But we do know, even without your letters. One has only got to look at a single prisoner to realize the fate of 5,000,000 Fritzes. One has only got to listen to a single hysterical speech of Hitler's to realize the fate of Germany. We don't need your scraps of paper. You have befouled our country with them. We know everything even without you. Perhaps you think we are anxious to study your beast-like psychology? No, we only want to wipe out your Nazi tribe.

January 25th, 1942.

BACK TO SAVAGERY

Germany was surrounded with an impenetrable wall. The groans of her concentration camps scarcely reached the outer world. Smooth-tongued Ribbentrop went round the capitals of Europe. Hardly anyone looked into the dark soul of the clean-shaven commercial traveller. From time to time the Germans appeared at international exhibitions, where polite salesmen set out beautifully produced books. The visitors did not look to see what was printed in them. Instead of photographs, they reproduced historical portraits. Thinking of Goethe, they forgot about Hitler; remembering Schiller, they neglected Goebbels. Naïve people thought that Germany was a country, but it had become an enormous gangster organization. They thought the Germans were a nation, but they had become a many-millioned gang.

The wall fell down. In the burnt Russian towns the ethnologists

of the whole world can study the habits and customs of the Hitlerite tribe.

I will begin with their external appearance. It is positively nauseating to look at the prisoners: they are so filthy. The peasant women wash the walls of the cottages that have remained intact with boiling water, scour the floor and keep the doors open to "get the smell of them out of the house." The Germans turned the rooms where they lived and slept into public lavatories. "What do the prisoners say?" asks a citizen in Kuibyshev or Sverdlovsk. It is difficult to answer this question. The prisoners don't talk, they scratch themselves like lousy dogs. Their hands are covered with a crust of dirt, and their chests are speckled with vermin. The blue drawers and pink chemises which they got from Paris have turned brownish-grey.

The women collective farmers have a lot to say about the manners of these uninvited guests. One man wiped his feet on a towel and then wiped his face with it. Another relieved himself in the cottage in the presence of women. A third killed lice on the table while his companions were having supper. A fourth boiled coffee in a slop pail. A fifth kept granulated sugar in a dirty sock. We need not continue.

I remember when I was in Germany ten years ago a merchant once said to me very arrogantly: "As you see, even the pigs in Germany are remarkable for their cleanliness." This, of course, was a figure of speech—the merchant wanted to raise the price of Westphalian ham. But how has it come about that the Germans, who used to be so proud of their efficiency, have become far filthier than pigs?

The German who relieved himself in the presence of women in a cottage was looking for an ash-tray in order to put down a cigarette-stub. A number of conventions, rules learnt by heart, and mechanical gestures distinguish the Berliner of 1942 from an out-and-out savage. The culture of contemporary Germany is a thin film over the chaos of primitive barbarism. When the German found himself faced with the conditions of the Russian winter, he gave up washing altogether. He doesn't like washing in very cold weather. He prefers shivering, and the itch of lice, to exposing himself to the cold. If there is no warm lavatory, he prefers to turn the sitting-room into one. Thus in a couple of weeks the pseudo-civilized man becomes a wild animal.

External cleanliness is linked with internal cleanliness. The soldier of Hohenzollern Germany was by no means an angel. He too plundered and behaved like a brute. But in comparison with the

German of 1942 he was a naïve schoolgirl. He still had some moral principles of a sort. He had, for instance, some respect for the idea of motherhood. He tried not to spit in the sitting-room. He plundered and knew that he was plundering, but he did not call the stolen goods "trophies." Hitler has performed an operation: he has succeeded in removing conscience from the consciousness of the Germans. After such an amputation the German soldiers have turned out to be strong and weak at the same time. They are strong in so far as they have been deprived of moral restraint, and weak in so far as they have lost human dignity.

I know that lice are produced on the human body and not in a man's consciousness. I know that lice are associated with the woollen underclothes which the Germans don't change for two or three months on end. Nevertheless, I venture to assert that the lice are also associated with Fascism and that the absence of moral principles has contributed to the lowering of the Germans' standards of external cleanliness. I have seen lieutenants reeking of eau-de-Cologne and at the same time crawling with lice. They were not concerned about their external appearance, but the eau-de-Cologne represented the automatic continuation of something associated with habits of cleanliness since forgotten. The much-vaunted German civilization has peeled off like a thin covering of gilt.

Is it necessary to talk of internal filth? They not only strip the Russians and the French. They steal from one another a scrap of bread, a pinch of tobacco, a pair of socks. The officers try in vain to check the spread of gonorrhœa, declaring in their orders that this disease "hinders the soldiers from serving the Führer." The Hitlerites are never out of the brothels. They have covered the walls of Russian schools with obscene drawings. I saw one German corporal who had been entrusted with the worthy duty of superintending a brothel. The Germans' haversacks and pockets are literally stuffed with obscene postcards in addition to their family photographs. They talk to prostitutes about their wives and fiancées. They are thoroughly unclean creatures. The Hitler régime has destroyed in them the last remnants of Christian morality, family reverence and primitive honour. All this has been replaced by gambler's fatalism: if I don't take risks, I can't win. They are sometimes spoken of as pagans. This is not true. In any pagan religion there existed the idea of good and evil. There is none of this in the Hitlerite consciousness. To them everything that succeeds is good.

One beast wrote in his diary: "When I tell Elsa that I hanged a female Bolshevik, she'll probably give herself to me." Nietzsche

would hardly recognize his disciples in these rapacious goats. The amorality of contemporary Germany is more in tune with a farmyard than with any philosophical system.

Contrary to all historical concepts, there arose in the centre of Europe in the thirties of the twentieth century a state which possessed perfect technical equipment and resembled a horde of nomadic pirates. The husbands set out in search of booty. The wives wait for them to return with Dutch cheese, Parisian stockings, Ukrainian bacon. All the rubbish about the superiority of the German race and the bogus treatises on the noble shape of Goebbels' skull are merely a survival of the old German habit of justifying every sneeze with a "scientific theory."

The Germans soon shed all the attributes of culture. They readily accepted the instructions to breed and multiply in accordance with the orders of the S.S. chiefs. They accepted the "rectification" of the Gospel in accordance with the ravings of the Tyrolese maniac Hitler, the assertion that murder is the natural activity of man, and the return to the habits of the Stone Age.

This reversal of a great country to the savage state was facilitated by the hypertrophy of mechanized civilization. Every German has become accustomed to the life of an automaton. He does not think, because to think would be dangerous to the State apparatus and to Fritz's digestion. He submits with enthusiasm. He is not merely a sheep, he is an ecstatic sheep. If one may coin the expressions, he is a "sheepophile" and "pan-sheepist." Into his mechanical submission he puts that quota of passion which is allotted to him. How often, when talking with German prisoners, have I exclaimed impatiently: "But what is your personal opinion about it?"—and how many times have I heard the same reply: "I have no opinion, I obey."

To this automatism of thought and behaviour, they bring the hysterical emotion so peculiar to them. They have no sense of proportion. They have taken the so-called "golden mean" and reduced it to an absurdity. Efficiency and moderation, as understood by them, become raving pedantry with obsessional limitations. They live on stilts, while remaining sausage-makers or prison warders. They talk with epileptic pathos about the pfennigs they have won, or about their little son who has been thrashed. What is Hitler with his Napoleonic pose? A copper's nark infected with delusions of grandeur, a criminal who has persuaded his colleagues he is a giant, one cell of an enormous cancerous tumour.

We have seen these people. They have befouled our towns. In

Paris they plan the removal of the Eiffel Tower, in Russia they are erecting gallows. They have marked the route of their "crusade" with brothels; it has become an invasion of the germs of venereal disease. They have shown that behind the machine civilization of Germany there are none of the standards common to mankind. The men who have invaded Russia are primitive creatures with automatic weapons. As for their "philosophy," it makes you feel you want to rush to the bath-house. And when you witness their stubborn resistance, you not only feel no respect for them, but you experience a profound revulsion: you feel you want to shout over the corpse of every German: "Human freedom is the greatest thing in the world!"

It will not be easy to exterminate them. They are welded together not with ideas (what ideas can there be there!) but by mechanical obedience and the feeling of mutual security. They are not ashamed of the blood they have shed. They are not blind—they can see that blood. They realize that it will be impossible to put all the blame on Hitler and try to make out that Goering is a paschal lamb. They've all got their snouts in the trough. An ideal unites heroes. "Dirty work" makes a gang stick together. It is a big gang and it will be difficult to break it up. But we shall break it up, although it will be a very tough job.

What has happened near Moscow is no casual episode, but a very instructive historical and moral lesson. The power of the human spirit, the light of reason and dignity have conquered the darkness of the barbarian, the soulless machinery of the robot, the puffed-up arrogance of the parasite. We have held the torch aloft throughout the gloom of this autumn, the torch of our culture and of the culture which we rightly call common to mankind. This is the torch of ancient Greece, the Renaissance, the eighteenth century—everything that mankind has opposed to slavishness, stagnation and atavism. There is a shining moral principle in our struggle against Germany—the principle of reason, spiritual purity, freedom and dignity. "Do you know what justice is?" I asked one German prisoner. Instead of answering, he covered his face with his arm, as if he thought I was going to strike him. That is how I see Germany now—she is afraid of looking in front of her. She is still breathing and moving. She is still shooting. She is still capable of killing and wreaking havoc. She is still capable of causing the world immense suffering, but she no longer lives in the real sense. It is a muscular reflex spasm like that which occurs in an organism after death.

January 29th, 1942.

NO!

There are some things every Soviet citizen must think about day and night. To forget these would be tantamount to forgetting one's dignity.

We must remember Kiev, Kharkov, Minsk, Smolensk, Novgorod.

In starving Kiev the Germans have set up a brothel in the Krestchatik. In dead Kharkov the bodies of the hanged victims swing in the wind. Amid the ruins of Minsk the Tyrolese mark Hitler has set up his H.Q. The filthy Fascist rag flutters over the half-demolished Kremlin of Smolensk. The brazen Germans dare to call our ancient Novgorod "Naugard." In our towns they are violating women and hanging men; they are guzzling and sleeping off their orgies like swine.

They have no intention of going away of their own accord. They've come with their wives and sisters-in-law, greedy camp followers, executioners, tarts, carpenters for constructing gallows, and sacks for taking away the swag.

The leading article of the *Danziger Vorposten* of February 5th, 1942, reads:

"In the occupied regions of the Soviet Union we must begin everything again from the beginning. The work of the German economic authorities is very similar to that of the Hanseatic League and the Teutonic knights of the Middle Ages. We are maintaining the good old German traditions. We are trying to explain to the peoples of the U.S.S.R. that the production of goods is more important than their distribution. The U.S.S.R. has long been a sphere of German influence. The German people must turn this country into their granary. The Germans must not regard the conquered eastern provinces as a protectorate, but as their own fatherland and part of Greater Germany."

There is no limit to the brazen insolence of the Hitlerites. Klin and Mojhaik don't seem to have taught them anything—you can't knock sense into these arrogant brutes with a few clouts on the head. You've got to kill them—put them underground—only then will they learn modesty. They boast of having restored the Middle Ages in our country. They talk about "the glorious traditions of the Teutonic knights." We know these traditions! The Germans were thieves and thieves they have remained. Once they were bandits with spears and swords. Now they have become bandits with tommy-guns. They want us to work, and they will see to "the distribution." Work your fingers to the bone—Fritz will send the

goods to his Gretchen. This "knight" will know how to "distribute." His programme has been drawn up with careful precision. The U.S.S.R. is to become a German granary.

No! The fields of the Ukraine shall not bear wheat for the Germans! The Russians shall not work for the lousy "knights." The Bielorrussians shall not feed the hungry *Regierungspräsidenten*.

According to the *Danziger Vorposten*, the U.S.S.R. "has long been a sphere of German influence." The Fritzes have a poor knowledge of history. Russia has known a foreign yoke, but it was not a German one. Invaders have entered Moscow, but they were not Germans. The Germans have never taken Moscow. But the keys of Berlin have jingled in the pocket of a Russian general. When traitors brought the Germans to Kiev in 1918, they did not cut their capers there for long. It was easy for them to come, but they found it much harder to get away.

This Fritz from Danzig invites the Germans to look on Kharkov and Novgorod as their own fatherland. There is no objection to their looking. The Fritzes have even looked at Moscow through field-glasses. We have polished off those Fritzes and taken their field-glasses. Let the sausage-maker from Düsseldorf look on Novgorod as his own fatherland. We know where he was born. We even know where he will die.

They were born at Magdeburg, Swinemünde, Schweinfurt, Kaiserslautern, Ludenscheid. Their own country is there. But they will die at Kiev, Kharkov, Minsk, Smolensk, Novgorod. Their graves are here.

February 20th, 1941.

SYMBOLS OF SOVEREIGNTY

A printed notice hangs on the walls of the Russian towns occupied by the Germans. It was written by a German who had evidently failed to learn the Russian language properly:

"All inhabitants must themselves register immediately after exclamation by the Burgomaster.

"The exception with Gestapo permission is allowed.

"Members of the popular German race at their place of residence are provisioned with declaration of Volks-Deutsche.

"The employment of the German greeting is the singular privilege of German subjects.

"Land, ground rights and movable property are considered enemy property.

"Whoever has printing-press or any establishment similar for diffusion of intellectual produce must for this permission have.

"All administrations issued by the German military units must out of necessity be greeted with obedience."

This ill-worded and idiotic concoction of some Prussian swash-buckler or other hangs on the walls of scores of Russian towns.

Among the various prohibitions is the following:

"Symbols of sovereignty of the Russian State are not permitted to be used or displayed in occupied Russian territory."

I don't understand the precise meaning of these repulsive and arrogant words, but I understand their intention, which is to humiliate our people. Such are the pitiful efforts of the executioners to shake the greatness of Russia.

At Yasnaya Polyana the Germans wanted to destroy our "symbols of sovereignty," and for this purpose they desecrated the grave of Leo Tolstoy. But Tolstoy remains great as ever in sharp distinction to Adolf Hitler.

At Borodino they burnt the museum, but even little children know that we thrashed Napoleon in 1812 and that we are thrashing Hitler in 1942.

It is impossible to destroy "the symbols of sovereignty of the Russian State"—they are in the heart of every Russian. They are indestructible even in the towns which the Germans have seized. The stones of Novgorod speak of the glory of the past, of freedom and great art. The ice-locked Berezina speaks of the great struggle of the Russian people. The partisans in the Russian forests are "symbols of sovereignty." And the calm faces of the Russian heroes whom the Germans lead to the gallows are also sacred "symbols of sovereignty of the Russian State."

They want the Russians to cease being Russians. Let the mice try to gnaw away Mount Ararat! Russia will emerge from this storm of blood with head held high—still more beautiful.

"Symbols of sovereignty"? The Russian language is one. Not the language in which half-witted Germans write their orders, but the language in which immortal Pushkin wrote.

"Symbols of sovereignty"? Memory. The Russian people in the occupied towns are remembering and waiting. It was hard to wait in October. It is easier to wait in February: the guns are roaring loudly and the skis are creaking softly as the Red Army moves westward.

February 27th, 1942.

FRITZ AT PLAY

In 1937 Julius Streicher, the publisher of German pornographic magazines, declared that "Hitler was the best doctor of the German people." Until recently the Tyrolese copper's nark was a psychopath, who treated the Fritzes for black melancholia. Now he has had to turn pox-doctor. The German High Command has circulated Order No. 514:

"The extraordinary increase in the number of cases of venereal disease is a menace to the fighting fitness of the Army. Fatigue duty may help to abate this danger. Given high morale among the troops and strict discipline, the number of venereal cases can be reduced to tolerable proportions. It is incumbent on the German soldier that he should be in a position to give information regarding his partner and her place of abode."

So writes the Ober-pox-doctor of Germany. The Fritzes listen and wonder what is this high morale to which Hitler refers. The morale of a retreating army is generally somewhat low. What sort of discipline is the Führer dreaming of? Men who go to war for the sake of stealing geese are not soldiers, but unbridled thieves.

Fritz has made a tour of all the brothels of Europe. I have before me a printed card, which was found in the pocket of one of the German baboons—it is a card for a woman:

"Supervised brothel at Beaumont-sur-Oise.

"Name of girl: Jeanne Péret.

"Control Number 232681.

"At the end of one month this card is to be destroyed. Not to be shown to uninitiated persons."

Beaumont-sur-Oise is a little French town. What a lot of humiliation is concealed in that number 232681! "Not to be shown to the uninitiated"—such are the "secret documents" of the German baboons!

The High Command of the German Army is now anxious to "reduce the number of venereal cases to tolerable proportions." Hitherto we have only known how many corporals there were in a German company. Now we shall learn how many cases of venereal disease are "tolerable" in a German company.

The Fritzes are particularly concerned about the place of abode of their "partners." How many of them must there have been in the happy days when Fritz was gadding about from country to country! Who are Fritz's "partners"? All the prostitutes of Europe from Amsterdam to the Piraeus. Now they have got to remember

the addresses of all these ladies! Fritz can answer: "My partner was the spiritual daughter of Laval, the spiritual sister of Quisling, the spiritual niece of Tiso." Fritz can answer: "My partners are all the whores of Europe and all the Gretchens of Germany."

These filthy lechers have now come to Russia. They are polluting our houses. They are violating and infecting our women. Red Army men, in the name of our girls' honour, in the name of our women, in the name of human purity, smash these fornicating Fritzes!

Hitler says that "fatigue duties may help to abate the danger to his troops." No, if they are to be cured, let them be cured! There is a better remedy than German fatigue duties—Russian bullets.

February 28th, 1942.

CONTEMPT

Like so many of his compatriots, Unter-offizier Heinz Klein of the 35th rifle regiment, kept a diary. Being an educated man, he made notes not only of the number of chickens he devoured and the pairs of stockings he stole, but he was also given to moralizing, and noted his experiences and reflections.

"September 29th, 1941. . . . The sergeant-major shot each woman in the head. One woman implored him to spare her life, but she was killed all the same. I am astonished at myself—I can watch these things quite calmly. Without changing the expression on my face, I watched the sergeant-major shoot the Russian women. I even experienced a certain amount of pleasure."

"November 28th, 1941. The day before yesterday we saw for the first time a hanged woman in a village. She was hanging from a telegraph pole."

In December the division to which Heinz Klein belonged was put to flight. He wrote:

"December 20th. The town of Chern. We are still retreating. One has got to be on the spot to realize what it means. It's terrible! Even the toughest men are crying like little children. We are running away without bothering about the wounded. We are compelled to run and keep on running in order to save our lives."

The *débâcle* came in February. On February 6th Heinz Klein was still complaining of the huge losses and shortage of bread. On February 12th he was killed in the village of Sivkovo in the Orlov region.

A very instructive story. Heinz Klein looks calmly on while his fellow-countrymen put Russian women to death. Being addicted

to introspection, he asks himself why he finds pleasure in watching the torments of defenceless people. He regarded himself as a "tough" German, but when the hour of trial came he was in a blue funk. And so were all his compatriots, including the sergeant-major who had so bravely murdered defenceless women. These "tough" Germans took to their heels for all they were worth. These "majestic descendants of the Nibelungs" wept like little children. They forsook their wounded comrades. All they thought about was how to save their skins.

Hitler boasted he had reared a new generation of Germans: "They are bold and ruthless, like wild beasts." But boldness is not courage, and ruthlessness is not strength. Hitler's soldiers are undoubtedly like wild beasts. The polecat kills birds calmly and even with pleasure, but when he is caught in a trap he screams desperately.

Having invaded Russia, the Germans calmly tortured and hanged with pleasure. For a short while they staggered us with their arrogance: with the roar of motor-cycles, the random shooting, the mass murders of peaceful citizens, and with their empty shameless eyes. All this is a thing of the past. The nature of the beast has now been studied and described. Now the beast is being trapped. In the summer our men called the German soldiers "Germans." In the winter they reduced the Germans to "Fritzes." This short nickname expresses their contempt.

People will say that Germany is still strong, that the Germans are still in Vyazma and that the friends of Heinz Klein are still amusing themselves in Paris and Athens. All this is true. But now we know them thoroughly. We can only feel the profoundest contempt for the "toughs," who bravely hang women and snivel when they're forced to fight. Our twenty-eight guardsmen of Panfilov's division did not complain or weep.

We showed our moral strength during the difficult months of our retreat. Now we are advancing. Our soldiers did not hang people, nor will they do so: they are soldiers, not executioners. Our soldiers do not torture women: they are human beings, not Fascists.

As for Heinz Klein and the German Army, they are cruel, mean-minded creatures! They have taught us a great hatred. They have also taught us a great contempt.

March 3rd, 1942.

FRITZ IN "SCHMOLENGS"

A certain Lelheffel, a war correspondent of the German Information Bureau, who has apparently grown tired of writing victorious descriptions of inglorious operations, has decided to dabble in linguistics. He pontificates on the Russian language as follows:

"Potato in Russian is 'kartoshka.' Anybody can speak Russian, but it is quite an art to understand it. In the first place the letters of the Russian alphabet are absolutely grotesque! However, if the Russians pronounce their letters in a manner unsuitable to us, we can rectify them. For instance, why twist your tongue over such a name as 'Smolensk'? We say simply and properly 'Schmolengs', and it sounds as though we were at home."

No doubt about it—they are a brazen horde. They garble Russian words and regard this as a wonderful achievement. Fritz shouts "Schmolengs" and is delighted with himself. He even wants to "rectify" the Russians, who pronounce Russian names in the proper way. We won't argue with Fritz about pronunciation. Let him call Smolensk whatever he likes. The important thing is that at present he is far from feeling "as if he were at home" in Smolensk. He is, in fact, highly uncomfortable there. The potatoes have come to an end. Instead of potatoes he is getting the guerillas' bullets. And Fritz is now wondering how he is going to get out of "Schmolengs" alive. He won't: it won't be his tongue he'll twist over Smolensk. It will be his neck.

Lelheffel writes that "it is quite an art" to understand Russian. Never mind—we'll teach them—not according to the alphabet, but at point-blank range. Anyway, Fritz won't understand the words, but he will understand the language of our guns.

March 25th, 1942.

FRITZ AS A MAN OF LETTERS

Corporal Stecking of the 59th infantry regiment obviously envied Goebbels and longed for literary fame. He thought to himself: Why shouldn't I write as well as that clubfoot? So the corporal got hold of an exercise-book. At the top of the page he wrote a saying of Hitler's: "The Germans have become strong again!" Then he began to write his impressions, starting with some touching reflections:

"December 24th. To-day is Christmas Eve. Do you know what that means? Oh, of course! You remember the children's shining

little eyes, the good mother, and how everything seemed so cosy.

"We are in the train somewhere between Bialostok and Minsk. We sit in the compartment and scrape the ice off the window, as we want to look at where the fighting took place in the summer. There are four of us: Rudi, Werner, Heinz and myself. We drew a naked girl on the wall and wrote underneath: 'Our Erika'."

The corporal's thoughts are soaring!

At Orsha he observes an edifying spectacle: starving children in rags. "God!" he writes, "to think that something like that might happen to us!"

He continues: "To-morrow is New Year's Eve. We have decided to get blind drunk and have some women. The day before yesterday it was all very quiet. Then there was an alert. We weren't ready. The machine-guns hadn't been assembled. I got drunk again."

The corporal's military labours are somewhat monotonous: "We made some grog with vodka. We played the gramophone, sang and fooled around with the girls."

Our corporal suddenly remembers he is not writing for himself alone, but for millions of readers: "Dear reader, I am infinitely sorry you were not in my place." A few lines further on he adds: "Forty degrees of frost. Some men kaput. A fantastic sight! Where are our propaganda squads? Wouldn't you like to see how our soldiers hack the bread with spades? Oh, no! You are too refined for such a sight."

However, this is only the prologue. A few days later the literary corporal takes his seat in a Ju-52 and flies to the front line. He remembers his merry antics behind the line and complains: "On the way we got our first greeting from a Soviet bomber, who machine-gunned us, just when we were feeling dead-beat." How very inconsiderate of our bomber crew to machine-gun a corporal who was dead-beat from grog, gramophone, girls and his literary labours, as though he were an ordinary Fritz!

Another week went by. On January 18th the corporal writes: "It's a nasty business, my boy! We're all kaput!" Rather too laconic for a novel but very expressive all the same.

The corporal is no longer interested in literature. He is freezing. Gloomily he notes the names of his fallen comrades and thinks only about how he can get back home. On January 21st he falls into a trance: he longs to eat, and he describes what he would like to eat in one day. It is an extensive menu of six meals. For dinner: "(a) potato purée with marmalade; (b) macaroni with sauce;

(c) sauerkraut; (d) fish cutlets; (e) goulash; (f) rice with sugar; (g) fried potatoes." After this list he puts: "Amen."

Only a month has passed since the day when Corporal Stecking, like Corporal Hitler, shouted: "I am strong." On January 25th the strong man whimpers: "I'm fed up with writing—to-day we again slept standing up, we're absolutely worn out, etc. When will it come to an end?"

It came to an end pretty quickly—with the death of Corporal Stecking. Goebbels may rest assured the dead corporal will not compete with him. His literary aspirations failed to materialize. So did victory!

March 31st, 1942.

SLAVES OF DEATH

Is there anyone among us who is not now familiar with the characteristics of the average Nazi, that primitive creature who is convinced of his superiority over mankind, looks on war as a sport and a profitable business, boasts of being literate and yet is profoundly ignorant, blindly repeating all the Nazi claptrap, who is an enthusiastic chicken-thief and a business-like executioner, who, after loosing off all his ammunition and being taken prisoner, woodenly declares: "Hitler's kaput"? Thousands of diaries, notebooks and letters have revealed to us the simple world of these people, equipped with fountain-pens and tommy-guns.

Such is the stale bread of Fascist Germany. But even the Nazi army has its leaven. I refer to those Hitlerites who are indifferent to chicken and boots as "trophies" and are ruthless towards others and themselves—whose eyes are aflame with intense fanaticism. These are the essence and meaning of Fascism and its so-called philosophy. One of them, Leutnant Karl Boehme, wrote in his diary: "War is the supreme condition of man. In war it becomes evident that life is merely a caricature of death."

It is impossible to understand Fascism without realizing that it is closely connected with the death-cult. The Christian believer regards life on earth as a path to another life, which is eternal, and he repeats enthusiastically: "By death Thou hast trampled death underfoot." The Fascist regards life as a path to death, disintegration and absolute non-existence. In the German film, "The Dawn," one of the heroes says: "The meaning of life is death." In one of Fallada's novels a Fascist talks like this: "For me there exists only one creative power—death."

Fascism everywhere preaches the sweetness of decay. In Italy

where the beauty of Nature and the immortal monuments of the Renaissance proclaim the triumph of life, the Fascist ideologist Prampolini has said: "People say that it is laughter which distinguishes a man from an animal. We Fascists say it is the thought of death that distinguishes us from the people who lived before Fascism." Before setting out on their campaign to exterminate the Spanish peasants, the Falangists went through the rite of "taking Death for their bride," a rite which was blasphemous to a Catholic and repulsive to any man.

It is no accident that "Hitler's Guards" wear a death's head on their sleeves, or that one of the S.S. divisions is called the "Death's Head Division." The Fascists' love of death takes on a pathological character when it becomes admiration of decay and the cult of the disintegration of the flesh. Thus in the Baroque period some artists, who were deeply affected by the frequent wars and epidemics, made excessively naturalistic models in wax of the life of the plague-stricken towns, carefully imitating the sores and suppurations.

Many who have listened to Shostakovich's "Seventh Symphony" ask themselves why they could hardly bear the melody in the first part, which is given out by the drums and is therefore often considered to be the melody of war. No, this ingenious and at the same time impoverished melody was born of Fascism and its apologia for death. There have been various wars. Each of them brought to the world much sorrow and suffering, but all of them—whether just or unjust—were envisaged by those who took part in them as the continuation of life and part of its struggle. But the conscious Fascist regards war as "the supreme condition of man." This is an aim for its own sake, the affirmation of non-existence. This, therefore, is the reason why the melody of Fascism breaks into the world of variegated sounds with such unbearable vulgarity. It ought to have been played on a pipe by a demented rat-catcher. It is being played to-day on thousands of guns by the gravediggers of Europe.

Fascism demands of its devotees the love of death. If German Lieutenant-General Weigang calls the mass murder of peaceful civilians "an inevitable moral burden," his subordinates, who are men of another generation and consequently moulded by Fascism, regard executions as a moral satisfaction. One of them admitted in his diary that the sight of tortures and shootings "cheer up and even excite a soldier." The true Fascist must cheerfully kill children and submissively await his own end. In the pseudo-religion of Fascism the idea of divine providence gives place to the fatalism of the gambler. For the education of young men who should be capable

of going to their death at the word of command, Fascism has invented the concept of the so-called "doomed generation." Two young Fascists—a Hungarian and a Rumanian—consider they belong to the "doomed generation" and are therefore bound to die. The Hungarian dies for "Greater Hungary," and the Rumanian for "Greater Rumania." They both die in the Ukraine, where they were sent by a third individual—Hitler. It does not even enter the heads of these two demented fatalists that "Greater Hungary" excludes "Greater Rumania," and that they are simply carrying out the commonplace, business task of German imperialism.

The German Press recently published a letter from the Spanish Falangist, Alfonso de la Aldea, a soldier of the "Blue Division," who was killed on the Volkhov front. This youth wrote: "I protest against the present life. . . . I am convinced that the fate of my generation will be a tragic one. I prefer to merge with death physically and spiritually. . . ." This is a suicide's letter. Why did this Spaniard from Santander fire at the Russians? Because he "protested" against life and was looking for empty and—let's be clear about this—cheap theatricality. His words reveal no love for his people, no feeling for his family—merely heartless, formal submission to the sovereignty of death.

This is why the Nazi soldiers are so cruel and sullen. It is not only a question of privations—the cold and vermin. Nor is it due to retreat. There was real sorrow in the faces of the Russian soldiers in the autumn of last year, when they had to leave their native towns and villages. But what was the expression on the faces of the German soldiers? Here is the report of the war correspondent of the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* (March 24th, 1942): "The German riflemen sat in an empty cottage and waited for the battle to begin. Their faces haunt me, I shall never forget them. . . . Their faces had petrified, as though the lines with the tired shadows had been carved in them for ever. There was cruelty in the corners of their mouths. For them there was nothing new, nothing unexpected. Everything had become commonplace. . . . Their dullness transmutes itself into invincibility." Hitler has made murder "commonplace" for the Germans. The myth of the "invincibility" of the German Army was based on the "dullness" of the young soldiers. We saw during the winter how this "dullness" retreated before the courage and human dignity of the Russian people.

The German correspondent himself talks about "cruelty." We have seen it—not in the corners of the mouths of German soldiers, but on the mutilated bodies of Russian children. Nevertheless,

I value this German correspondent's description. The cruelty of the Nazi soldier is not an act of debauchery or an excess on the part of a drunken gang, but a constitutional part of the Fascist *Weltanschauung*. The cult of death demands bloody and frequently refined tortures. Another German correspondent in the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt* (March 28th, 1942) confirms the idea of Fascist sacrificial offerings. He writes: "A grim fierceness has taken hold of us. . . . This war has made us cold and cruel, and the enemy has had to be acquainted with our ruthlessness. . . . We have returned to the primitive forms of warfare. We recognize only one command: to annihilate." It is hardly necessary to add anything to these words. They exhale a deathly chill. This is the language of fanatical killers. There is a sense of doom in it. Even for themselves they expect nothing but death.

Besides contempt for death we have in our hearts a lively contempt for our enemy and a great, passionate contempt for Fascism. No examples of bravery on the part of individual German soldiers can mitigate our contempt. We know that their bravery is born of superstition, the death-cult, perversion. If the soldiers of one or other of the garrisons we have surrounded stubbornly defend themselves, we do not regard this as courage, but as the delirium of a suicidal maniac who has nothing to live for—he has never seen life and crawls the earth like a blind kitten, taking the coldness of the grave for maternal warmth. The sporting chance of the German fliers or the exhibitionism of the German paratroops has nothing in common with human bravery: theirs is not the conquest of death, but a slavish submission to it.

The Russian people have long realized the difference between the foolhardiness of the suicidal maniac and the courage of a man who is in love with life and sacrifices himself for the sake of his family and his country:

The man who is not afraid of death
Has nothing to write home about;
But the man who is in love with life
Has conquered fear.

The Russian people have risen up in order to hurl back the invasion of death. Each one of us loves life, his work, his family and his home. Everything has merged in our feeling for the fatherland—our favourite occupations, our factory benches, our closest relations and the old tree that father planted in front of the porch. In dying for their country our heroes die for a living life, and we

must remember this now, when the earth is awakening under the April sun.

April 7th, 1942.

THE JESTER

Europe is terrible this spring. What were once rich cornfields are now covered with thistles. In the dark, half-ruined towns starving children cry, mothers whisper: "Be quiet!" and drunken S.S. men reel along the street. The universities are befouled. In Germany the slaves of a dozen countries are making shells for their torturers. Trainloads of mutilated human flesh are being brought to Germany. The German women are sleeping with Hungarians, Frenchmen, Italians. The German men are sleeping with death. But Goering is counting his profits, and the bloodthirsty maniac Hitler (who is a vegetarian and can't bear the sight of blood) is sending millions of men to the slaughter.

The Germans are all the same—on the Vistula and on the Seine, on the Dnieper and on the Scheldt. The *Danziger Vorposten* writes: "The self-confidence of the Polish nation and its will to resist have been broken down, but it still retains its hostility towards the Germans, which is rooted in its Slav soul. The fate of the Poles has been placed in the hands of Germany for ever. The Poles are the working hands, the Germans are the directors. The Polish masses have already been included in the production process, and we have no need of the remnants of the Polish intelligentsia." While this journalist is writing the executioner is hard at work. The German Press publishes reports about the "criminals." For instance, Josif Kiczak, a sixteen-year-old farm-labourer of the village of Koczino: he "was slack in working for his German master." Jadwiga Janucz of Szwiets: she is a fifty-year-old worker who "insulted a German woman." The executioner is hard at work. Blood flows. And Poland burns in reply. At Lodz cotton warehouses went up in flames. At Tokary barns full of corn were set on fire. At Cracow a trainload of bombs was blown up.

Let us follow the trail of the Germans in Yugoslavia. The *West-deutscher Beobachter* writes: "The Germans are keeping a tight hold on Belgrade. The numerous evidences of the well-deserved punishment that was inflicted serve as a warning to the Serbian population. Illusions are of no avail whatsoever. The Serbs have got to submit to the new order. All Serbs are compelled to work. This, of course, is not to the liking of the Serbs, who have been accustomed to idleness." Who writes in Germany—journalists or

executioners? Anyway, Yugoslavia is on fire. Serbian guerillas are attacking trains, blowing up bridges and annihilating punitive detachments. A fourteen-year-old boy named Jovanovich was hanged by the Germans for setting fire to an ammunition dump.

Before the war the Dutch lived a quiet, peaceful life. Then the Germans came. They burnt Rotterdam and doomed the people to slavery. But the good-natured Dutch became heroes. The German Information Bureau reported on April 5th that seventy-nine Dutchmen had been condemned to death for opposing the Germans. We do not know their names or what they did. We know, however, that if a peaceful country which made cheese and grew tulips has become a country of fire and revenge, it means that there is a limit to patience and that the hour of retribution is near.

The Fascist newspaper *Pays Réel* of Brussels reported in its issue of April 14th: "In the convent of Notre Dame de St. Sauveur the nuns dare to offer daily prayers for the victory of the Red Army." The Germans have brought the Dutch to such a pass that they rebel. They have brought the nuns to such a pass that they pray for the Red Army.

The German troops stagger like drunken men all over Europe: from Boulogne to Odessa, from Poland to Belgium, from Norway to Bulgaria. And the carriages with their wild corporals roll down the embankments. "Sow the fields," roars the drunken sergeant-major. And nettles spring up instead of wheat, and the peasants grip their guns instead of spades.

In his palace the epileptic Führer raves, dismissing generals like lackeys and hiring prime ministers like stable-boys. He thinks out new plans. In order not to let Greece out of his clutches, he dreams of the Near East. In order not to part with the Ukraine, he dreams of the Caucasus. And in order to retain Belgium, he bombs Britain. He is unable to stop. If this summer passes without Hitler being able to advance, he will have to put on dark glasses, shave off his clown's moustache and flee in disguise to the South Pole. Goebbels whispers: "Mein Führer, you are the master of the world." But the "master" rushes about his room, rushes about his palace, rushes about Europe, looking for a loophole.

In Charlie Chaplin's remarkable film, "The Dictator," the Tyrolese copper's nark plays with a globe. He imagines himself master of the world. At first he turns the globe around. Then he tosses it up with his hands, feet and head. Finally he lies face downwards and tosses up the globe with his backside. This is his moment of ecstasy. But all of a sudden the globe breaks—it was a child's plaything, the

whim of a German clown—and the nark gazes with astonishment at the broken pieces in his hand—all that remained of his globe, power and glory!

In Fascism there is much that is terrible, much sorrow for humanity and much blood. It is not a child's globe that Hitler is destroying, but the towns and villages of Europe. And yet in Hitler's plan there is something of the tenth-rate showman—cheap buffoonery and absurdity. How can the world submit to this epileptic, ignorant and bloodthirsty wretch, who, after a thousand years of culture, after the myth of Prometheus, the Gospels, the Humanists, all the discoveries of science and the ideas of progress and equality, has brought into the world the idiot's "theory" of the superiority of the skull of the German sergeant-major or Gretchen's pelvis over the skeletons of other mortals and in the name of this delirium has handed Europe over to fire and the sword?

It is time to close down the bloodthirsty showman's booth. It is time to get rid of these horrible clowns! A maniac has played with the world. Enough! Let the Germans have it hot and strong, friends, and all enslaved Europe will rise up in reply.

May 2nd, 1942.

HATRED

A dark, insatiable malevolence burns in the heart of Fascism. It is the malevolence of the magnates of the Ruhr, who in the twenties of this century were frightened by the glow of the dawn, the maturity of the people and the idea of justice. It is the malevolence of Krupp, Vöglér, the owners of the Fiat works, of Schneider, who called a gang of adventurers and heartless killers to his rescue. It is the malevolence of Prussian barons, Andalusian dukes, Rumanian boyars and Hungarian counts, the ungifted and half-witted descendants of a bygone world of grandeur, who regard whole countries as hunting-fields and the peasants who pick up the acorns on the nobles' land as their lawful game. It is the malevolence of ignorant Philistines, who are repulsed by the complications of culture, advanced thought and progress. It is the malevolence of failures, provincial Caesars, village Napoleons, who are anxious to get into history if only by the back door. It is the malevolence of renegades, who long to defile what they have never loved. It is the malevolence of old age, heartlessness and death.

When the Italian Fascists came on the scene, they dressed themselves in black shirts, set up the cult of the she-wolf, and took from the wolf pack the cry of "Alala." The Spanish Falangists intro-

duced the rite of "taking Death for a bride," carried their banners to the cemeteries and held processions with naked hunchbacks, freaks and gravediggers that resembled the nightmare visions of Goya. The French Cagoulards wore hoods, as during the medieval epidemics. The German S.S. men wear a skull and crossbones on their sleeves. Goering revived the executioner in evening dress with his axe. Himmler transferred to his torture-chambers the instruments of torture from the Nüremberg museum. Even the stage properties of Fascism bear witness to its dark, inexorable malevolence.

Fascism is the greatest attempt to turn back the course of history. It has resurrected some of the rites and aberrations of the Middle Ages. But the people of the Middle Ages did not live only by these rites and aberrations. A real faith burned in them. They created wonderful cathedrals and remarkable epic poems. With their industry and enthusiasm and even with their ignorance they prepared the age of the Renaissance. The Fascists should not even be compared with the people of the Middle Ages. They are living in another epoch. They have tried to stand outside the conception of time: this explains sterility. Of course, the vineyards of Italy continued to provide wine even under Mussolini, and the factories of Germany continued to work even under Hitler. But the Fascists have created nothing. They have merely mobilized modern technical knowledge in order to combat the spirit of the times. They have diverted all the achievements of civilization to the work of destruction.

Italy was rightly honoured as the country of art. Fascism has not produced any artists. It has murdered them. Can the Italian people be proud of having conquered Abyssinia which is now lost, of having used poison gas against defenceless herdsmen, and of having devastated Malaga? Can it be proud of the shootings in Greece and the gallows in the Ukraine? Do these crimes express the spirit of Leonardo da Vinci, Dante, Petrarch, Leopardi, Garibaldi? When we read the dull, illiterate books of Rosenberg, or the articles of Goebbels and Streicher, do we find in them the spirit of German genius, the clarity of Goethe, the intellectual profundity of Hegel, or the love of liberty of the Romantics? The destruction of hundreds of towns, the conversion of Europe into a wilderness—such is the creative activity of Fascism. Countries deprived of their people and heads deprived of thought—such is Hitler's ideal.

It is not surprising that Fascism attracts to itself the dregs of humanity, people with a shady past, sadists, spiritual monsters and

traitors. Hitler was a failure as a painter, Goebbels was a failure as a novelist, Mussolini was a failure as a playwright—is it not astonishing that the heads of the Fascist countries are men who dreamed of the artist's laurels and were hooted as sorry buffoons? Fascism draws to itself all the renegades. Judas hanged himself in his remorse. The Fascist Judases prefer to hang others. Mussolini appeased his malevolence by murdering his former Socialist comrades. In France Hitler has found two worthy henchmen, two renegades—Laval and Doriot. Sexual perversion and particularly sadism have become the main prop of Fascism. The dope fiend Goering, the lecher Goebbels, the sadist Himmler, the specialist in sexually corrupting children, Doctor Ley—all these degenerates, whose place of residence should be the subject of dispute between prison governors and hospital superintendents, occupy ministerial posts.

Malevolence is a mean, base sentiment. In life we are rightly ashamed of its manifestations. The ungifted poet conceals his resentment. The miser does not make an ideology out of his anxiety for his gold. The old man, who is jealous of another man's youth, will grumble a little and then keep quiet. The Fascists have turned their malevolence into a cult. There is no place for human brotherhood in Fascism. The German Fascists despise the Italian Fascists, and the Rumanian Fascists dream of strangling the Hungarian Fascists. There is no place for justice in Fascism. For the German peasant war means a grave, or at best a pair of crutches. For Reichsmarschall Goering war means vast super-profits, which he coolly sends abroad. There is no place for law in Fascism. The whims of the epileptic Hitler have usurped the place of all laws in Germany. Mankind has been trying for ages to perfect the protection of the individual against arbitrary rule; but now in 1942 the butcher Himmler is torturing French scientists and Norwegian artists, Czech workers and Polish peasants. International law, criminal law, civil law, all have been replaced by the morbid caprice of any S.S. man. In Fascism there is no place for creative thought. Books have been replaced by pogrom-inciting pamphlets; the universities have been closed or turned into special courses for hangmen. Under the heel of Fascism Europe, which until recently was inquisitive, fruitful and complex as the convolutions of the human brain, has become a uniform wilderness.

Malevolence activates every soldier of Fascism. After losing a battle they hang women or torture children. If a Fascist soldier fails to find any booty in a house he kills the housewife. I have already

quoted the diary of the German corporal who wrote that tortures "cheered him up and even excited him." There is no love of the German people in Hitler's speeches: they breathe nothing but malevolence. Even Hitler's voice is like the guttural howl of a hyena. He tries to warm the hearts of his soldiers with malevolence, urging them to burn, rob and kill. He sends his divisions like poisoned arrows to distant countries. What except irrational blind malevolence can urge on a native of Bavaria or Westphalia who has been sent to kill Ukrainian and Russian children?

The Russian people have known a great and difficult life; their path to happiness and perfection has not been strewn with roses. Yet even in the hardest days of his history the Russian guarded himself from the dark evil of malevolence. Russian patriotism was nourished on love for the Russian people, but not on contempt for other nations. The Russian soldier took pity on his prisoner and never harmed the defenceless. The Russian literature of the nineteenth century took possession of the conscience of all that was best in the civilized world: there was no European writer who did not learn humanitarianism from the Russian novel. Our national, political and social struggle—from the Decembrists to Zoya Kosmodemyanskaya—astonished the world with its disinterestedness, self-abnegation and nobility of soul.

Even now the sentiment of malevolence is unable to seduce us. The idea of revenge cannot satisfy our outraged reason. We speak not of malevolence but of hatred, not of revenge but of justice. This is no mere verbal distinction: they are different sentiments. Hatred, like love, is peculiar to clean, warm hearts. We hate Fascism, because we love people, children, trees, animals, laughter, books, the warmth of a friendly hand, because we love life. The stronger our love of life, the stronger is our hatred.

In newspaper articles one meets with the expression "the enemy infantry." To us the Hitlerites are not merely enemies: we do not regard them as human beings, but as murderers, executioners, moral degenerates and cruel fanatics, and that is why we hate them. At the beginning of this unusual war, many of us did not realize the true nature of the people who were invading our country. People who were excessively credulous or the reverse thought that Hitler's army was the army of a hostile but civilized State and that it was composed of educated officers and disciplined soldiers. They naïvely presumed that we were being attacked by human beings. But they turned out to be monsters who had chosen a death's head for their emblem, young brazen-faced robbers and vandals, who

yearned to destroy everything in their path. Last autumn the communiqués mentioned on more than one occasion that the attacking German soldiers were drunk. But the Nazis who invaded Russia were not only drunk on schnapps. They came to Russia drunk with the blood of Poles, Frenchmen and Serbs, with the blood of old people, girls and infants in arms. And death came with them to our country. I don't mean the death of soldiers, for no war is without its victims. I refer to the gallows from which the bodies of Russian girls are dangling, and the terrible pit near Kerch in which the children of Russians, Tartars and Jews are buried. I refer to the way in which the Nazis have finished off our wounded and burnt our cottages. These things are now known to everybody from the defenders of Sebastopol to the women collective farmers of Siberia. Every crime of the Germans has fanned our hatred. All Soviet people have realized that this is no ordinary war and that it is no ordinary army which fights against us. They realize that it is not a quarrel about territory or money, but about the right to live and breathe, to speak one's own language, bring up one's children and to be a human being.

We do not foster any dreams of revenge: how can revenge assuage our indignation? The Soviet people will never be like the Fascists: they will never torture children or torment the wounded. We strive for something else: only justice is capable of mitigating our suffering. The children of Kerch cannot be resurrected. The memory of what we have experienced cannot be wiped out. We have resolved to destroy the Fascists, because this is what justice demands. It is demanded by our understanding of human brotherhood, goodness and humaneness. We know that people of different languages, customs and faiths can live in good fellowship in the world. If we are resolved to destroy the Fascists it is only because there is not room in the world for Fascists and human beings. Either the Fascists will destroy humanity or humanity will destroy the Fascists. We know that death cannot conquer life, and for this reason we are convinced that we shall destroy the Fascists.

The German soldier with a gun in his hand is not regarded by us as a man, but as a Fascist. We hate him. We hate every one of them for all they have done in accord. We hate the fair-haired and the dark-haired Fritz, because we regard him as a little Hitler who has brought suffering on children and befouled our country. We hate him because he is a Fascist. If the German soldier lays down his rifle and gives himself up, we will not lay a finger on him and he will remain alive. Perhaps the future Germany may re-educate

him and convert the dull-witted killer into an industrious human being. That is a task for future German educationists. We are thinking about something else: our country, our work and our families. We have learnt to hate, because we are capable of loving.

Not long ago seven Red Army men under the command of Lieutenant Dementiev were defending a small height on the north-western frontier. The Germans counter-attacked with strong forces. Forty bombers and artillery and mortar fire were directed against these eight courageous men. The heroes perished, but the slopes of the hill were covered with German bodies. Over 300 Fascists met their deaths storming the little hill defended by those eight. Lieutenant Dementiev and the seven Red Army men—whose names I do not know—gave their lives for their friends and relations, their own home and our common home—immortal Russia. They exterminated hundreds of Fascists and in so doing they saved the lives of hundreds of honest people. An old Serbian peasant woman can pray for Lieutenant Dementiev and his seven comrades, and far beyond the ocean people will say: “Eternal glory shine upon them!” In their last moments a great indestructible love, like the gold rays of dawn, inspired those eight heroes, and with it a sacred wrath, like the blood-red sunset, lit up their faces in the glow of battle. Whoever loves strongly, hates strongly. To the battlefield, red banner of our regiments and divisions—in you is the blood of self-sacrificing love, our wrath, our hatred and our vow: Russia shall live, the Fascists shall not live!

May 5th, 1942.

II. HIRELINGS

BENITO MUSSOLINI

BENITO MUSSOLINI rules unhappy Italy. He insists on being called "Il Duce" and compels the newspapers to use a capital letter for any pronoun referring to him: "He said this was His will, He never makes a mistake."

The last sentence is a dogma of Italian Fascism. Schoolchildren and soldiers are taught to repeat: "The Duce never makes a mistake."

Once upon a time Mussolini was a Socialist. Like all renegades he has a spite against the world. He exchanged his ideas for liras, which he got from the owners of the Fiat works, for suppressing the workers. He began by serving the Italian factory-owners and ended by serving the German corporal.

He is fond of being photographed in the most unexpected poses. I have seen him on the screen about a hundred times—sometimes in military uniform with a helmet, other times in shorts on a bathing beach. He is a fat, bloated man with a conceited face and an excessively large jawl.

Mussolini's biographers assert that he is an excellent family man. He has certainly helped his children to get on in the world. His daughter, Edda, is the wife of Count Ciano, the Minister for Foreign Affairs. The government of Italy is therefore a family affair. One of Mussolini's sons has a passion for the cinema. His daddy sent him to Hollywood, but the American film actors raised a hullabaloo outside his hotel, and he was forced to shake the inhospitable dust of America off his feet. In Rome, however, he was immediately declared to be a film director of genius. Mussolini's other son, Bruno, took up a more practical occupation: he dropped bombs on Abyssinian herdsmen and Catalanian women. Bruno has written a notorious book, in which he describes how much he enjoyed bombing the defenceless Abyssinians. "We set fire to a village with incendiaries," he writes. "It was extraordinarily amusing."

Mussolini began with murder on a small scale. Gangs of his Black-shirts attacked journalists, workers, Catholics and Communists, beating them up with rubber truncheons, forcibly pouring castor oil down their throats and torturing them. In those days Mussolini achieved particular notoriety by his murder of the Socialist

deputy Matteoti. Being a coward, Mussolini hastened to declare: "I am innocent of this crime." He was afraid of the people's wrath.

Later, he strengthened his position and became supreme. He longed for mass murders. "War is an affair of divine origin," he declared. "War is to men what motherhood is to women."

In Abyssinia he went in for wholesale killing. His victims, moreover, were harmless pastoral tribes. Then he sent his Black-shirts to Spain, where they drenched the streets of Malaga in blood. I have seen the diaries and note-books of Mussolini's soldiers. They are registers of robberies and murders.

Mussolini adores pomp and ceremony. His speeches are always delivered from a balcony. He is fond of comparing himself to Julius Caesar. Because he is so short, he sits on a high chair to receive visitors. He walks on tip-toe and lives on stilts.

The Black-shirt battalions bear highly poetical names. Soldiers who have been trounced by all the armies of the world are called "The Invincibles," "The Indomitables," "The Invulnerables." These burglars are christened "Lions" and "Tigers." Would-be deserters are called "Storm," "Hurricane," "Tempest."

Mussolini, the admirable family man, respects the institution of prostitution. When he sent his troops to Africa he took care to organize motorized brothels. One of his journalists, Turazzi, informed the public how the Duce was preparing for victory: "We prefer Arab women and negresses—they stand far more than the whites."

Mussolini created the Fascist army. It distinguishes itself from other armies by the fact that it surrenders immediately. It has the greatest talent for surrendering of any army in the world. In March 1937 Mussolini sent a telegram to General Mancini: "I congratulate my Legionaries on their inevitable victory at Guadalajara." The Spaniards found this telegram two days later at Mancini's H.Q. The general himself had bolted. Meanwhile his invincible Legionaries were surrendering to the Republicans. The expeditionary corps was under the command of Mussolini's favourite, General Bergonzoli, who displayed great ability as a sprinter. Recently Mussolini sent him to Libya, where he took to his heels and bolted from Bardia, leaving his men to their fate. The British finally caught this light-footed general at Benghazi.

When the Italians were beaten by the Greeks, Mussolini said: "The whole world sees the power of Italy." When the Italians were running away from the British in Libya, Mussolini declared: "We are victorious in two continents."

He declared war on France exactly four days before the fall of

Paris—this fire-eater is as cowardly as any petty sneak thief. Having ascertained that the French Army no longer existed, he went out on to his balcony and shouted: "Forward, heirs of ancient Rome! The historic hour has struck." But tiny French detachments beat off all the attacks of the invincible Fascist army. This did not prevent the Duce saying: "We have won another great victory."

Now Hitler has ordered him to send his soldiers to the eastern front. Mussolini has sent one division, no doubt the most "invincible," against the Soviet Union. As they set out, the Black-shirts shouted they were going to conquer Russia in no time: "Write to us in Irkutsk!" We know what this means; when the Black-shirts set out for Libya they shouted: "We're going to destroy Britain. Write to us in India!" In fact, it is to India that the British have sent the Italian prisoners of war. Our people in Irkutsk had better get camps ready to receive the "invincible" army.

Mussolini is malevolent and vindictive. He has imprisoned on the Lipari Islands hundreds of thousands of people suspected of doubting that "the Duce never makes a mistake." The Italian people detest him. He knows this and looks for protection from outside. He has become Hitler's lackey. Italy must be included in the list of countries occupied by Hitler. German divisions are in occupation throughout. The Italians feed the Germans, work for them and die for them. What do the Italians get in return? Benito Mussolini.

Italy's independence was born on that day when the enslaved Milanese rose with the cry: "Out with the Germans!" Ninety years later Mussolini liquidated his country's independence by letting the Germans into Italy.

As the founder of Fascism, Mussolini should be able to demand some remittances from Hitler by way of patent rights. He demands nothing. He does not sit on his high chair in Hitler's presence. He stands to attention in front of him. Churchill had every reason to call Mussolini a jackal. This bloated arrogant comedian prowls behind Hitler in the hope of getting some pickings. From Hitler he has wheedled Dalmatia. He gnaws the bone and looks anxiously seaward, where he is haunted by visions of British ships.

He also looks anxiously out of the window, for he fears the wrath of the Italian people.

Legendary Rome was founded by Romulus and Remus, who were suckled by a she-wolf. The Romans still keep a she-wolf in a cage as a symbol of their past glory. Perhaps they will put the jackal Mussolini in the next cage as a symbol of their past shame.

July 9th, 1941.

ON THE FOOTMAN'S SEAT

It happened in Rome. A German colonel went up to a motor-car. The Italian General Macario rushed up and obsequiously opened the door. Probably the general regretted it was only a car and not a carriage with a footman's seat, where he could take up his rightful position.

There is an old saying: "Where the master goes, the lackeys follow." While Hitler was going the rounds of the watering-places the lackeys did themselves well. Mussolini strutted like a peacock into Mentone. Horthy graciously visited Yugoslavia. But these were only picnics. Now their crazy master has set out for Moscow, the unfortunate lackeys are beginning to groan.

The lackeys are referred to in the Axis Press as the "allies." Hitler has plenty of servants: titled butlers, lackeys with references from their last places. They include that "descendant of Julius Caesar," the soundly trounced Mussolini, the Regent Horthy, the criminal Pavelich and the comic-opera General Antonescu.

The Germans are head over heels in love with their "allies."

They call the Italians "Macaronis," "Victors of Caporetto." "Champion runners," "Gazelles in cock's feathers," "Boot-blacks."

The Hungarians: "Boozers," "Hussars on bullocks," "Gipsies," "Horse-thieves," "Stinking goulash."

The Rumanians: "Mamalishniki" (maize-eaters), "Alphonsees," "Pickpockets," "Confidence tricksters."

The Slovaks: "The Lousy Tribe," "Barefooted Pilgrims."

All these epithets have been taken from the diaries and letters of Nazis.

The four "allied" countries—Italy, Rumania, Hungary and Yugoslavia—are all occupied by the Germans. In one Italian town a Frenchman asked for a permit for Occupied France. The Italian Governor answered playfully: "What for, *mon ami*? You're already in a German-occupied zone."

The Italians had a bad time under the heel of the Black-shirts, but they find themselves even worse off under the Germans. The Romans say: "It wasn't so bad under Mussolini."

The Germans have sucked all the food out of Italy. As everybody knows, the Italians are very fond of macaroni. They used to eat white macaroni, which they twisted deftly round the fork straight from the dish. But now macaroni is rationed. One twist with the fork and your dish is empty. Moreover, the present-day macaroni

is quite dark. "Go to the Kuban,"¹ says Hitler to the Italians. "There's plenty of macaroni there." But the Italians are not fond of fighting. They prefer to stay at home, work and buy flour. As one Bersagliere put it: "Better to get a 'kubanka' of macaroni in Milan than a bullet in the Kuban."

But where the master goes, the lackeys have to follow. On Hitler's orders Mussolini has sent his troops to the East. The *Popolo d'Italia* writes: "The Italian soldiers will destroy the Russian Empire, which is composed of Bolsheviks, Kirghizes, Samoyeds and Khazars."² Even before this war the Italian journalists were not distinguished for their literacy, and now on a diet of black macaroni they seem to have become more dense than usual. As for the Italian soldiers who are to destroy the "Khazar" empire, they are faced with two alternatives: they can either surrender or take to flight en route like the 300 Italian heroes who have already "disappeared" in Bucharest and represent the first casualties of the Italian Army in Russia.

The master was wrong in his calculations. Mussolini has sent three Italian divisions to the Ukraine, but Hitler has had to send twelve German divisions to Italy: at home, the Italians have become quite warlike. Recently there was quite a scrap at the Villa Borghese in Rome, and two German officers were laid out.

Bloated Mussolini occupies first place as postilion. The others have been obliged to squeeze in as best they can. The Regent Horthy is in a bad temper. He has been shouting all his life about "the crown of St. Stephen," and instead of a crown he now gets a footboard.

The Hungarian people are feeding the Nazi hordes, but they themselves are starving. Horthy is obliged to maintain an enormous army for use against the Hungarians. In Budapest alone there are tens of thousands of policemen and informers, and four regiments of gendarmes. Somehow it does not look as though Hungary is going to conquer Russia.

Clinging to the tail of Hitler's carriage is General Antonescu. He is afraid to open his mouth—the German Commissioner Killinger rules in Bucharest. Killinger gives the orders; Antonescu carries them out. First-class railway carriages are marked "Für Offiziere"—for German officers. Rumanian officers are not allowed in them. Rumanians are forbidden to enter the best hotels of Bucharest.

¹ An untranslatable pun. The Russian word is "Kubanka."

² The Khazars were an ancient tribal kingdom on the banks of the Volga, who accepted the Jewish faith. They have been extinct for centuries. The Bulgars are said to be related to them.

The Casino at Constanza had been turned into a German garage. The Germans have also taken over the oil wells, railways and factories "on lease." They have seized all the banks, and are exporting all the food to Germany. Before the Russian war the maintenance of the German Army cost the Rumanians fourteen thousand million lei—i.e. half the Rumanian budget. Now the Rumanians have to pay tribute to Hitler not only in money, but also in blood.

Every day thousands of Rumanian soldiers surrender. The Rumanian generals try in vain to intimidate their subordinates. Thus it was all to no purpose that the Rumanian Secret Police shot 700 innocent people including women and children in the streets of Jassy.

What can be said about the Slovak President Tiso? In a beautiful country where the word "Russia" is spoken with affection by the entire people, a handful of adventurers, Tuka, Macha & Co., call themselves the "Government." I know one of them very well—the Slovak Goebbels—the director of propaganda, Tido Gáspár. He is an insignificant litterateur and a highly talented drunkard. He was never out of the bars of Bratislava. Ten years ago, in between drinking-bouts, he got the amusing idea of standing for parliament. He managed to lay hands on a few thousand krone and distributed them among the barmen of his favourite bars and the pianists of a dozen brothels. He got twenty-seven votes in the elections: eleven from the pianists, three from the chuckers-out and thirteen from the barmen. And now this good-time Tido is asking the Slovaks to go and conquer Moscow.

The master drives on. The lackeys grumble under their breath, and quarrel among themselves. All these blackguards hate one another. Horthy complains that Antonescu has robbed him—Transylvania has been divided so that the frontier runs through Cluj (Klausenburg). Antonescu accuses Horthy of brigandage: the Hungarians have grabbed a slice of Rumanian Transylvania! Suddenly there is a howl from the criminal Pavelich—Hitler has only just established the "independence" of Croatia when Mussolini invades this "independent" country and starts plundering it. Mussolini himself, however, is in a state of high dudgeon—the man has been fighting five whole years getting thrashed at Guadalajara, on the Ebro, in Africa and in Albania, in a word, everywhere, and yet he gets nothing for his pains. . . . And Tiso is also whining too: the Hungarians have grabbed Košice! There is evidently a private war going on among the lackeys on the footboard.

In their hearts the lackeys hate their evil, maniacal master. But

they are unable to revolt. They quietly spit at his back and when he turns round, bow obsequiously.

I am referring to despicable types—Mussolini, Antonescu, Horthy and Tiso. They are standing in the way of their peoples. But their peoples are not lackeys. Enslaved by the Germans, they are capable of hating them in their hearts. Their hatred is a sacred thing, and we never confuse the peoples who have been enslaved by the Nazis with their despicable “rulers” or with Nazi Germany itself.

The Russians—from Gogol to Gorky—have always loved beautiful Italy. It is the country of the liberty-loving Italian people, the Red-shirts of Garibaldi, the home of great poets and artists. How can the Italian people be confused with Hitler's lackeys? The history of the new Italy began with the slogan of the Milanese: “Out with the Germans!” Soon these words will resound from the Alps to Calabria.

Hungary fought a long time for her freedom. The Hungarian patriots struggled against the German oppressors. The Hungary of Kossuth is alive. The Hungary of Petoefi is alive. The proud Hungarians cannot become the mercenaries of German adventurers and upstarts.

Russian blood once helped the Rumanians to regain their freedom. The ruling clique has kept the good, industrious people in darkness and humiliation. But the Rumanian peasants love their country and their language. They also love freedom. The clown Antonescu said to Maniu: “If Germany is defeated, I'll shoot myself.” The lackey wants to die theatrically together with his master. But the Rumanian people know that the defeat of Hitler will be the resurrection of Rumania.

Slovakia is the country of the “Awakeners,” the country where the streets are named after Pushkin and Tolstoy. It is the native land of Kukushin, who is known as the “Slovak Gogol.” It is the country of hospitable peasants and shepherds, and of fine writers such as Urban, Ilmenitski and Novomeski. Captive Slovakia awaits the hour when she can hold out her hand to us.

It is uncomfortable riding on Hitler's footboard. The lackeys ask in dismay: “Where is the master going to?” And Goebbels replies: “The master is going to Moscow.” The milestones—burnt cities and piles of German corpses—flash past. Here are some dead Rumanians, there some dead Hungarians. Now it's the turn for the Italians. And Mussolini, who is fond of theatrical phrases, whispers to half-dead Horthy: “The master is not on his way to Moscow. The master is on his way to the grave.”

August 28th, 1941.

THE MEN THEY HAVE DRIVEN AGAINST RUSSIA

No country in Europe is so poor and backward as Rumania. The Rumanian policemen are unable to sign their own names—signatures are not required for bribes. The peasants don't know what boots, lamps or houses are. They live in dark, smoky mud huts. The Government Ministers receive commissions from the brothel-keepers. The officers are pimps, and the pimps are Senators. In the League of Nations building in Geneva I heard a cloak-room attendant say: "Keep your eye on the coats. There are a lot of Rumanian journalists here to-day."

Hitler has driven the lousy soldiers and syphilitic officers against Russia. They are to bring culture to the Soviet people!

This is how the Rumanian General Staff characterizes these bearers of culture in an order numbered 335 and dated July 6th, 1941:

"Since the commencement of operations, my lord General Antonescu, in carrying out daily inspections of the front, has established the fact that the rear is entirely unorganized and lacking in discipline.

"All regimental vehicles, and also sub-units of subsidiary branches, were parked in a disorderly fashion in the zone of crops. Horses were freely grazing in the corn-fields. In one area of 200 acres all young growths were trampled down and destroyed, just as the savage hordes did in olden times."

(It should be noted that the "savage hordes" in this case trampled down the fields of Rumanian landowners, as on July 6th the Rumanian Army was still in its own country. Perhaps the 200 acres belonged to one of the numerous relations or spongers of General Antonescu.)

"The men were dirty, unwashed, unshaved, and most untidy in appearance. On a hot sunny day between ten o'clock and midday almost all the men were in greatcoats, some unbuttoned and some with the collars turned up. Some men were quite undressed.

"Detachments were observed in which part of the men were in greatcoats, some in jackets, others in shirts and many quite naked.

"The army units are followed by whole herds of cattle, including many milch cows.

"At one Divisional H.Q. there was complete chaos, due to confusion and total lack of organization. All were shouting and giving orders to one another. My lord General Antonescu compared this H.Q. to a madhouse."

The order is signed by the Chief of the General Staff of the Rumanian Army.

"My lord" General Antonescu is, of course, no better than his subordinates: he is a savage in gold braid. But he has undertaken to provide Hitler with half a million men and is afraid of being dismissed. Hence his wrath.

The German tanks rumble ahead and behind them plod the Rumanians. Some of them are naked, having sold their army shirts for a quarter-rouble. Or perhaps they were never issued with shirts. "My lord" General Antonescu may have pocketed the money set aside for their purchase. Some of the men wear their greatcoats on a hot day—they must be shivering with fear. They are marching to bring culture to Russia! And to make sure they march, the Nazis follow them up with tommy-guns and drive the "savage horde" onwards.

They have been driven to Odessa. The contemptible horde is now at the gates of that beautiful city. We'll pay back the Germans for having invaded us. We'll also pay them back for having driven the Rumanian lumpish mob against us.

September 7th, 1941.

THE RUMANIAN UNDERWORLD

Mobsters have broken into our house. German thugs, monocled lieutenants and Prussian swashbucklers are getting drunk and running amok in Russian towns. They have brought with them their painted jackals—the Rumanian officers. Obsequiously a Rumanian general takes the boots off the high and mighty feet of a Mecklenburg cad. Respectfully he holds out his hand in expectation of a tip. These boyars are insolent and cowardly, like hereditary lackeys.

Here is how a Rumanian general describes the Rumanian officers, in an order dated September 3rd, 1941:

"I have always taken pride in the special qualities of the officers under my command. Unlike the officers of the other units, my officers do not drink immoderately, fight among themselves, steal, or gamble. You have brought these qualities with you from your parents and the honest milieu from which you come. My merit consists only in having done my best to foster these qualities."

In thus praising his subordinates, the general admits straight out that the officers of the "other units" are drunkards, squabblers, thieves and gamblers. What a charming army! The general flogs

the passers-by in the street. The colonel cheats at cards. The lieutenant-colonel steals silver cigarette-cases in the officers' mess. You can't get hold of the Chief of Staff: he is soaking spirits from morning till night and from night to morning.

The order continues:

"I am extremely sorry to say that I still meet with occasional instances of the infringement of regulations. The culprits are a number of officers who have lost their sense of proportion. I will cite a case in point. A lieutenant beat and maltreated a soldier to such an extent that the soldier lost the appearance of a human being. This lieutenant has neither followed my advice nor cured himself of his brutality.—General Punitovka, Commander of the 2nd Alpine Infantry Brigade."

Poor General Punitovka! What a sensitive soul. He doesn't like his men's limbs to be injured. So he asks his boyars to keep their beating-up within bounds.

The officers of other brigades are equally fond of beating-up their men. We learn about this from a "decree concerning the alteration of the third section of the third chapter of the internal service regulations for all categories of troops."

General Antonescu has decided that flogging in the army must be regulated. He has promulgated article 140*bis* of the regulations as follows:

"Corporal punishment is a disciplinary punishment. It consists in beating the back with a strap. The medical officer of the unit must give his opinion and be present at the execution of the sentence.

"The right of infliction of corporal punishment is to be permitted to the following commanders: for sergeants—to regimental commanders; for corporals and privates—to battalion commanders.

"The regimental commander has the right to inflict punishment to the extent of twenty-five strokes; the battalion commander up to fifteen strokes.

"The execution of the sentence is to take place in the presence of the company commander and all the soldiers of the corresponding section."

This is the way these jackanapes wage war: the officers get drunk and beat up the men, and the men lie on the whipping-block and are flogged. The major gets promoted to lieutenant-colonel for special services, and in his delight the new regimental commander roars: "Give the swine twenty-five of the best, hot and strong!" In other armies military rank is designated by stripes on the sleeve; in the Rumanian Army by strokes with the strap.

With the help of German tanks and Messerschmidts, this underworld rabble has invaded Russia. These scufflers from Bucharest are raising hell in Odessa, and the thieves from Constanza are "working" in Nikolaiev. In our wonderful health resorts in the Crimea, the pimps from Galatz and Jassy are arranging executions. They have befouled the soil of Russia, and only with vile boyar blood will our soldiers be able to wash away the shame from our beloved country.

November 13th, 1941.

MARSHAL PÉTAİN BY NIGHT

The aged Marshal Pétain was working late into the night. He had orders to get rid of General Weygand. The British were driving the Germans out of Libya, and the Germans were preparing to seize Tunis and Algiers. Weygand stood in their way, so they instructed Pétain to dispose of him. Obediently the Marshal signed the order. Then he began to compose a message to the French "volunteers," whom Hitler was sending to the eastern front. The Marshal began:

"In fighting against Soviet Russia, you are defending the honour of France."

He paused to reflect and laid down his pen. He did not know what to write. He might, of course, have continued like this:

"Our grandfathers used to sing a song: 'There is no higher destiny than to die for our country.' You must now sing: 'There is no higher destiny than to die for Hitler.' Hitler has occupied our country. Be grateful to Hitler who has not disdained French bread. Hitler slaughtered 100,000 refugees on the roads of France. Be grateful to Hitler for favouring the 'negroid' French with his attentions. Set out for the East! Die for Hitler! The Germans have devastated Orleans, Amiens, Rouen and Cambrai. Show your gratitude to them by devastating the towns of Russia. Help the Germans to grab the property of the Russian people. Hitler has occupied two-thirds of France. He has made an aged Marshal like me his confidential lackey. Is not this an honour for France? When you have helped Hitler take Moscow, he'll drink a bottle of French champagne. He'll reward me with the Iron Cross and you with wooden ones. Go forth to battle, brave Frenchmen! *Eins-
zwei!* Left, right!"

The aged Marshal dozed off. A rustling noise began to fill the room. Pétain started up: "Who's that?" Looking up he saw a

multitude of ghosts in soldiers' uniforms. "Welcome, my friends," he said in satisfied tones. "Are you the French soldiers of the German Army?"

"No, marshal," said the ghosts. "We're your own soldiers. We're the heroes of Verdun."

"Ah, you too are hurrying to the East?"

"Yes, we're hurrying to the East. We're going to say to the defenders of Moscow: Paris, great Paris is with you. We, the heroes of Verdun, dip our unfading banners before the heroes of Moscow. We are also hurrying to the South, where our allies are fighting the Germans in the Libyan desert. A handful of French heroes are fighting there also."

The aged Marshal frowned. "I see!" he exclaimed. "So you've gone over to de Gaulle?"

"No, marshal. We haven't gone over. It's you who've gone over—not to de Gaulle, but to Abetz and the enemies of France, the Germans. Once upon a time you defended every inch of our soil against the foe. Now you have opened the gates of France to the enemy. Once you were a soldier. Now you have become a doorkeeper. The very soil of Verdun curses you, marshal. We're hurrying to the East. We don't want General von Bock to enter Moscow."

"Why? What have we got to do with the Russians? What is Moscow to you?"

"We're thinking of Paris, marshal. The German General von Stuelpnagel is strutting about our Paris. He's jeering at the French. When General Bock starts to run westward, General Stuelpnagel will make a bolt for the East. We want to liberate France. We want to avenge the blood of the hostages of Nantes. We want to live as free men or die. . . ."

The Marshal rubbed his eyes. "To die?" he said. "But aren't you dead already? The dead have no right to talk. I'll ask the Gestapo to put sentries on guard in the cemeteries of Verdun. We, Marshal Philippe Pétain, forbid the dead to carry on anti-German propaganda. I order . . ."

It is not the dead, but the living who are talking to Marshal Pétain. It is the French people who are talking. They are forging their weapons underground, and preparing their front. They are listening to the guns of Moscow—the hope of the world. The French people keep repeating two words: "Moscou tiendra"—"Moscow will hold out." Hitler has got no French "volunteers": a handful of thugs and pimps cannot be passed off as the French people. But listen, friends

—across the mountains, across the snow and across accursed Germany to Moscow come the words of the immortal “Marseillaise”:

Allons, enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!

November 28th, 1941.

DEATH TO THE TRAITORS

The first thing the Germans did when they occupied Russian towns was to set up a gallows: this was their way of compensating for the trees of the parks which had been cut down. Then they started “cultural work” and began publishing news-sheets. Base German lies were hastily translated into bad Russian. In the town of Stalino a Baltic German edited the *Donetz Messenger*, and in Kaluga a Rumanian pimp named Buziscu was editing a rag called *The New Path*. After organizing their press the Germans turned to industry and commerce.

At Dniepropetrovsk they announced: “We hope to get the factories in full working order by the spring of 1943.” The factories are standing idle. The machinery has been evacuated and there are no raw materials. And long before any raw materials are available the inhabitants of Dniepropetrovsk will have forgotten all about the abominable months under the German yoke. The talk about getting the factories going is just words. On the other hand, something has got to be done to re-establish private enterprise and trade.

They begin with industry. In the town of Stalino, two swindlers, “Messrs. Sergienko and Žaharov,” as they are called in the local sheet, have opened an establishment for the production of “fruit drinks and aerated waters.” There is nothing to eat in the town, but a couple of crooks bottle some water, add a little powder—and long live private enterprise!

Trade? Of course! True, there is nothing to trade with. But furniture can be taken out of the houses and furniture shops can be opened. When the Germans were occupying Kaluga, a German named Drinker opened a smart shop in the Kutuzovskaya Street in which he sold stolen mattresses, purloined lamps and abandoned arm-chairs. There were no buyers, but the Commandant recommended Drinker as “a respectable tradesman.”

For their news-sheets, gallows, aerated waters and shops stocked with stolen property the Germans need people. Only a few thousand traitors have been found in our boundless country. They have

become "burgomasters," "bailiffs," informers and prison warders. A man sells pineapple juice in the morning and hangs people in the evening; another writes articles for the German rag in the morning and denunciations in the evening.

When the Red Army approaches a German-occupied town thousands of prisoners are wild with joy. Russian children laugh and Russian women bless their liberators. But the traitors rush about in terror, swarm on to the German lorries and beg the Germans to take them along with them.

In destroying the German butchers, we shall not forget their lackeys. These Judases shall not escape death. It will be of no avail to them to run into the forests. The Russian forests hide our guerillas, and they will give up the traitors. "Hang Iscariot on the aspen-tree!" cries the voice of Russia. Despicable creature, you are a Russian, you spoke our language, you called your mother by the Russian word "Mama," you ate Russian bread and you sold yourself to the Germans. There is no judgment stern enough for you. Our people who have been hanged by the Germans point their finger at you. The dead are hunting you down. The burned and devastated towns demand your death.

January 4th, 1942.

THE NEW KEPT WOMAN

A short time ago the Germans could not speak too highly of the Rumanians. Hitler promised Antonescu a good half of the Ukraine. The Rumanian mountebank put up his price and demanded the Kuban. Goebbels wrote that the Rumanians were super-Aryans, a blend of the Emperor Trajan and the Twelve Muses.

They drove the Rumanians to the front. After that, in the words of the children's song, all that was left of the Rumanians was their little hands and their little feet. The Germans took the boots off their feet, and Hitler gave up talking about "Great Rumania." When Hitler hires a new "ally," he pretends to be generous, promising the best of everything. When the "allies" have nobody left but cripples, Hitler drives them out of his yard.

Thanks to us the Rumanians have reached the end of their tether. Hitler needs a new batch of cannon fodder. So far, the Hungarians have sent only a part of their divisions to the front. So Hitler has to turn his hyena-like smile on the Hungarians. He can promise them not only the Kuban, but the Volga. Goebbels is already preparing his next announcement: the Hungarians will turn out to be super-super-Aryans—by King Stephen out of a Valkyrie.

Germany's commercial-traveller-in-chief, von Ribbentrop, has arrived in Budapest. Once upon a time he used to sell doctored champagne, but now he deals in cannon fodder.

The Hungarians haggle. The Kuban is a long way off, but there's a nice slice of Rumanian Transylvania next door. The Germans will not scruple to betray the Rumanians to the Hungarians—Hitler doesn't stand on ceremony with his cast-off whores. He needs soldiers. To hell with the Rumanian cripples! Long live Hungarian cannon fodder! As a consolation for Antonescu, Hitler has given him a present of a new Mercedes.

However, among the cars abandoned by the Germans near Kaluga we have seen a good many Mercedes cars, so General Antonescu is not likely to get very far. It is to be presumed that the Hungarian Horthy will be more cunning and stand out for a Messerschmidt together with a good supply of petrol.

January 10th, 1942.

THE DISILLUSIONMENT OF A HIRELING

Lieutenant Jorge Mercadel is a well-trained Fascist and a true disciple of the Berlin butchers. Jorge had killed a good many Spaniards in his native country, but he wanted to extend his sphere of activity. The Germans told him that in Russia he would be able to kill and loot in comfort. Jorge was naïve enough to believe them, and made the long trip from Spain to the Volkhov front.

At the end of November he was in high spirits—busy guzzling himself and smoking cigars. He notes with satisfaction in his diary that his tommy-gunners are firing at the Russians. Captain Alba has praised him, and he is in the seventh heaven of delight. On December 7th, however, his mood undergoes a sudden change. He writes:

“The situation has become unbearable. In the evening we were ordered by Colonel Esparsa to evacuate our positions. We are moving at 9 p.m., abandoning everything we possess.”

This change-over is fascinating: only a short while ago everything was *couleur de rose*, and all of a sudden “the situation has become unbearable.” The Russians suddenly rose and smote the Fascists, and it is clear that Lieutenant Mercadel did not expect such an affront. The gallant lieutenant abandoned his mortar, but got away safe and sound. For a little while his escape consoles him:

“The retreat is being carried out successfully,” he writes, “although it pains me to look at the few soldiers who have remained alive—

they can hardly crawl. The men are poorly clad, exhausted and dying of cold and hunger. I am in command of the remnants of the 1st and 3rd platoons—fifty men—they are not soldiers but trash, and trash without any guts or ammunition. Only eight belts to five machine-guns.”

The lieutenant is particularly concerned about his own position. What can he say of the soldiers when he has become lousy himself?

“We haven’t had a wash for a month. My socks and boots are in holes. I’m crawling with lice.”

This is quite a familiar picture: lice are no respecters of persons. They will feed on a Prussian baron and a Spanish hidalgo.

On December 22nd Jorge goes into raptures. The poor mutt is promised that he will be sent home in the middle of January. He writes:

“This news has had such an effect on me that I have been singing.”

But the little bird sang too soon: the good news is followed by an unpleasant bombardment. Jorge gets a shivering fit, and for the first time he has his doubts about the invincibility of his Berlin masters:

“A German sapper officer told me that Brauchitsch has been dismissed and that Hitler himself is now in charge of operations. This is a bad sign.”

A few days later Jorge writes something which is altogether unexpected: “The fighting spirit of our division is now directed entirely against the Germans.”

The Hitlerites seem to have given themselves a lot of trouble for nothing. They brought the Spaniards to fight the Russians and it turns out that all the Spaniards are now longing for is to have a crack at the Germans.

While the Spanish Falangists are pouring out the vials of their wrath on the Germans, the Russians are advancing. Jorge notices that the Germans are on the run, so without more ado he starts running himself. When he manages to get his breath back, he takes out his diary and writes:

“At the present moment the Spanish division is in a state of chaos. Its units are shattered. There is no fighting spirit and no ammunition. No confidence in the commanders. The commanders themselves are absolutely incompetent. Our General Queipo de Llano was quite right when he wrote to one of my men: ‘I have lost faith in Spain and her leaders.’ The ‘Blue Division’ came here to glorify Spain. The very opposite has happened—the whole world sees our disgrace.

I myself am ashamed, although I console myself with the thought that not all Spaniards are such savages."

Lieutenant Jorge does not only console himself with thoughts: on December 23rd he "requisitioned some chickens and managed to get some brandy." His sense of shame doesn't prevent him from having a drink on Christmas Day. Finally, on December 26th, he is told: "You will be relieved at four o'clock, and the division will return to Spain." Jorge is delighted. He forgets all about his military ardour, the "glory" of the Falange and the requisitioning of chickens. He is anxious to get back home, as far away as possible from the Russian shells. However, a just fate intervenes. Lieutenant Jorge Mercadel, who came on a visit to Russia to kill and plunder, was himself killed on December 27th, near the Krasny Udarnik (Red-Shock Brigadier) State farm.

We know that "not all Spaniards are such savages" as Jorge. We will never mistake the officers of the "Blue Division" for the noble Spanish people. The Germans drove the scum of Spain to Russia. But even this scum revolts against its masters. Even the "Blue Division" longs to get even with the Germans. They hated the Germans and were afraid of them as long as they were winning. They still hate them, but they no longer fear them. Perhaps tomorrow the soldiers of the "Blue Division" will think out the best way to use their eight ammunition-belts and five machine-guns. "Beat the Boche!"—these three words are now understood by all the peoples of Europe. They will all rally to this slogan. And the entire world will acclaim that nation which shall not only be the first to say "Beat the Boche" but set about doing it in earnest.

January 9th, 1942.

MOJHAISK-PARIS

The ex-Frenchman Jacques Doriot, Ober-leutnant of the German Army, has returned to Paris. He has returned straight from Mojhaisk. When he was asked why he had come back, he said: "I need a rest." Naturally, he didn't mention that he had been obliged to clear out of Mojhaisk. Jacques Doriot never says: "They took me by the scruff of the neck." He prefers polite circumlocutions such as: "They handed me my overcoat."

Having rested after his long and somewhat hasty journey, Herr Doriot told the Press: "The Germans are not retreating on the eastern front. They are deliberately withdrawing their advanced lines." This Franco-German has a very neat way of expressing

himself. He never scuttled back to Paris and Abetz. Of course not. He deliberately withdrew from Mojhaïsk to Paris on purpose.

No need to teach Doriot anything about withdrawal. He is renegade by nature, traitor by profession and Judas by inspiration. I have seen him with German officers in Paris. He was all over them. He filled them up with vintage Burgundy and took them on a personally conducted tour of the brothels. He helped them to arrest the French patriots. Judas Iscariot's price was thirty pieces of silver. Jacques Doriot is far more accommodating; he accepts occupation marks.

At Mojhaïsk there are some German crosses which bear French names. Jacques Doriot and his pal, the experienced horse-thief Pierre Laval, managed to collect a few thousand French underworld specimens. This collection of apaches and pimps they called a "Legion," and sent them to Mojhaïsk to take Moscow. They were incorporated in the 7th German division, and the German General von Hablenz grunted with satisfaction: "Franzosen? Very good! We have already taken France. Donnerwetter! Now let the Frenchmen take Moscow for us." The betrayers of France fought in German uniforms, and they are buried under German crosses adorned with the swastika.

In a village near Mojhaïsk the women collective farmers said to me: "We had Frenchmen quartered on us. They plundered us."

I said: "You mean Germans?"

"No," they said, "they were Frenchmen. They kept shouting: 'M'sieu, m'sieu!'"

"No, my dears," I said, "those weren't Frenchmen. Real Frenchmen detest the Germans the same as we do. The Germans have robbed, burnt and drowned France in blood. The people you had quartered on you were scum. They were born in France, but they betrayed their country."

The women collective farmers understood. "Just like our headman," they said.

When Ober-leutnant Jacques Doriot walks the streets of Paris, he has a couple of German police to protect his despicable existence from a French bullet.

The real France was not at Mojhaïsk, nor did it march against Moscow. It is preparing for another campaign, the goal of which is Paris. The vow of every Frenchman is to liberate his great city from the German violators. In France the Germans don't hang people—they behead them. Every day they are executing French

patriots. When they led the French Deputy, Gabriel Péri, to the scaffold, he cried out: "I die for France!" and his companions sang the "Marseillaise" a few moments before their death.

The real France is now destroying its woollen sweaters and socks so that the Germans may freeze without them in Vyazma. The real France is now sabotaging production in the factories and spoiling aircraft engines so that the crews of the Luftwaffe may crash in the Crimea. The real France is picking off the Fritzes, so that there may be fewer German butchers in Kiev and Minsk. The real France is fighting under the command of General de Gaulle against the Germans. They are our allies and our friends.

January 30th, 1942.

CENTURIONS AND FOREIGN CURRENCY

Mussolini recently declared: "The Italian Expeditionary Corps in Russia has covered itself with imperishable laurels. Posterity will speak with admiration of the heroic deeds of our legionaries."

We do not know exactly what posterity will say, but the orders of the Italian High Command are quite eloquent about the heroic deeds of the Italian troops in Russia.

We seldom see any mention of Italian units in the communiqués. One might think there were no Italians in Russia or that they had become worn out. But the Italians are definitely at the front and losing no time either. What is it these laurel-crowned warriors are doing in the occupied Ukraine? The answer to this question is given by Signor Giovanni Messe, Commander of the I.E.C.R.—the Italian Expeditionary Corps in Russia:

"Soldiers of all ranks of the I.E.C.R. are forbidden to engage in commercial activities, such as trading with Italians, soldiers of other nationalities, or the population of occupied territory.

"Soldiers of the I.E.C.R. are forbidden to buy or sell foreign currency."

So their "heroic deeds" consist in buying and selling, speculating in foreign currency and carrying on petty trading! The Italian colonel tries to cheat the German Ober-leutnant: he sells him a stolen fur coat and buys stolen bacon. The Italian major buys boots from the Hungarians and disposes of them to the Rumanian quartermaster. The laurel-crowned Black-shirts go about the streets of Ukrainian towns, shouting: "I'm selling liras! I'm selling marks! Leis at low rates! I buy dollars!"

After making a few successful deals, the glorious legionaries send

a telegram to Rome at the Government's expense: "We came. We saw. We conquered."

However, the Italians are not always given up to buying and selling. At times they manifest real contempt for money. Why bother about money, when they have imperishable laurels? They don't buy from the population: they magnanimously take. The following document speaks for itself. It is a list of the names of collective farmers in the village of Orlovo-Ivanovka with notes in Italian in the margin. They were made by the open-handed Commander of the 79th battalion of the "Celere Division." The notes are monotonously similar: "Una vacca" or "2 vacche"—"One cow," "2 cows." You mustn't think that the Commander of the 79th battalion stooped to trade. No, he did nothing calculated to lower the honour of the Black-shirts: instead of buying the cows, he took them for nothing.

Returning to Italy after their "heroic" adventures, the Italian officers take with them their imperishable laurels, that is to say, all sorts of property stolen from Russia. Travelling with heavy luggage is not easy in wartime. As a reward for its brave heroes, the High Command of the I.E.C.R. has issued the following order:

"Generals and colonels who are leaving for home may take their orderlies with them. Other officers must ask for special permission."

A hero can get along much better with an orderly. With an orderly he can even export a milch cow, to say nothing of an upright piano.

But, you may say, they can't always be trading in foreign currency and stealing cows. They must do some fighting in the intervals. Well, here are some examples of the military exploits of the Black-shirts.

The colonel in command of the 3rd regiment of Bersaglieri, Signor Aminto Caretto, reports that Bersagliere Stella Sevinò di Giovanni of the Staff Company distinguished himself as follows:

"Taking advantage of the temporary absence of the officers' orderlies, he occupied the premises set aside for officers and declared that he was going to carry out sentry duty near the two buildings situated close by. On being ordered to return to his section, he did not obey and was again discovered in the same room, sitting in his shirt and writing a private letter."

Here is an exploit of another Bersagliere, Ladesio Cesare di Giuseppe:

"Stole 28 kilos of pork from the army administration." You need to know from whom to steal.

Gentile Mario, the centurion of machine-gun squad 63 of the

motor-mechanized legion of Black-shirts, reported on December 20th an exploit of one of the legionaries:

“Manzone Vittorio shot at the birds near the house.”

No doubt Manzone Vittorio shot at the birds. But who was he expected to shoot at? The Russians? Far too dangerous! The Russians might do a bit of shooting in return, whereas a bird is a tactful creature—you shoot at it, and away it flies.

This is how Benito Mussolini's invincible legionaries live and labour in Russia. The only thing that bothered them was the frost. But the proud Romans soon settled that. Here is what Centurion Gentile Mario wrote in his diary:

“Frost-bite is a crime, for which the frost-bitten themselves will be held responsible.”

No doubt there were no more cases of frost-bite after that. And now the weather has got warmer. The Neapolitans are flourishing, hawking eggs and cotton. The Florentines, speculating in Rumanian leis, are dreaming of mandolines and beautiful girls. Crop-eared Mussolini has declared: “I feel an unusual accession of strength and vigour with the coming of spring. I even want to start singing like a little bird.”

All very nice for the fifteen-stone little bird in Rome, but not so nice for his legionaries in Russia.

Hark! What's that? The centurion has gone white as a sheet. The Bersagliere has forgotten all about the rate of exchange of pengos and leis. The little Black-shirt has dropped his basket of eggs. There's a rumble of guns in the distance. Centurion asks centurion: “What's that?” “The Russians!” comes the reply.

Spring may turn out to be a most unpleasant season for heroes who are crowned with laurels. They will have to take to their heels—without orderlies, without baggage, without foreign currency. And then perhaps the Bersaglieri will ask their songster Duce: “What was the good of the laurels! What was the good of being centurions? What was the good of sending us to the world's end? We could just as well have hawked cotton and changed marks for lire at home in Naples with Chinese crackers and no guns.”

March 4th, 1941.

HIRELINGS

Hitler buys cannon fodder wholesale and retail. Rumanians, Italians and Finns have been bought wholesale. But Hitler also hires individual criminals and down-and-outs. His recruiting agents are everywhere. Quisling hires the scum of Norway; the local

Fascist, the Rexist Degrelle, hires them in Belgium; the agents of the "National-Socialist Party" hire them in Holland; Pavelich, the criminal Premier, hires them in Croatia. Hitler talks about a "crusade," but his representatives are more concerned with what they are going to get in the way of francs, pesetas, kronen or gulden.

In Spain the recruiting sergeant was hunger. General Franco's brother-in-law, Serrano Suñer, sang the praises of the "spirit of the new Europe" to the poor wretches. But the candidates were mainly interested in what they were going to get to eat. The "volunteers" were promised a lump sum of 1,000 pesetas, generous allowances to their families and good wages—60 marks for an unmarried man and 90 marks for a married man.

Hitler succeeded in collecting some 15,000 heads. Law students and shoeblacks are the two professions most frequently encountered in the ranks of the "Blue Division." The first-named belong to the "Señoritos"—they are ne'er-do-wells, who lounged about the café terraces for years on end. As for the shoeblacks, they are not proud and the shortage of boot-polish has had a considerable effect on a corporation which used to be very flourishing in Spain.

In the middle of July, the "Blue Division" set out for the north. At the French frontier the hirelings saw a placard: "The German Army welcomes the Spanish volunteers." The French also "welcomed" the Falangists; they pelted their carriages with stones. The situation reached such a pitch that the warriors of the "Blue Division" had recourse to their firearms and attacked the French on the station platform.

Far more cordial was the reception in the little Bavarian town of Grafenwert where they even gave sausages to the Spaniards. The "volunteers" were found to include a considerable number of V.D. cases. Some 350 law students had to be sent back to Spain. The rest got busy, and soon all the mamas of Grafenwert were wailing to heaven—a dozen or more local Gretchens had been raped by the intrepid Falangists.

On July 31st the Spanish hirelings took the oath of allegiance to Hitler. On this occasion the Commander of the "Blue Division," General Muñoz Grande, made a moving speech. "All we desire," he said, "is that among the silent graves in the Russian steppes there should be Spanish graves as well." (His desire was soon fulfilled.)

The Spaniards were driven from Suvalki to Novgorod. This took them forty-seven days. At that time Hitler still had plenty of soldiers and was in no hurry. The Germans decided they were not

going to waste any fuel, so they made the Falangists go on foot. The result of this little trek was that 800 Spaniards fell out of the ranks. Besides fatigue, the attitude of the Poles also had its effect on the preliminary losses of the "Blue Division." The Falangists were received even less politely in Poland than they had been in France. There were many cases of Polish peasants assaulting Spanish "volunteers."

In the middle of October the hirelings hobbled up to the front at last. Wet snow was already falling. The German Command allotted the Lake Ilmen region to the chilly Andalusians.

In the first two months the "Blue Division" lost 7,000 men. Some of them were the victims of artillery fire, others were killed in our counter-attacks. Some died of cold. The Russian guerillas also took their toll.

The Germans clothed the hirelings even worse than their own troops, and fed them on garbage. In an order of December 4th the Germans required the Spaniards to eat bad meat: "Tinned food which has fermented is not to be thrown away."

One day Colonel Pimentel said to his men: "Tell the truth. You're getting bad food. And you're getting bad food because those sons of bitches, the Germans, don't give us anything else."

Among themselves the "volunteers" make extensive use of the language of signs: "Captain Garcia gave Amilcar several slaps in the face." "An N.C.O. gave Flecha several kicks, so that he fell down and howled." "Salgado bashed his face till it bled." "The men were beaten for upsetting the cauldron in the kitchen." "Lieutenant Matamorgos lost his fountain-pen, and said he would not let anyone out of barracks till it was found. Useda whistled, not because he was disrespectful, but because he was surprised, and Captain Garson hit him on the head several times with his riding whip."

The bravery of this band of warriors can be judged from the following note: "A horse galloped into the camp. Two men were so surprised that they dropped their rifles. The colonel was furious and called our battalion 'a mob of old women.'"

It is not surprising that the Spaniards sustained heavy losses in their very first actions. The "Blue Division" had to be withdrawn to the rear. Fresh hirelings were sent out from Spain, after a few more million pesetas had been distributed. Now the "Blue Division" is back at the front again. The new recruits are hardly likely to be any more fortunate than the original skirmishers. The number of "silent graves" will go on increasing.

A good many people have been busy recruiting for Hitler in France; they include the renegade Doriot, Marcel Déat, the "Cagoulard" Deloncle, and the turncoat Colonel Labonne. The "volunteers" were promised a lump sum of 2,000 francs or 100 occupation marks, and their wages were fixed at 60 marks a month.

The Germans not only lured Frenchmen with money. They promised the "volunteers" they would liberate their relations who were in German concentration camps. The father of Légionnaire François Robin wrote to him: "Guy's address is Gefangenenummer 99,844, Stalag XI, Deutschland. He will be glad you have set him free." His mother added: "I have written to the manager of the Parti Populaire Français (Doriot's party) to ask what steps have to be taken for the release of Guy now that you have joined up. Guy's last letter was far from cheerful. He said it would be a couple of years before he gets back."

Hitler says: "Do you want me to let Guy out of his cell? Very well, go and die for me." François Robin was in fact killed near Mojhaik. Who knows where Guy is now?

In August 5,000 hirelings were gathered together at Versailles. Laval presented a banner to the Légionnaires. As everybody knows, one of them paid him back with a bullet.

After this incident a hundred Legionaries were pulled in by the Gestapo; the rest were sent off to Poland. On the way there German maidens in the French town of Troyes regaled the hirelings with ersatz coffee. The French were not allowed to stay in Germany, but were taken to a camp at Deba near Cracow. The French Fascists remember the Poles with terror. One of them writes: "We have come to a hostile country."

On October 16th the Legionaries were lined up. A General with the melodious name of von Haum had arrived from Breslau. He administered the oath. The French repeated the words: "I solemnly swear that I will obey Adolf Hitler unconditionally."

There was no lack of guests. De Brinon, who bears the somewhat humorous title of "Ambassador of the French Government in Paris," arrived on October 26th. He advised the Legionaries to fight courageously for Germany.

Among various incidents in the camp was the suicide of one of the Legionaries and the arrest of four others. A certain Grislac made notes of the Legionaries' military exploits as follows: "A Legionary stole a pork cutlet. Lieutenant Schule gave him a good thrashing."

At last the Legionaries were incorporated in the 7th infantry

division of the German Army. The Divisional Commander, General von Hablenz, barked: "Forward—to Moscow!"

The Legionaries were driven towards Mojhaïsk. They did not spend more than ten days in the front line. At the beginning of December they were severely battered. The Legion lost half its strength, and was transferred to the rear. "Lieutenant" Doriot was dispatched in great haste to Paris to recruit new men.

At the beginning of February a large consignment of cannon fodder was sent from Paris to the East. Shortly afterwards "Lieutenant" Doriot also arrived at Smolensk.

The French Legion now finds itself side by side with the "Blue Division." The Germans have also sent a battalion of hired Dutch mercenaries there. It is one of the most difficult sectors of the front, and the Germans want to build a dam with the corpses of their hirelings.

But who are these Frenchmen, who have decided to die for the oppressors of France? Take Basil Grislac for instance. A testimonial supplied by a commercial firm states that he was born in Rumania and is a Spanish subject. A certificate issued by Doriot declares that Basil Grislac is a "true Frenchman." Finally, the registers of the Command of the 7th German division state that "Legionary of the 2nd Class" Grislac is a German soldier.

Grislac's first act after getting his certificate from Doriot was to rush to a *tabac*, where, as a Legionary, he was given a packet of cigarettes.

François Robin was a student from Bordeaux. He was a ne'er-do-well and a mother's darling. His aunt wrote to him: "You have had three mothers and all of them spoilt you. So what's going to become of you in the war?" His father gave him some practical advice: "Your health is delicate. Try to eat as much chicken as you can." The old man evidently realized those who were marching to the East were not crusaders, but chicken-eaters.

Robin tried to talk about "ideas." But he was just a fool. On October 30th in Brest-Litovsk he saw how the German soldiers murdered Soviet prisoners of war. Calmly he wrote in his diary: "They shot over a hundred prisoners. Then our train moved off." When Robin got to the front, even his handwriting changed. "This is a serious business!" he wrote, and a day later: "What frightful cold! The Russians keep firing all the time. Henri's been killed."

Robin had a friend, a certain Kertillian who wrote to him: "You now belong to the most glorious army in the world." Yes, this masochistic Frenchman worships the German Army which has

trampled on France. Naturally, Kertillian ends his letter with the unnatural words: "I shake your hand, my dear Légionnaire, and I shout with you: 'Heil Hitler! Vive Pétain!'"

It should be mentioned, however, that not all Robin's friends are equally delighted at his role. Kertillian tells him: "Our Anglo-phils haven't changed, alas! They are trying to turn defeats of the Russians into victories. Fournier does nothing but talk about the millions of German corpses. It goes without saying that people like that are incapable of understanding you. But why talk about such nincompoops?"

Légionnaire Henri Noisat was connected with the Cagoullards and the German Intelligence Service. His girl friend Sophie Willimir recently migrated from France to Thuringia. She never failed to end her letters to Henri with the words: "Deutschland über Alles" and the sign of the swastika.

His sister Geneviève related how one of the Cagoullard Deloncle's gangs bumped off Bernard Bosch, who was suspected of anti-Fascist views: "They got him near the tomb of the Unknown Warrior."

Henri's brother is the Cagoullards' boss in the town of Lagny. He wrote; "You appear to be in an excellent frame of mind. This is understandable, as you know what you are fighting for. But we still haven't received your pay. We mustn't let this slip. I have written to Vollet, the Chief of the Battalion. If the money doesn't come, I'll write again. Vollet answered me that if we are molested by the Communists, de Gaullists, or Jews, he will come to our rescue. But my own rubber truncheon is not lying idle. These blackguards have torn down our placard: 'Victory over Bolshevism.' Berlin has just made a special announcement on the radio: the Russians have been definitely annihilated. Evidently you'll be there in time for the end. You'll do some mopping up. There's sure to be plenty to mop up there."

It is the Russians who are now doing the mopping up. They are clearing the fields of the corpses of the motley gang of Fascists.

The day will come when Hitler's tyranny will end. The liberated peoples of Europe will revere their heroes and martyrs. But who will remember the hirelings? In free Madrid they will curse the names of the young gentlemen who cleaned the boots of German officers. Paris will repudiate Robin and Noisat. It will also repudiate the doddering Marshal who invited "Lieutenant" Doriot to his table and sent telegrams of congratulation to the traitor Labonne.

People sometimes talk about a "Fascist idealist." This is a contradiction in terms. There can be no Fascist idealists any more than

there can be noble executioners, disinterested robbers or inspired mercenaries. Fascism is not an ideal, it is the lowest condition of man, brutalization, demoralization and vice. Slaves or hirelings, they all have the same value. Some were driven by force, others were lured with doubtful paper-money or stolen bacon.

In 1812 the Russian people talked of the "invasion by twelve languages." Now the motley hirelings from many nations speak the same simplified language: "Give me a chicken, stand against the wall, take off your felt boots, the gallows, Heil Hitler!" If we make no addition to our oath "Death to the German invaders!" it is because the Italian Black-shirts, Antonescu's Rumanians, Mannerheim's Finns, the Spanish Falangists, the French Légionnaires, and the Belgian "Flanders" and "Walloon" battalions are not regarded by the Russians as the representatives of other nations, but as German invaders of the "second class."

March 11th, 1942.

SPRING DAYS

Up till this winter Hitler used to tell his soldiers that they were invincible the whole year round. The Fritzes believed him, as was to be expected of Fritzes. Such was the origin of the myth of the "invincibility" of the German Army. This myth has long been buried underneath the snow. Hitler now tells the German soldiers that they are invincible in the spring and summer. This is merely an ersatz myth.

Why does Hitler shout about operations in the spring? Because he has got to pacify his people. Germania is an exceedingly nervous lady. She needs to have reports of victories and consignments of booty every day. But in the last four months the nervous lady has been getting nothing but black-edged envelopes. Germania has fallen into hysterics. It is impossible to quiet her with soothing syrup. She must have victories. So Hitler, the horse-leech, whispers: "We'll be victorious in the spring."

The German newspapers describe at length what the Germans intend to do in the East. Why are they so talkative? When Hitler was preparing to attack Russia, he kept silent. He made no boast of the number of divisions that had been sent to the Russian frontier, nor did he breathe a word about when or where he intended to move. If the men were inquisitive, the officers answered that it was a military secret. But this time Hitler announces his intentions beforehand. He indicates the front to which he has sent this or that Field-Marshal. He shows his cards to everybody.

He was already shouting about victories in the spring at the beginning of January. He wanted to drown the whisper of the disillusioned German women, and the murmurs of the benumbed, worn-out German soldiers. He wanted to drown the silence of the German graves. His words were meant for the rear and the neutral countries. He wanted to frighten the world. But December has had its effect and the world has grown wiser.

We know that the German Army is still strong and numerous. Hitler has called up the German workers and replaced them with foreign slaves: Italians, Slovaks, Frenchmen, Belgians, prisoners of war and convicts. He has mobilized the seventeen- and fifteen-year-olds. He has recruited new mercenaries. He has sent decorations alternating with abusive letters to his vassals, demanding cannon fodder. He has scraped together a number of new divisions which represent no small strength, but they are ersatz divisions. We will count them, like newly hatched chickens, when the autumn comes.

The half-frozen, lice-ridden Fritzes of the winter remain Hitler's best troops. They are his "old guard." They are cut-throats, who have known the delight of easy victories in western Europe, eaten French bread and drunk Greek wine. They are regular soldiers who are accustomed to obey implicitly. They are the generation which Hitler himself has reared, beasts of prey without any conscience, his own special pride. Hitherto they have fought stubbornly. They counter-attack and defend themselves desperately in the occupied towns. But every day they grow fewer. They were the first to come to Russia and they will be the first to disappear.

An epidemic of doubt has broken out even among the picked Nazis. The winter has left its mark on them and they have begun to think. I saw one prisoner who had bound a pair of riding-breeches round his head as a protection against the cold. He told me he didn't salute his lieutenant, as it was rather awkward to put his hand up to the riding breeches and even the lieutenant turned away. This may seem to be a trifle, but it had a serious effect on Fritz, for it started him thinking. He ceased to feel he was a cog in an enormous machine. For the first time thoughts began to sprout in his head and he gave himself up to the Russians. There will be more and more men like him. The spring sun will warm the bodies of the German soldiers, but it will not affect the vast chill in their hearts. When a man thinks, he grows. When a Nazi soldier begins to think, he dies. What about the seventeen-year-olds? We'll see how these bumptious youngsters, brought up on hundredweights of conceit and ounces of bread, will stand our roads, forests and

nights. As for the fifty-year-olds, they know the way to Russia. And they also know the way out of Russia. They remember 1918. Many of them have fought against Hitler. He has conquered but not convinced them.

The Rumanians are more concerned about Oradea Mare than about Oreanda in the Crimea. The Slavs don't want to fight against their fellow-Slavs of Russia. Pimps are not made for machine-gun fire, and Doriot's and Serrano Suñer's thugs are not the sort that capture towns.

Hitler has taken German divisions from France, Holland, Norway and Greece and transferred them to the East. But in the occupied countries the struggle of the subjugated peoples against their oppressors is beginning to flare up. The people of Britain and America are demanding the opening of a second front. They realize that in war delay is tantamount to death, that it is good to attack the rear, but that the rear can never take the place of the front, and that while it is possible to bury Hitler on one's own, it is better to defeat him jointly. The British see that the Atlantic coast has been practically emptied of Germans. The British have not only sharp eyes, but a navy and army as well.

We know that the Germans have accumulated a great many tanks. But didn't the Germans have tanks in December? The Red Army has mastered tank warfare and has also found a weapon against tanks. The German tank attacks may be even more furious, but they won't last so long. All the German Generals are now busy praising the merits of the horse. One of them even became quite sentimental in an order, in which he referred to Russian horses: "The Russian horse is an intelligent and patient animal." Where do the Germans get this affection for horses? The answer is simple enough: tanks are voracious monsters and the Germans are short of fuel. Of course, they can talk about Baku, but talk won't turn their engines over. As for tanks, we have not been making saucepans and cigarette-lighters during the winter, nor have the British been sending us pipes and cakes. If we keep silent about the operations in the spring, it is only because we are at war. We don't want to frighten the Germans; we want to annihilate them. But where, how and when is a matter for our Command.

The Germans are certain not to enjoy our spring. In a fortnight's time they will start complaining of the thaw, and write pathetic articles about the bad state of the roads. They will sneeze, cough and swear. It is to be hoped that when they sneeze they will retreat, and that many a German gun will get stuck in the spring mud.

Hitler says that "real operations will begin in the spring." He is deceiving his people: military operations have not ceased for a single day. More Germans died in March than in December. No doubt, it is better to go over dry land than over the snow or the April mud.

The enemy will make another attempt to test our strength and resolution. He will haul into action his lousy veterans and his fresh old men, his tanks and his aircraft. But we won't let him advance. We have learnt to go forward and we have no intention of letting the Germans burn our villages and torture our children. We have paid dearly for the land we have liberated. We will not surrender it. It is we who will advance.

Hitler says that the Germans were beaten in the winter but they will be invincible in the spring. These are the mere tatters of an exploded myth. We will strip it even of its rags and show the world that Germans can die just as well in the spring. We will show them that we can thrash them in all seasons.

April 2nd, 1942.

LAVAL & CO.

Having handed over the reins of government to the thief Laval, Marshal Pétain humbly celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday. His great-grandchildren rummaged a long time in Vichy for eighty-six candles, to adorn the birthday cake, but the shopkeepers wearily explained that the last candle had long since been exported to Germany. Since Marshal "We, Philippe Pétain" began his reign, the hungry German rats have eaten France out of house and home.

It was an empty, starving and indignant country that fell into Laval's hands. But with it he acquired warships and African bases. In this way this old, seasoned prostitute was able to pass himself off as a bride with a good dowry. He lost no time in forming a "cabinet" and then made a speech to the nation. Once upon a time this thief had a vigorous voice. But on this occasion he spoke in flat tones which, from time to time, betrayed his anxiety. No one could suspect Laval of harbouring any public-spirited sentiments. The tremor in his voice must be attributed to vulgar fear. Although he used to be black as a crow, he has grown grey during the last year. The bullet fired at him at Versailles has had its effect: the traitor has had the fright of his life.

The *Berliner Boersenzeitung* writes: "Laval is the ground on which National-Socialist Germany can offer its hand to vanquished France." And how! Alexandre Dumas, referring to the bed of a famous courtesan of the Second Empire, said: "This is the public

place where the baron shakes hands with his lackey who has grown rich."

Laval said in his speech: "I don't feel conquered." He could say that sincerely, for in all his political career he has known no greater victory than the defeat of France. I saw Laval during the days of the capitulation. He was beaming like a man celebrating his birthday. You might have thought it was he who had taken Paris. In his speech to the nation he appealed to the peasants to plough and sow for the Germans: "I ask you to work on the land with the same energy with which you will defend it." It should be remembered that Laval is a lawyer by profession as well as a crook by nature. After betraying France to the enemy, he calmly talks about "defending the country." Whom is it he wants to defend France against? The French people, de Gaulle's army and the allies of France.

On top of this, the thief appeals to the workers. He says nothing about his profits, nor does he mention that even Goering looks with respect at Laval's hands and murmurs: "Donnerwetter! That Frenchman knows how to snaffle millions as easily as a girl picks forget-me-nots!" No, Laval spoke to the French workers about "justice." According to him, the "New Order" is the same as Socialism. Perhaps you didn't know what Socialist justice was? Very well, Laval will explain it to you. "True Socialism" means 300,000 French children who have perished since the defeat of France because there has not even been a turnip for them to eat. "True Socialism" means Laval's revenues—he has rounded off his estate since the defeat of France. It means profits for Schneider, who supplies Hitler with guns. It means more money for Leroy-Ladury who calls each day of the German occupation a lucky day.

Laval goes on to say: "In the new society liberty will be defended, respected and exalted." His speech was delivered to a musical accompaniment; meanwhile in Paris and St. Nazaire the Germans were "protecting, respecting and exalting liberty" by punctually shooting hostages.

Laval acknowledges that he has been unable to get any concessions for France out of his masters. Hitler is willing to feed Laval, but he's not going to show any indulgence to the French. A million and a half Frenchmen are still languishing in captivity. The Germans have no intention of setting them free, however much Laval may shout about "friendship." With Hitler friendship is friendship and service is service: it is French slaves that Germany needs.

Laval says that never in history has there been a more magnani-

mous conqueror than Hitler. The occupation of two-thirds of the country is a good example of Hitler's magnanimity. So is the plundering of France and the condemnation of its people to death by starvation. And what could be more magnanimous than the shooting of hostages, the torture chambers of the Gestapo and the extermination of the intelligentsia?

Laval is particularly pleased with Hitler's campaign in the East. It is not surprising that the Nazis, who are killing Russian children and boast of the bacon they filch as "the spoils of war," should become "the defenders of culture" in Laval's eyes. Laval himself would "defend culture" in the German way, if he were not such a coward. He prefers to collect millions as "the spoils of war" in France without Russian bombs and guerillas—the Versailles bullet was quite enough for him. But he has no objection to "supporting" Germany. His friend Marcel Déat proposes to send a French division to Russia. Laval will have no difficulty in recruiting one division, if only among his election agents, who are also purveyors of human livestock and organizers of local killings. But one division is hardly enough to satisfy the German Command.

Laval declares "he has always striven, like a man possessed, to bring about a *rapprochement* between France and Germany." This is merely a piece of boasting for the benefit of his master. Laval is not "a man possessed." He is a crook, and crooks are never possessed. Laval has served various masters. Seven years ago, when he saw that the Western Democracies, instead of taking the aggressors by the scruff of the neck, were talking to them about morality, he changed his livery. Now he says that "he has not submitted and is not submitting to any foreign influences." Perhaps he doesn't consider a fur coat from his master's back or a kick in the pants to be "influences"? Or maybe he regards the Nazis as his own Auvergnats and not as foreigners?

Laval has collected a band of worthy collaborators. Their names convey little to public opinion. They are business men, many of whom preferred to remain in the background. It must not be thought, however, that they are humble officials and political pawns. They are the General Staff of the Fifth Column who betrayed France.

The financial world is represented in Laval's Cabinet by two big bankers. Laval's old friend Leroy-Ladury, a banker who worked with Germany, has become Minister of Agriculture. Jacques Barnaud, stockbroker and a director of the Worms Bank, has been appointed "General Delegate for Franco-German relations"—

Laval has helped him to put his finger right inside the pie. Doriot is represented by the renegade Paul Marion. This man has belonged to all the parties in France. He used to recruit young thugs to beat up the girls who sold the newspapers of the Left. It is not surprising that Laval has put him at the head of the Ministry of Information and Press. The decrepit Academician Abel Bonnard has been appointed Minister of Education. When Bonnard was asked why he had been numbered among the Immortals of the Academy, he replied bashfully: "I'm a specialist in youth matters and I was once received by Hitler." Bonnard helped Doriot to recruit mercenaries for the "Legion" that was to fight the Russians. He gave glowing descriptions of life in the dug-outs. This "specialist in youth matters" forgot all about the time when he was a youth of military age himself. General Bridoux, the Secretary of State for War, has never distinguished himself in any military capacity. He surrendered to the Germans and was released by them as a man likely to be a serviceable emissary. Hitler had a personal talk with him, and the beaten general then began to serve the Führer and his prophet Laval with a willing conscience. The Secretary of State attached to the head of the Government is Fernand de Brinon, an old, confirmed traitor. As far back as 1930 he was already on friendly terms with Ribbentrop. When Hitler seized power, de Brinon immediately went to Berlin and Hitler emphasized his appreciation of him with the remark: "De Brinon is the only French journalist whom I receive." I hardly need mention that de Brinon was busy with anything but journalism. He began working with the German spy Abetz for the demoralization of France. On one occasion Abetz's wife remarked in embarrassment: "I'm in an awkward position—I don't know where my husband ends and de Brinon begins."

Another of Laval's Secretaries of State is Baron René de Benoît-Méchain, a writer without talent, whose past is distinctly peculiar. At one time he toyed with journalism and became a correspondent for the Hearst Press, but he never sent any cables to his papers, confining himself, instead, to stealing various pictures which had been acquired by Hearst. Then the Baron went in for music. He stole a number of manuscripts from French composers, and made a regular business out of it. Finally he transferred his allegiance to pure literature, became secretary of Grasset, the publisher, whom he proceeded to rob right and left. It is natural that Laval should repose confidence in such a man. I think that what may have appealed most of all to Laval in the life-story of Paul Marion, the "Minister of Information," was the fact that Paul took the wallet and gold

watch from the pocket of his dying father—the old Auvergnat horse-thief appreciates people of this stamp.

And so the new Cabinet is ready. The Germans pretend that it doesn't concern them and that it is a French internal affair. Having set up Laval as Gauleiter the Germans announce that he is France's choice. If France were able to choose, she would hang General von Stuelpnagel and Pierre Laval together on the same lamp-post. But France's hands are tied and her mouth is gagged. Hitler pays marks of attention to his Gauleiter. Thus, for instance, Admiral Darlan, the Commander-in-Chief of the absent French Army and of the French Navy, which is under German control, has been given the right to stay in Paris. The Germans have even put at his disposal the Élysée Palace, the former residence of the President of the Republic. It is not unlikely that Laval may get tired of Vichy and wheedle out of General von Stuelpnagel a boudoir at the Quai d'Orsay, which is at present occupied by the Gestapo.

What will the Germans demand in return for their favours? Some foreign newspapers write about Laval's Government as though it were the Government of an independent country. When Pétain was at the head of the Government, these newspapers said that Pétain was not Laval. Now they say that Laval is not von Stuelpnagel. Evidently they are able to understand even those subtle nuances which perplexed Frau Abetz.

Laval will do everything that Germany requires. The French Navy will be handed over to Germany by Laval, when Hitler finds it necessary. Perhaps Laval will pretend this is part of the struggle against de Gaulle.

In France itself Laval has increased the terror tenfold. There is now (April 1942) no difference between the occupied and unoccupied zones. It is not surprising that in Paris the Germans have permitted the distribution of newspapers published under Laval's censorship.

Unification of the censorship, unification of the police and unification of the executions—such is Laval's programme. The Germans are speeding him up: France is daily getting more and more restless. Field-Marshal von Rundstedt has now gone to Paris. Bartlett writes that it was von Rundstedt who insisted on the appointment of Laval. The German Field-Marshal is not interested in French political combinations, but in the security of the German rear. Before the war, the advertisement hoardings in London were covered every spring with placards inviting people to "spend the summer in the south of France." Do not these words find an echo in the heart of every British Tommy? Laval said in one speech: "It is now

springtime on this old earth, Will not springtime also come in the history of our country?" For a thief this is empty rhetoric. But there is not a single Frenchman who does not wonder how soon will dawn the new springtime for France.

April 22nd, 1942.

THE RAGGED ARMY

Six years ago Hitler declared that "only Germans would be given the noble right to die for Germany." He has now become less fastidious and is recruiting mercenaries wherever he can. His army is a mob of various nationalities. He has driven Andalusians to Volkhov, Norwegians into the steppes of the Ukraine, Hungarians into the Briansk forests, and Czechs into the Crimea. His soldiers are unable to understand one another. The only language common to all of them is the Prussian bludgeon.

Who is this fighting for Germany on the Leningrad front? Augustinus Hardstein, a soldier of the "Dutch Legion." He used to live in Amsterdam, till the Germans came and plundered what they had not destroyed. Augustinus looked in vain for work. He wanted to eat, so he sold his soul to the devil. The hireling was rejected by his father and spurned by his friends. The Germans gave him a bowl of soup and a pair of uniform trousers. What is he fighting for? For the bread which the Germans have taken from his mother.

Side by side with fair-haired Augustinus is dark-haired José Perez, a shoeblack who has since become a soldier in the "Blue Division." His brother was killed by the Fascists in 1936. The Germans gave José 1,000 pesetas, and he went off to die for Hitler. A woman in the street of his native town spat at him: "You Judas!" When the Spanish mercenaries were taken across France, the French threw stones at the windows of their carriages and shouted: "Death to the Fascists!" Crouching in the corner, the shoeblack began to wonder whether, after all, it was worth 1,000 pesetas to sell himself alive to Hitler. After the French stones came the Russian shells, and before he died José wrote to his mother: "We have been thoroughly taken in."

And here is a Frenchman, Claude Picard. He did not throw stones at the Falangists, but gave his services to Hitler. He is a soldier of the "French Legion" formed by the renegade Doriot. According to his papers, Picard was formerly a "commercial representative," but his notebook contains a number of entries which indicate a somewhat peculiar kind of trade: the names of

girls and a list of sailings of ships bound for Buenos Aires from Marseilles. Picard was a white-slave trafficker. He also dealt wholesale in obscene postcards and cocaine—a jack-of-all-trades. He might have become one of Laval's Ministers. He didn't get into the Cabinet, but attained the rank of senior corporal in the German Army. He used to sell girls, but the day came when he sold himself instead. What did Picard care about the murdered hostages, the plundered lands of France or the coffins of little children? He was given 2,000 francs and two packets of "Gauloise" cigarettes.

All the dregs of Europe, all the shady characters and criminals are now in the German Army. The Norwegian Beckstrom decided to become one of Quisling's thugs and joined a special school for police. He was fooled by the Germans, who told him that the "practical" course was going to take place in the Donetz Basin. They put Beckstrom into the "Viking Division." As soon as this Viking got a taste of Russian artillery fire, he put up his hands.

Peter Kursatz, a Pole, was a floor-cleaner in Berlin. He had served several sentences for theft. The gallant Peter set out for Staraya Russa to help General von Busch, got hold of some schnapps and came to his senses in captivity.

Johann Hiller has completely forgotten what his original nationality was. "It's of no importance to me," he told our Red Army men. "If your food is good and you pay me 100 marks a month, I'll fight for you."

"We are fighting for Greater Italy," said Mussolini. But this is not the opinion of Atilio Fornacciari, a Bersagliere of the "Celere Division." "What's the good of our fighting for Russian towns when the Germans have already occupied the whole of Italy?" he asked. "I believe Mussolini has been getting his palm greased by the Germans. But what about me? The major shouts: 'Forward!' but that's where the Russians are shooting from. Why should I go forward to certain death? And all for the Germans? They're a lot of swine. They smoke fat cigarettes the whole day long, and never even give us the fag-ends."

The hirelings and slaves hate their masters. I have already quoted from the diary of Lieutenant Jorge Mercadel of the "Blue Division": "The fighting spirit of our division is now directed entirely against the Germans." Corporal Edwin Virrat, a Finn, stated: "Everybody in Finland knows that Hitler is the cause of Finland's misfortune." And Werner Krueger, a Dutchman who was sent to the Kalinin front by the Germans: "Of course we've got an enemy. It's the Germans, not the Russians." Kurt Jacobson, a Dane from the

"Norland Regiment," writes to his wife at Odensee: "I leave it to you to guess what our life is like. We are under the command of the Germans here, the same as in Denmark."

Molar Antal, a Hungarian who was sent to the south-western front, indignantly declared: "The Germans are sure to devour us. That's as plain as daylight, but we've got to fight for cursed Hitler." And Jon Vasi, a Rumanian, complained bitterly: "The Germans took all the maize in my village. But at the front the Germans deride us as 'maize-eaters,' and expect us to die for them."

The Nazis have even forced Slavs to go against Russia. Czechs, Poles, Croats and Slovaks go into battle with hatred against the Germans in their hearts. Private Kliszkovski, of the 514th regiment, said: "There are some Poles in each of our squads. The Germans make fun of them. I gave myself up, because I don't want to fight for the Germans." Private Carl Hasda, of the 396th regiment, said: "I'm a Czech and hate Hitler. We're wearing the German uniform, but that doesn't mean that we want to defend Germany. As soon as I saw the Russians I threw my rifle away. You are our brothers."

In the "Croat Air Legion" there are sixty-five Croats and a hundred Germans. Pilot Zdenko Kopecki said: "The Croats don't want to fight against Russia. I was ordered to go to Zagreb and they put me in the German Army. They ordered me to sign that I was a 'volunteer.'"

In their newspaper *Slovak*, Hitler's toadies assert: "It is incorrectly stated that the Slovak Army is taking part in the war against Russia. Our divisions have been sent to the front against units composed of Ugro-Turanian tribes, who are striving to replace Russian culture with Lutheran culture." Apparently it is no easy matter to send a Slovak against his fellow-Slavs, the Russians.

The hirelings hate one another. A captured order of the General Staff of the Rumanian Army which has been passed to me states:

"1. A soldier of the ranks informed us on his return from the village of Kazanka that rumours were circulating in that village to the effect that the Hungarians had occupied the Transylvanian town of Oradea Mare. This rumour has also reached us.

"2. Investigations have established that these rumours were put into circulation by the Hungarian troops in the town of Krivoi Rog.

"In this connection it has been established that certain officers and men of the Rumanian Army, who know the Magyar language, unfortunately hold conversations with the Hungarians instead of avoiding these people, with whom we have been brought into touch

by circumstances. But the Hungarians miss no opportunity of carrying on their propaganda. They have launched false rumours, knowing full well that there are many natives of the district of Oradea Mare among our soldiers.

"3. It is superfluous to refute these rumours.

"The General has given orders that officers and soldiers must be warned to be on their guard against the Hungarians and not to enter into any relations with them. All who infringe this order will be severely punished.

"Lt.-Colonel Davidescu, Senior Officer of the General Staff."

Who is it Lt.-Colonel Davidescu and his lousy army are fighting against? Is it against the Russians or against the Hungarians? Is it Orel that the Hungarian "Ersatz Hussars" are longing to take, or is it Oradea Mare? These "allies" hate one another with a deadly hatred. Antonescu talks officially of a "military alliance," but Davidescu explains semi-officially that this alliance is only a matter of "circumstances."

"Circumstances" is the latest pseudonym for Hitler. "Why are you in the Crimea, my dear fiddler Popadescu?"—"Circumstances." "What are you doing at Briansk, Hungarian Hussar Popadoli?"—"Circumstances." They have been driven into Russia like cattle, like mules and sheep, and they humbly murmur: "We couldn't help it. Circumstances."

The generals present each other with decorations. Antonescu, that chronic loser, has quite a parade of them—Finnish, Croatian, Slovakian and Italian, let alone German. The lackeys collect decorations, but Hitler collects countries.

Pavelich's Croats are planning how they will butcher the Italians, Tiso's Slovaks dream about taking Košice from the Hungarians. The Hungarians are getting ready for a campaign against Rumania. The miserable regiments have no honour and no glory: they are a real army of mercenaries, who distinguish themselves in raping and robbing. The Spaniards of the "Blue Division" are violating Russian girls. In the district of Briansk the Hungarians and Finns are burning Russian villages under the pretext of "combating the partisans." The Italian Bersaglieri are robbing the Ukrainians. The Rumanians are hanging the Tartars of the Crimea. All of them are poorly armed and equipped, as the Germans don't want to spend too much on their slaves. One of the latest orders to the Rumanian Army runs as follows: "If urgent measures are not taken, our soldiers will soon be quite naked." It was stated in an order to the

Finnish Army that the soldiers were acting as beggars. In the mixed units the Germans are given meat, but the hirelings get thin soup. The Danes of the "Viking Division" complain: "It makes our mouths water to watch the Germans in our platoon eating." This is indeed a fine "comradeship-in-arms"! The Germans send the hirelings into the most dangerous spots. According to Reuter's, of the 300,000 Rumanian soldiers who took part in the campaign in the Ukraine, 200,000 have been killed or wounded.

Even among the Germans there is a lack of unity. "Greater Germany" has been corroded by Fascism and is splitting at the seams. There are two classes of soldiers—the "Reichsdeutsche," who are German subjects, and the "Folksdeutsche," who are German subjects of other countries and have been mobilized into the German Army. All the officers and N.C.O.s are "Reichsdeutsche," of course, and they openly make fun of their "blood brothers."

The Austrians are "semi-Aryans." They are the plebeians of Hitlerite Germany. Private Karl Fuchs, of the 3rd infantry regiment, said: "The Prussians despise us, and we Austrians hate them. The Austrian soldiers' only thought is to surrender to the Russians." The 55th division was mainly composed of Austrians, but the officers were Germans of the Reich. This division fought unwillingly and dwindled rapidly every day. Another Austrian, Karl Graun wrote in his diary: "I hate the thought of dying for Germany. I remember how the Nazis invaded Vienna."

In the 169th regiment there are neither Dutchmen, nor Poles, nor Austrians, but even there a "national hierarchy" exists: the Prussians despise the Saxons. Private Alfred Schlagberg, of the 409th regiment declared: "The Prussians are a disgrace to the German Army." S.S. man Walter Hortel called the Silesians "ruffians" and said that "all the trouble came from them." Kurt Schnabe, a corporal of the 42nd sapper battalion, said: "The Bavarians are not Germans. All the Bavarians should be put into concentration camps." Such is Adolf Hitler's "Vaterland," his united "Greater Germany"! A caged wolf pack. So long as they have some meat they eat and are silent. When the meat comes to an end they start gnawing one another.

The hirelings have an astonishing knack for looting and a perfect genius for hanging, but they are indifferent fighters. Some men kill for money, but no man dies for it. Hitler's ragged army is without that sacred bond of union which binds men into a single whole. They have no patriotic sentiment in common. What has a Neapolitan

to do with "Greater Finland" or the ravings of Mannerheim, who wants to annex the Urals to Helsinki? What has a Finnish lumberjack to do with the insane delusion of Antonescu, who seriously believed that the Rumanian rabble would possess beautiful Odessa? What have the pimps from Marseilles or the thieves from Rotterdam to do with "Greater Germany"? They have been brought to the East by hunger and the whip, dishonour and ignorance, treachery and greed. This ragged army will soon fade away before the massive blows of the Russians.

In our struggle against the invaders we are upheld by a mighty power: we are fighting for our native country. The friendship of the peoples of Russia is not mere window-dressing, but a warm living sentiment. The Tartar in remote Karelia is defending his own home. The Ukrainian at Novgorod is fighting for Kiev. The peoples of Russia are bound together by love, not by force. We have been through many things together. We have known sorrow and happiness together. Is there any Russian who does not remember with delight the snowy heights of the Caucasus? Is there any Georgian who does not gaze with reverence on the granite of our northern Palmyra? Is there any Ukrainian who will not proudly say: "My country stretches from the White Sea to the Black and from the Carpathians to the Pacific Ocean"?

In the German Army there are many tanks and many mortars, but no heart: it is an automaton army. Slaves have hired other slaves, and one set of slaves says to the other: "Die for Hitler. We will give you stolen bread, other people's cities. We will give you 100 marks, 1,000 francs, 10,000 leis." And our hearts, in reply, are filled with a ferocious hatred. How dared they bring these outcasts of Europe to Russia, these lousy pimps, these international sharpers? The contemptible hirelings are grazing on our land, eating our bread and defiling our girls. The Soviet people will not stand for it.

April 25th, 1942.

III. FRIENDS

ON THE BANKS OF THE LOIRE

IT happened a year ago in a small French town on the banks of the Loire. A week before the town had been occupied by Nazi troops. French prisoners were repairing the bridge which had been destroyed by German bombers. They were working under the barking abuse of German sergeant-majors. It was a sultry day. A Frenchwoman brought the prisoners a jug of water. She was immediately arrested for having disobeyed the order not to go near the prisoners. The German orders, stuck up on the walls, proclaimed that the penalty for this was death.

The southern part of the town had been smashed flat by the Luftwaffe. Among the rubble lay domestic utensils, school books and the broken statues of the little museum. There was a stench of dead bodies—underneath the ruins lay the corpses of the inhabitants of the little town, once famous for its vineyards and sixteenth-century castle. All along the side of the road were poles adorned with caps, women's hats and children's bonnets. These marked the communal graves of the refugees who had been murdered by the Nazi airmen. The stench of corruption drove people away. Only one woman remained—she was out of her mind and called on the names of her dead children.

In the other half of the town, which had survived the raids, brisk activity was going on: the new masters were carting away the property. They were divided into squads. Some took the flour from the mills, others collected the coffee in the shops, while a third lot unscrewed door-handles, removed the railings from balconies and collected copper pots and pans in the houses. Some of the Nazis were taking a rest, drinking cognac and plucking fowls.

In the square there was a café called "Le Rendez-vous des Amis." It was an ordinary provincial café with red plush seats. In peacetime the habitués would argue about politics, play cards or look at the illustrated weeklies. The Commandant of the town had ordered the café to be opened. The young waitress, her eyes swollen with weeping, held her tray in front of her like a shield, as if to protect herself from the world. The café was empty except for a woman with two children—refugees—sitting in a dark corner, and a little

old man, who rocked sadly to and fro on his chair as he wiped his sweating face.

A German officer with a heavy jowl and dull eyes came in. He said "Bon jour" politely. Nobody answered him. For some reason or other he wanted to seem particularly polite; he went up to the woman in the corner and said: "Will you permit me to take this chair?" The woman stared at him. "You've taken our country without asking," she said. "Why stand on ceremony about a chair?" Either he failed to understand her irony or else he pretended not to understand. Anyway he thanked her. The woman and her children went out. The officer was bored. He tried to start a conversation with the waitress, as he could talk a little French. She turned away and did not answer. The officer pursued her with his attentions. "Darling," he said, "you mustn't be so dumb." At last she said: "Monsieur, I can't talk to you. I'm a Frenchwoman." At this he flew into a rage, dropped his assumed politeness and shouted: "A Frenchwoman? Look at yourself in the mirror—you're a negress! Your mother probably slept with a negro." Then he went out. The waitress burst into tears. "Why didn't we have any tanks?" she sobbed. I didn't know how to console her. But the little old man said, as he rocked to and fro: "It's no use crying. We've got to kill them. That's what we've got to do."

Opposite the café was a school. It was occupied by refugees; a woman teacher was looking after the children. The German Commandant, a plump little man with a monocle, went up to the teacher and said: "You must clear out of these premises; they're wanted for our troops. And mind you wash the floors thoroughly. They'll need it after the kind of people you've had in here! Make them do it themselves!" The teacher tried to protest. He scarcely understood what she was saying. "That's enough!" he snapped. "And please talk German when you speak to me."

I still had a couple of hours to spend in the town. I strolled about the ruined streets, where German orderlies were busy carting their officers' kit about. I wandered among the graves and the frightened inhabitants. Then I sat down on the ground beside the river. A German corporal, a big fellow with childish eyes and a stupid grin, came up to me. He took me for a Frenchman and tried to be as tactful as he could. "Your country is very beautiful," he said. "Now we're going to put it in order. You can't do anything. We've got to restore order everywhere. The Führer has said so. Of course, nobody wants to go to war. I've got a wife and children

in Kassel. But there won't be any order without us." I tried to explain to him that it had been a peaceful happy town before and the inhabitants had lived well, but now everything had been destroyed and the Germans were taking away the last crumbs. He listened, but refused to believe it. "There won't be any order without us," he kept saying. "We'll have everything settled in a year's time. We're going to take London in August. The Führer has said so. Then we'll go to Russia. There's a lot of corn there—in the Ukraine. We're having a bad time in Germany. My wife in Kassel asks me to send her something. I've taken a gammon of bacon here. I'll send it to her if they'll take the parcel. But in Russia there's plenty of everything. We'll put everything in order there."

All this happened a year ago. I don't know what became of that oaf of a corporal. One thing is certain—he didn't get to London, nor did he get that English tweed for the suit which the Führer had promised him. Maybe he is now facing our machine-gun fire somewhere in Volhynia. I shouldn't be surprised. No doubt the Führer promised him he would get Ukrainian dumplings.

Anyway, I don't feel inclined to waste any sympathy on that corporal or his wife. I remember the graves of the refugees, the weeping waitress and the teacher with the frightened children. I know what the German Fascists bring to the peoples of Europe—I haven't read about it, I have seen it with my own eyes.

June 28th, 1941.

JULY 14TH

On July 14th, 1789, the people of Paris stormed the fortress of La Bastille, where the political prisoners were confined. The patriots burnt the hateful prison, and the people danced on the spot where it had stood. Year after year, on July 14th, in all the towns and villages of France, people have rejoiced and danced in memory of the heroic deeds of the Revolution.

Accordions blared, fireworks sizzled and paper lanterns glowed through the green leaves of the chestnut-trees. Sky-rockets were sent up from little hamlets, and the weathercocks on the church steeples of 35,000 French villages gazed proudly over the vineyards, fields and pastures.

The troops marched past, bearing the banners of glory: Jemappes, Valmy, Marne and Verdun. Demonstrations marched past, and the banners of the working people of Paris greeted the banners of the army.

The people made merry. What can be more infectious than French gaiety?

On July 14th, 1789, the people not only destroyed the Paris prison; the Bastille was also the symbol of oppression. In those days the French people were the first to raise the banner of liberty, and to rush towards the light of youth and progress. The soldiers of the Revolution defended the Republic against the Prussians and the émigré traitors.

July 14th, 1940. . . .

I shall never forget that day. The streets of Paris were strangely empty. In the squares the Nazi trumpeters were blowing fanfares and celebrating victory. The Nazi murderers and gangsters were marching along the boulevards. The French people stayed indoors behind closed shutters. One woman said to me: "I can't bear to look at them to-day!"

Arrested persons were being dragged away to be dealt with. German officers were talking in their guttural tones. German orderlies puffed and panted in their haste to cart away the stolen property.

A year has gone by. What have the Hitlerites done with the fair land of France? They have turned her into a wilderness. The petty spy Abetz has become the Governor of Paris. French patriots are languishing in concentration camps. French children are dying of starvation. But the Hitlerites are still rushing about, exporting the very last crumbs of French produce.

July 14th is no longer a holiday: it is forbidden to celebrate this date.

Of the Prussians who plundered France in 1871, Victor Hugo wrote:

"They steal the watches, stuff their trunks; they take our property. They plunder village after village. But we still have something to be proud of: we took the Bastille."

I see Paris. The Nazis are still walking about its streets. But how anxiously they look around them! Already they have realized the meaning of those burning eyes. Young men are sailing in fishing boats to England. Workers are smashing machinery. The peasants are burning corn. France has awakened.

All French patriots will celebrate July 14th in secret. They gaze with hope towards the East, where a great people is defending liberty for itself and for the world. On July 14th thousands of Nazis will be killed in Russia and scores of tanks and aeroplanes will be destroyed.

Hitlerdom is the Bastille of the twentieth century—a foul and dreadful prison in which the peoples of Europe are languishing! The guerillas and heroes of the countries enslaved by the Fascists and the patriots of liberty-loving France are marching together with the Red Army to the assault on this new Bastille.

The Bastille will be taken. Liberated Europe will dance and rejoice on its ruins.

July 14th, 1941.

THE COALITION OF FREEDOM

Plutarch asserts that Caesar turned into slaves a million people whom he had subdued. He has been outdone by Hitler. Never in history has there been such a greedy and ferocious slave-owner. He has turned 100,000,000 people into slaves.

Whom does he want to deceive when he talks about a “coalition of European nations” against Russia? Is it Doctor Goebbels? Or the young Storm-troopers, who have been trained not to think since childhood? Or is it the population of Mars? In the countries occupied by Hitler there are no nations. He has abolished nations. There are only slaves of various categories—the Dutch milch cows for Hitler, the Norwegians’ dry cod for Hitler, the Hungarians, Italians, Finns and Rumanians die for Hitler.

Hitler asserts that the campaign against Russia is being carried out by a “coalition of states.” Has he asked the Finns whether they wish to die for “Greater Germany”? Has he ascertained whether the Slovaks wish to fire on their Russian brothers? No, he has given his orders, and his hirelings—cowardly, lecherous Mussolini, ignorant Tiso, wretched Antonescu, oafish Ryti—have not dared to raise any objection.

I know Italy very well. I know her industrious, kind-hearted, cheerful people. The Italians never liked the Germans. They remembered only too well what they had had to suffer from the Germans in the past. But the Italians’ love for Russia was evident at every step. They remembered how Russian sailors helped to rescue the Italians at the time of the Messina earthquake. They talked of the heroism of the Soviet fliers who rescued the Italian Polar expedition. When Maxim Gorky came to Naples, in the early days of Mussolini, students, fishermen and dockers flocked to welcome the great writer. Who can believe that the Italians have voluntarily joined the campaign against the Soviet Union?

In Slovakia I have seen streets named after Pushkin, Gogol,

Tolstoy and Maxim Gorky. Russian music is played at the concerts, ranging from Musorgsky to Shostakovich. The students are great readers of Alexander Blok, Sholokhov and Tolstoy. The Slovak classic writer, Kukushin, was brought up on Russian literature. The Germans and Magyars tried to suppress Slovak culture. The defenders of the Slovak national culture, who were known as the "Awakeners," carried the light of Russian thought to the remotest peasant huts. Five years ago I attended a congress of Slovak writers. Politically, they included members of Left and Right, Catholics and Protestants, and all of them spoke of Russia with great affection. It must have been in some preternaturally nightmarish fit of insomnia that Hitler got the absurd idea of declaring that Slovakia was fighting against Russia.

The cannibal is short of human flesh: he is not satisfied with sending Germans to the slaughter. His "coalition" is made up of unfortunate Rumanians, Slovaks, etc. who are driven into battle by Prussian corporals.

There is, however, a coalition which is not composed of slaves, but of free peoples. This is the coalition ranged against Hitler.

The courage of London was the first victory of human dignity over Fascist barbarism. The enormous, beautiful city was subjected to terrible bombing. At that time England stood alone in the front line—the French Fascists had betrayed their country. But England did not surrender. Historians will relate what those long winter nights meant to London. Museums and houses were destroyed. The vandals bombed the Houses of Parliament. Whole quarters of the great city were set on fire. But the English calmly replied: "No!"

On one occasion, when a time bomb was dropped in a certain London area, a workman took charge of it and carried it away for disposal. His little son walked in front of him and called out to the neighbours to take cover. This was courage! This was a living picture of dignity and valour! It was not only the Channel that protected England from the cannibals—it was also her resolve to resist, embodied in a phrase everybody in the island repeats from childhood: "Britons never, never shall be slaves!"

We talk of two fronts? No, there will be a dozen fronts. Courageous Frenchmen are already fighting under the command of General de Gaulle. This is only a beginning, the advance detachment. Before long the entire French people will rush at the invaders to the strains of the "Marseillaise." And what about the Norwegians, the Czechs, the Poles and the Serbs? The enslaved peoples are

waiting for the first defeat of the Nazi army. The hour draws near. The combined front of the three great Powers is a mighty force that will destroy Hitlerdom—abominated by the whole world. We have behind us the stubborn resistance of the British, the might of America and the unexampled valour of the Soviet people.

July 20th, 1941.

THE NATIONS' FRONT

At the beginning of this month, British bombers attacked military objectives in northern France. A number of Germans were killed. Seven of the local French inhabitants were also killed in the course of the raid. One of the British bombers crashed and its crew were killed. The Germans buried them in secret, but the local inhabitants got to know about it, and seven French widows, whose husbands had been killed in the bombing, placed flowers on the grave of the British airmen. This is no sentimental story, but a report that reveals the fighting spirit of the French people. The enemies of my oppressors are my friends: thus speaks the voice of France.

There is nothing Hitler fears more than the unity of his opponents. He is trying to set the peoples of Europe one against the other. He is trying to set Europe against America. But there is no stronger cement than blood. Blood has united the peoples of Europe—the blood of martyrs and the blood of heroes. Greek fishermen shout for joy when they see British bombers in the sky, and Norwegian fishermen congratulate one another when they learn that a German transport has been sunk by a Russian submarine off Vardö or Kirkenes.

German leaflets try to awaken doubts in our hearts. The enemy is anxious to set us against our friends. It is a mistake to suppose that the Nazis are only capable of roaring. No, they can also sing. Hess did not growl when he landed in Britain. He cooed like a dove. "I've got only one enemy—Russia," was his theme song. Hess's friends are now writing sentimental leaflets and dropping them on us. They say: "We have got only one enemy—England." The British listened to Hess, but they paid no attention to his mission. When Hitler attacked the Soviet Union, the British said: "We're going to stand by each other." The British remember the ruins of Coventry and their children's graves. They know that in attacking Moscow Hitler is also attacking London, and that in fighting at Rostov he is also fighting for Mosul. The British are not crows, and Hitler is not a fox—he won't get the cheese.

A German leaflet stated: "Your allies are not helping you in any

way." A German bomber was dropping leaflets and bombs on the suburbs of Moscow. He was brought down by a Soviet pilot who was flying an American fighter plane. The German lie was answered with honest machine-gun fire.

We have no intention of telling the Germans how much war material the Allies have already sent us and will send us in the future. Our business is to kill the Germans—it doesn't matter how, whether with our own or with American fighter planes, with our own or British tanks. We're not going to tell Hitler where and when the second front will be opened. Our business is to kill Germans on our own front. The British will look after the second front. And then there will be other fronts—the war of liberation will engage all Europe. The whole of Europe will become a front.

There has never been a firmer alliance than that of the nations against Hitler. Whom are we fighting for? For ourselves. Why are the British bombing the Ruhr? Because London wants to live. Why is America sending shipments of planes? Because the Americans don't want to doom their children to slavery. Each is for himself, and all are for one another.

We Russians are now in the most responsible position. The main blow is aimed at us. A year ago Hitler wanted to take London, but he failed. Now he wants to take Moscow and he'll fail there too. We are defending our own home and we are defending the whole world. The murderers of London and Coventry and the executioners of Prague and Nantes will perish on the soil of Russia. "The Allies won't help you," whisper the Hitlerite *provocateurs*. We smile and reply: "They'll help themselves—not us." Hitler has failed to take us with tanks, and he is not going to take us with serenades.

September 20th, 1941.

DE GAULLE

Last summer I was listening to the radio in dead, deserted Paris. Bordeaux was broadcasting the senile mutterings of Pétain and the agitated barking of Laval—as always, France's robber-in-chief was grabbing all he could and talking about nobility. Millions of refugees were streaming over the countryside and the abandoned French Army was falling to pieces.

I listened to the faint crackle of the radio. From the street came the sound of marching feet: hordes of Nazis were wandering about the ancient streets of Paris. And suddenly there came the sound of a valiant voice:

"I, General de Gaulle, appeal to all Frenchmen to continue

resisting. Airmen, come and join me! Sailors, come and join me! Come and join me, young men of France! The decrepit Marshal has signed a shameful armistice. France has not signed it. France continues the war, and France will be victorious!"

Colonel de Gaulle was the first in France to realize the role of aircraft and tanks. He wrote two books on modern methods of warfare. He demanded the reorganization of the French Army.

The old generals regarded him as a madman. The Maginot Line was the sand in which the ostriches of the French General Staff hid their heads. The venerable generals lived on the glory of the past. They laughed at the theories of Colonel de Gaulle.

In the fatal month of May 1940 Colonel de Gaulle showed himself to be a brave soldier. He organized a third tank battalion and moved it up to meet the enemy. A week later, when the battle of Flanders began, de Gaulle requested to be sent to Amiens. The capitulationists did everything to lose this battle. They kept the tanks and guns in the rear.

Then came the *débâcle*. De Gaulle and all the French patriots demanded only one thing: "Resistance, resistance, and again resistance!" De Gaulle said: "We can fight behind the Loire, behind the Garonne, in Africa. We'll go through terrible years, but we'll save France." He said this to people who thought nothing about saving France, only about saving their own pockets. The Marshal's hoary uniform cloaked the thief Laval. The French Government capitulated. And then a voice rang out from London: "France is dead. Long live France!"

Admiral Muselier was in Paris after the city had been occupied by the Germans. He knew that important documents might fall into the hands of the enemy. He managed to get into government offices, went round the General Staffs and burnt everything. Then he made his way to London and said to de Gaulle: "General, I am with you." Honest, intelligent General Catroux also joined de Gaulle, as did thousands of commanders and tens of thousands of soldiers. Thus the army of Free France was born.

This army has shown itself worthy of great traditions. The children of the heroes of Verdun and the Marne are alive. They have fought bravely in the deserts of Africa. The name of the Murzuk oasis will be glorious in the military annals of France.

Sceptics may say: what does a handful of brave men signify? De Gaulle was alone. Now he has around him an army with planes and tanks. We know how a handful of brave men under the leadership of Garibaldi liberated Italy.

Seven times a day de Gaulle's radio station brings the voice of anger and hope to enslaved France. When de Gaulle announced an "hour of silence" all the streets of France were empty. When he spoke about the "V" sign all the walls of France were covered with the symbol of hope. When he said that the hour of the decisive battle was drawing near, every heart in France beat more quickly.

The students were assembled in the lecture halls and made to listen to Marshal Pétain's message about obedience, duty and traditions. The students replied unanimously: "Vive de Gaulle!"

At the end of September a train arrived from Germany with a batch of prisoners of war. Hitler had decided to show his favour to Marshal Pétain by letting go a few thousand slaves. Marshal Pétain ordered the prisoners of war to be met with flowers and music. When the train stopped at the station of Toulouse, the cry of "Vive de Gaulle!" came from all the carriage windows.

Paris is seething. The Paris workers—pride of France—are in the vanguard. Hitler and his French lackeys are shooting and beheading patriots. In the Paris jails are 90,000 French patriots. Every day the summary courts sentence people to death. The worker Catelas, a Communist Deputy and a hero of the 1914–18 war, was guillotined because he would not betray France. Freethinkers and Catholics, Democrats and Communists, workers and students, women and young boys—all France is seething.

The Germans have plastered the walls of Paris with a notice stating that they will pay 30,000 francs to every informer. But all the professional Judases had already found work as informers for the Government—in Vichy with Pétain and in Paris with Laval. No voluntary informers were forthcoming.

The German General von Stuelpnagel, an arrogant monocled murderer, buried with great ceremony a German officer who had been shot in a Paris street. Then revolvers cracked in two more quarters of Paris and two more oppressors dropped dead.

Fishing boats are sailing from the shores of Brittany with young men anxious to join de Gaulle. Workers are sabotaging the machinery in the Citroën and Renault factories: these are de Gaulle's sappers. In the suburbs of Lille the workers are getting rid of German spies; the workers are de Gaulle's intelligence service. The whole of popular France is seething—this is de Gaulle's rear and this is his front.

When Hitler attacked the Soviet Union, de Gaulle said that he greatly admired the courage of the Russians. His radio station broadcast the "Marseillaise" sung by a Red Army choir; it was

Russians who were singing the great song. It is not only the national hymn of Free France, it is also the French hymn to liberty. It is impossible to hear it without emotion. It was created by heroes who marched against tyrants. With that song on their lips the French were victorious a century and a half ago. With that song on her lips the France of de Gaulle will be victorious.

October 9th, 1941.

TO THE CZECHOSLOVAKS

Czechoslovak friends, to-day used to be a proud day for you. The Czechs made merry in the Václavské Nameští (Wenceslas Square in Prague), and in thousands of villages. The Slovaks made merry in Bratislava and in the squares of St. Martin and Zilina. To-day is still a proud day for you, but now it has also become a day of sorrow. Suffocating in the dusty air-raid shelters, people realize the blessing of fresh air. Under Hitler you have realized what a blessing freedom was. You are a proud people and you cannot live without it.

To-day I want to greet my friends. I will not mention their names, as your oppressors are listening in to us. Indeed, all Czechoslovaks are now my friends. On this sad day I want to say to you a few simple words of hope: we will meet again in free Prague, in the cafés, in the "Národní Divadlo," and in the wonderful streets of Mala Strana. We will meet again in Bratislava, on the embankment of the Danube. We will go together to Tisovec and to Detva. We will sing songs about Janašek. We will see the tricolour flag fluttering over the Hradčany.

You are celebrating the festival of independence over the fresh graves of martyrs. Heroes are being tortured in the torture chambers. The statues on the Prague bridge are weeping. The square of Hussite Tabor is shrouded in mourning. The girls of Moravia have put aside their gay dresses. The forests of Orava curse the Judas Tiso. But the sacred blood does not dry up. It burns. It will grow into rivers. It will wake the sleepers. It will eat through iron. The heroes of Czechia have not died in vain. Their death is a trumpet call. Their graves are the first stones of independent Czechoslovakia.

The Russian people bow before your courage. A salute resounds over the graves of the fallen: the guns of the defenders of Moscow are saluting the heroes of Prague. For every Czech who has been shot thousands of Germans have been killed at the approaches of Moscow. We have lost a good deal in these last few months: peace,

comfort and property. Our towns are on fire. Our men are dying. But we have saved our honour. And we will save freedom—our own and yours.

November 4th, 1941.

LOVE AND HATRED

To-day the whole world looks towards Moscow. People are talking about Moscow in Narvik and in Melbourne. The telegraph wires of the world keep repeating the word "Moscow." Moscow is now not only a city: it has become the hope of the world.

Yet Moscow has remained a Russian city. Every one of its streets holds a memory for us. All our life and history is in its jumbled plan, in the mingling of old houses with new skyscraper blocks. In the daytime Moscow lives its ordinary industrious life. Only the crunch of glass underfoot and the stern look in people's eyes are reminders of the drama of this autumn. At night Moscow is blacked out. Her stars do not light the way for the enemy. Yet this dark, night-wedded Moscow remains a beacon for tortured humanity.

We know the heroism of other nations. We bare our heads before the graves of other peoples. The defenders of Moscow think with pride of the firm bearing of London. For two years the city of fogs and parks, great port and capital, city of dear Dickensian comfort has been living under bombs, working under bombs and thinking under bombs. Glory to England!—exclaims the Russian people in all sincerity of heart. Glory to its upraised head! It was not the Channel that stopped the Germans: it was the will and pride of the English people. We salute the men of the R.A.F. They were the first to say in the language of bombs: "As you gave, so shall you receive." They have pounded and will go on pounding the den of the accursed beast.

We salute you, the pioneers of liberty, the indomitable people of France. Betrayed and deceived, you have fallen on the field of battle. We remember the heroes of Arras, the defenders of Tours, your courage and your sorrow. The Germans thought you were dead, and that the people of Valmy and Verdun would become the people of the traitor Darlan and the thief Laval. You are wounded, but you are alive. We hail the army of General de Gaulle, the army of exile and revenge. We hail the French patriots who have not laid down their arms. Glory to the hostages of Nantes! The Germans tortured them with fear, and prolonged their agony for weeks. Before they died, they sang the song of Liberty, the "Marseillaise." And the defenders of Moscow have heard it.

We salute the Czechs. They were the first to experience the full measure of woe. They have not surrendered. The guns of the defenders of Moscow salute the martyrs of Prague.

We salute that nation of warriors, the Serbs. This is not the first time their country has been burnt and drenched in blood. The people have gone into the mountains. They reply to the German orders with a hail of lead. The Germans are obliged to issue war communiqués in Belgrade—the war in Yugoslavia is finished only on paper. At the approaches to Moscow we are making the Germans pay for Belgrade, its ruins and its nights of horror.

We salute the gallant Greeks. We were with them in spirit in the mountain passes of Albania. We admired their steadfastness. Now we are repaying them for their courage by exterminating their oppressors.

We salute the indomitable Norwegians, the fishermen who have become soldiers, the guerillas of Larsen, the tough and steadfast people of the North. We salute the placid Dutchmen, who refused peace at the price of honour. We remember also the ruins of Rotterdam. We salute the industrious Belgians and their daily, stubborn resistance. Brussels will know once again the joy of 1918; it will see the Belgian army within its walls.

We salute our sister Poland. Glory to the Polish guerillas! We hear the crackle of their rifles. A Polish army is now being formed in Russia, and the Poles who defended Warsaw devoutly kiss the rifles they receive. They will march with us against the foe. With us they will win back their country.

We salute the arsenal of liberty—America. She is giving her heart and hand to crushed Europe. Glory to all the toilers of America, her engineers and her workmen—this is our rear and the rear of Europe.

We have taken on ourselves a terrible blow. We have not shrunk from it. We do not want to live on our knees. This year our national holiday is darkened with ruins and graves. We are defending the cause of liberty in our country and we are paying for it with our blood. Great peoples are doomed to great trials. We wanted to work in peace, build houses, plough the land. Fate ordained otherwise. We have got to blow up our factories, dig anti-tank trenches and defend Moscow. And now the word "Moscow" is going round the world. People waking up in the morning in the other half of the globe anxiously ask: "How is Moscow?" They may rest in peace. The guns of Moscow are guarding their sleep.

The Russian people are great-hearted. They can love and they

can also hate. On this solemn and terrible day we swear a vow of love and hatred. We will exterminate the Hitlerites. We will pay the Germans back for all the injuries and suffering they have inflicted upon us. They come to Russia in the hope of gain. They count the cities and the acres, the mines and the warehouses. They will not count their graves. The female of their species writes to the male: "Send me a fur coat." We will make these females weep their eyes out. The inhabitants of Berlin will answer for the streets of Moscow. The peasants of the Ukraine will sit in judgment on the barons of Prussia, and the widows of Russia will pass sentence on abominable Hitler. He and all his lackeys will be punished for everything. The Rumanians will curse the day when base Antonescu invaded Odessa. The Hungarians will answer for Dniepropetrovsk. For a century to come the Italians will not be able to look towards the East without quaking in their shoes.

The hour of retribution will come. And now, in the most difficult period of Russian history, on the day of our darkened national holiday, we take our oath once again to be true to liberty and our country. Death to our enemies, is Moscow's cry. Glory to our Allies, glory to our friends, glory to the free peoples! Moscow is fighting for itself, for Russia, and for you, distant friends, for humanity and for the whole world.

November 7th, 1941.

THE SECOND WAR

I have in front of me a letter which was found in the H.Q. of a German battalion:

"Much honoured Herr Commander,

"In connection with the disaster which has overtaken our beloved son, I am obliged to appeal to you to inform me how it was possible for my son to die the death of a hero in Poland when the war in that country has already long been over. He had been there nine months and nothing had ever happened.

"I hope my son was buried in the proper way, and that his grave is not overgrown with weeds.

"I beg you to forward my son's things to me.

"With German greetings,

"Frida Behl.

"Regensburg, Winterweg 83."

This woman in Regensburg was naïve enough to believe the war in Poland was over, and that all was peace and quiet there: the Ger-

mans were only hanging Poles and eating Cracow sausage after doing the job. But she finds her son has been killed. He was probably shot by a Pole. And sorrow has squeezed tears from the stony eyes in Regensburg. Frida Behl did not cry when the Germans were killing thousands of Poles, making fun of Polish women and torturing Polish children. Now she is weeping. And other German women are weeping with her. Weep, mesdames, the war in Poland is not yet over. It is just beginning—the second war of the people. Avengers are living in the Polish forests, and anger is loading revolvers in the towns.

The war is not yet over even in France. In the last few days, in the narrow streets of old Paris three German officers have paid with their blood for the shame of Compiègne. They are not the first and they will not be the last. Every day the French are harrying their oppressors. A great deal of German blood will be needed in order to purify the soil of France. The day is drawing near when the machine-guns will be dragged from the rivers, and then the French will strike the Germans wholesale instead of one by one. Remembering the words of the "Marseillaise," they will "water the furrows of the earth with the impure blood." Frau Mueller, is your son still drinking champagne in the bars of Paris? Get your mourning ready, madam; soon you'll be hearing that he has "died a hero's death." You have been warned and there will be no need to trouble the "much honoured Herr Commander": the war in France is not yet over.

The war is not yet over in Norway either. In the dark winter nights brave fishermen of the Lofoten Islands are exterminating the Germans. Recently four Germans "disappeared" in the little town of Svollier. The sea cast up one corpse. Frau Schurke, is your first-born still drinking *aqua-vitae* in Oslo? Lay in a stock of handkerchiefs and give up the idea of a grave with flowers. The Germans know how to torture people, and people hate even dead Germans. They don't give them a funeral; they just bury them. In Norway the sea is always near; it saves the labour of digging a grave.

The war is not yet over in Greece also. In the Piraeus the Greeks have blown up an oil dump. Eighteen Germans were killed. No doubt the German women in Dresden thought it was only necessary to hang out a filthy rag on the Acropolis and Greece would be subdued. No, Greece is fighting. Frau Schuller, is your darling son drinking muscat in Athens? You need have no doubts: the Germans will bury him with honours. But the Greek women whose children have been murdered by the Germans will spit on your son's grave.

Perhaps the German women thought the war was over in Yugoslavia. Perhaps when they heard that Belgrade had been razed to the ground they longed for their sons to be sent to Yugoslavia. But a great war is going on in Yugoslavia. The Serbian guerilla patriots have already freed a quarter of the country from the oppressors and killed thousands of Germans. Frau Dankemann, you say to your envious neighbours: "My son's not in Russia. No, thank God, he's in Yugoslavia. The war has been over a long time there." You think he is sitting at his ease drinking Dalmatian beer? His body lies among the rocks of a mountain pass. His pockets are full of Brussels lace and Serbian hams. But nobody will send you these "trophies." So weep, madam, twice over.

The war is not yet over in the countries which Hitler has seized. It will only end when the last violator falls to the ground in a pool of blood. The war stretches from sea to sea. There is a single front from the Bay of Biscay to the Arctic and from the Sea of Azov to the Atlantic.

The war is not yet over in Minsk, Zhitomir or Pskov. The Germans planned to fight on one front. They have got to fight on a thousand fronts. Every house becomes a fortress, whether it is a fisherman's house in Brittany or a peasant's cottage in the Ukraine. Every tree hides an ambush, whether it is an olive-tree in Greece or a fir-tree in Lapland. Weep louder, women of Germany! You won't see your sons again, nor will you find their graves. Ask Hitler what he has done with your sons. He has scattered their bones over the slopes. You stammer: "Isn't the war over yet?" No, mesdames. You began it. We will end it.

December 10th, 1941.

LIVE GHOSTS

According to a telegram from Paris, "the German occupation authorities have decided to remove the monuments of Voltaire and Jean-Jacques Rousseau. The metal will be used for war purposes."

The Germans have a good business eye and grasping hands. They carry off the pots and pans and unscrew the handles off the doors. What about monuments? Come on, let's have the monuments!

Voltaire stood on the quai named after him on the left bank of the Seine. He gazed at the second-hand booksellers and the old, dusty books. He also gazed at the merry children of Paris. It was a remarkable statue and it represented the soul of France: her noble

irony, reason and love of light. Dull-witted German corporals are now strolling along the quais. The bronze but living smile of the old Frenchman irritated them.

Rousseau and Voltaire kindled the love of liberty in the heart of France. Their books were the foundations of that great edifice known as the French Revolution. After Rousseau, injustice became a disgrace. After Voltaire, superstition became something to be ashamed of. To-day, when France has been occupied by people to whom justice is an empty word and enlightenment a mortal enemy, there is no room in Paris for Rousseau and Voltaire. Perhaps the Germans will put other statues in plaster of Paris on their vacated pedestals: the butcher Himmler instead of Rousseau and clubfoot Goebbels in place of Voltaire.

We know the Hitlerites hate the future. They want to turn back the course of history. They are ruthlessly destroying all bold and advanced thought, and persecuting inventors and poets. They also hate the present. Europe lived a great, complex life. People worked, struggled, loved and dreamed. The Hitlerites have converted Europe into a concentration camp, a wilderness, a cemetery. They also hate the past. They have no ancestors. Whom can they base themselves on? Whom can they mention? Even the Inquisitors would spurn Himmler; the alchemists would laugh at Goebbels. Only the ancient Germans, barbarians who dressed in the skins of wild animals and offered bloody sacrifices to their god Wotan, would look with pleasure on the atrocities of the Tyrolese police spy.

They are waging war against the monuments of history and culture. In Cracow they have removed the statue of Chopin, in Paris Voltaire and Rousseau. In Russia they fired revolver bullets at the portraits of Pushkin. But the spirits of the past are alive. They cannot be melted down or shot. At night the spirit of Chopin roams the towns of tortured Poland. His eternal melodies are heard in the stillness, and the Poles say to one another: "Beauty is still alive. Poland is still alive." Rousseau walks the dark streets of Paris by night. He enters the sad houses and repeats his familiar words about conscience and happiness. Voltaire taps on the shutters. The old sage comes to strengthen the courage of the French. His dry, clear voice affirms the inevitable triumph of reason and the stupidity of tyrants.

The statue of Alexander Pushkin stands in the Tverskoy Boulevard in Moscow; winter has again silvered the poet's youthful head. The defenders of Moscow are not only guarding the sleep of the living Muscovites, but also the statue of the great poet. And in the

tense stillness, in the interval between two attacks, Puskhin's winged words fly round the Moscow streets:

And in my cruel age I sang the praise of freedom.
Freedom, you cannot be cast down.

December 14th, 1941.

A BALL OF WOOL

The Germans are freezing. Their teeth are chattering. Warm clothing is being taken away from the population in Berlin. Nazis go round the apartments and collect everything—from blankets to children's gloves. These are dubbed "voluntary gifts."

The Berlin correspondent of the Swedish newspaper *Svenska Dagbladet* describes how the Germans began to prepare for the Russian winter in January—better late than never. Special "brigades" of women Fascists specially released for this rush job from their routine occupation of gratifying the sexual appetites of the S.S. are patching shirts and pants. Ragged underwear of the pre-Nazi period is being collected from the houses. Before Hitler came into power, Germany had woollen shirts, sweaters and mittens. Even these rags are better than the new clothing made out of sawdust or glass. The Swedish correspondent states that skilful German women are turning ragged trousers into caps. And if they can't make caps out of the stuff, they make at least ear-flaps.

Goebbels is directing the work of collecting warm clothing. He does not say how many ear-flaps he has collected. On the other hand, he has solemnly announced that he has sent to the German Army 47,000 gramophones and 2,253,000 records. Nice work, Goebbels: one record for each German who has been killed. Perhaps as the Germans retreat in the midst of a blizzard and gunfire, they will warmly thank Goebbels for the gramophones . . . "charms that soothe the savage breast."

But while they freeze, the beasts are rushing round Europe collecting a huge ball of wool. They are stripping Frenchmen and Frenchwomen. In the working-class town of Roubaix in northern France four women have been arrested "for destroying four knitted jackets." Four daughters of the French people have shown themselves to be heroines. They burnt their warm clothes rather than give them up to the Germans. A simple, splendid gesture. The soldiers of the Red Army who have been victorious at Kaluga and Maloyaroslavets will realize what the brave act of these four French-

women means. They preferred imprisonment, perhaps death, rather than give up their warm clothes to their oppressors. "Let the cursed Germans freeze!" says France. And our soldiers will not be behindhand in repaying their debt: for the four jackets that have been destroyed they will destroy four thousand Germans who have trampled on France.

January 8th, 1942.

THE MEANING OF A BETRAYAL

Once upon a time Knut Hamsun wrote beautiful novels about the emotional torments of misunderstood people, about rocky heights and pines. In his old age this great writer has become a petty politician. He has betrayed his heroine Victoria for the sake of Hitler. He has renounced Pan,¹ the god of nature, for Wotan, the ancient German god of war, who thirsts for blood sacrifices. This writer with a world-famous name has asked to be taken on as a lackey on Goebbels' footboard.

Hamsun hates the Soviet Union. In order to slander our country he is even ready to glorify the old Russia. But he has never known Russia and never understood her. Long before the Revolution he spent a few days in Moscow and a week in the Caucasus, after which he published a nonsensical book called *In the Land of Make-believe*. The book tells you nothing about Russia, but it reveals quite a lot about Hamsun himself.

Now he writes: "In the old Russia the people were merry. Their life might have been called a quiet poetic dream." Now let's turn to *In the Land of Make-believe*. In Moscow Knut Hamsun's observations were mainly confined to night life. He ate well and drank even better, which explains the fantastic nature of his comments: "A restaurant . . . I bow to everybody and take out my enormous passport. But nobody understands it. The waiters call me 'your excellency.' . . . Suddenly, for no apparent reason, I stand up, go over to the ikon and cross myself. . . . I start singing. . . ." Evidently it was the recollection of this drinking-bout which prompted him to write: "In the old Russia the people were merry."

The book also contains the following incident: "The officer makes a gesture of command with his hand—stop! And the moujiks stop. Evidently he is their master. Perhaps this village belongs to him? . . . One day when a threatening crowd was pursuing Nicholas I in the streets he shouted in stentorian tones: 'Down on your

¹ *Victoria* and *Pan* are the titles of two of Hamsun's novels.

knees!"—and the crowd went down on their knees." Hamsun then indulges in an apologia for slavery: "Napoleon was obeyed with enthusiasm. To obey is a delight. And the Russian people is still capable of this."

However, Knut Hamsun has had to content himself with an ersatz Napoleon. He has felt "delight" before a German policeman. At the age of eighty-two he has obediently gone down on his knees. He is indignant with Russia: why doesn't the Soviet people stop when the Tyrolese corporal shouts to it "Stop!"?

Hamsun glorifies the "New Order," that is to say, the subjection of the whole world to Germany. He calls the British "a cowardly and lazy people," and characterizes the United States as "the land of bluff." This dotard's shaky pen obligingly writes down the epithets of the market-place. The fine writer Knut Hamsun is no more. We have before us an insignificant plagiarist of Goebbels.

Everybody who has been in Norway knows the high qualities of the Norwegian people. The struggle with stern nature has made the Norwegians courageous men. The people in Norway live far away from one another; miles of high mountain country may separate one house from another. Perhaps this is why they are accustomed to respect a human being. They value friendship and love loyalty. From ancient times they have set great store on their noblest heritage of liberty. In Norway the German invaders did not find compliant people, corrupted by an easy life and ready for any sort of "collaboration." The name of Quisling has become an international synonym for contempt. Yet this venerable writer, who owes his glory to his native country with its beauty, manners and people, has gone over to the enemies of his nation.

The Germans have doomed the Norwegians to extinction. Enough to mention that a man receives 150 grammes of bread a day. Before the war the prisons in Norway were empty. Now there is not room enough for all those who have been arrested. The military courts are sentencing brave men to death. But the Norwegians have refused to submit. The Lofoten Islands, which used to be known only as cod-fishing ground in spring, have become centres of national resistance. Larsen's guerillas are routing German detachments.

Hamsun, the writer with a world reputation, and Larsen, the humble Norwegian, have taken different paths. One has preferred to betray his country and to receive the praises of Goebbels. The other has chosen the thorny path of struggle and noble exploit.

When a pimp from the Red Light quarter of Marseilles joins the

Hitlerite "Legion" there is no need to bother one's head about him. We can let our rifles do the talking. But what could have led a famous writer in his old age to justify brigandage, to praise executioners and to betray his country? We find the answer in Hamsun's spiritual life-story. His enthusiasm for Nicholas I is not accidental. This "rebel" had long been fascinated by the idea of bending the knee. He hated progress, and Hitler appeared to him as a mythical gendarme, who was capable of turning back the course of history.

No doubt it is a far cry from the past reflections of Hamsun the tourist to the terrible pit at Kerch full of children's bodies and the gallows at Volokolamsk. But the venerable writer has acknowledged the S.S. men as his heirs. He gives them his blessing when they loot and murder. What does Fascism mean to Hamsun? It means above all a rebellion against progress, setting up dark elemental forces in place of reason, an alliance of all people who have no real traditions, of all whom we rightly call the scum and dregs of history.

The Fascists entered the arena, cursing the future. They were fond of talking about the beauty of the past. But when they seized power they began to destroy all the great traditions. What has Hitler taken from the past? A few superstitions, the executioner's top-hat and the Nuremberg instruments of torture. Besides killing writers the Fascists destroy books. The whole world remembers the bonfires of Berlin when thousands of volumes were consigned to the flames. In Paris the Germans have already put two thousand books on the condemned list.

They have removed Chopin's monument in Cracow and the statues of Rousseau and Voltaire in Paris. They have desecrated Yasnaya Polyana. These are no casual excesses on the part of unbridled soldiery, but the systematic extermination of the past. In France alone the Germans have destroyed three hundred monuments of art, including that masterpiece of architecture, the Château d'Amboise. To this number must be added the Louvain library, Coventry Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, several London museums, the churches at Istra, Smolensk, and Novgorod, and the temples of ancient Greece.

What is the explanation of this premeditated vandalism? The men who hate the future of humanity are equally contemptuous of its past. Fascism began by rejecting the nineteenth century. The frequenters of the Berlin beer-halls called that century an "aberration." They also regarded the eighteenth century as an "aberration," since it was the age of the encyclopaedists and the French Revolution. It is sometimes said that Fascism has "resurrected" the Middle Ages. This is an incorrect assertion, which does a grave

injustice to our remote ancestors. The people of the Middle Ages did not know much, but they were anxious to know. The epic poems and Gothic cathedrals were the encyclopaedia of the epoch and the evidence of its desire to approach the understanding of the world. But Fascism is the repudiation of knowledge. It is outside history.

Why have all the spiritual forces of mankind united in the struggle against Fascism? H. G. Wells's world-outlook is not identical with our own. The paths of the Catholic thinker Maritain and Einstein are different. The physicist Langevin and Hemingway live in different worlds. But none of them think of the development of mankind outside its traditions and cultural heritage. We can say without boasting that in many spheres our nation has outstripped the others. We love the future. It is the breath of our life. It is for this very reason that we do not renounce the past. Ancient Greece, the Renaissance, the era of enlightenment—who has not drunk of these fountains? This is where we are one with Wells, Maritain, Hemingway, Langevin, Einstein, and with all thinking humanity. That which is great needs to be continued. Having realized the greatness of the past, it is impossible to renounce movement and creative development.

Marx is unthinkable without the encyclopaedists, Rodin without Greece, Shostakovich without Beethoven, Hemingway without Tolstoy.

Fascism has every reason to curse the intelligentsia. Darkness is indispensable to the gigantic prison which Hitler has created. The years when Hitler gained his easy victories will be known to history as the eclipse of Europe. The Fascists fear the representatives of thought. Fascism has never for one moment based itself on a genuine intelligentsia. On the cultural plane it was a revolt of the dregs of society, failures, semi-literate know-alls, intellectual tramps and petty bourgeois Philistines who hated all living thought.

Terrible is the fate of the writers of the older generation, who entered the literary world at the same time as Hamsun: they have been done to death or persecuted by the Fascists. Thomas Mann and Heinrich Mann are in exile. Stefan Zweig committed suicide. Romain Rolland is silent—German corporals are living in his house. Roger Martin du Gard is silent. The Germans have burnt the books of Georges Duhamel and deprived him of his manuscripts. The great Spanish poet Antonio Machado died at the frontier while escaping from the Fascist invaders. Unamuno cursed Fascism before his death. The graves of the dead and the enforced silence

of the living are a sufficient reply to Hamsun: he has not only betrayed his country, but human speech as well.

The next generation of writers likewise rejected Fascism. Roth died in exile. Toller hanged himself. Remarque, Renn, Doebelin, Brecht, Becher, Werfel, Seghers and Frank are refugees. Maurois, Romain, Maritain, Bernanos have left Hitler-dominated France. Malraux and Mauriac are doomed to silence. America has given refuge to the Polish poet Tuwim, the Spanish writers Bergamin and Alberti and Italy's best novelist Moravia. The Czech writers are gagged. The Norwegian writer Nordal Grieg is in England with the Norwegians who are fighting against Germany.

The list could be continued. Much could be said about the fate of artists and composers. One could describe the sufferings of the famous old artist Marquet or the well-known chemical scientist Périn in Occupied France. But the tale of the martyrdom of European thought would fill pages.

Hitler has occupied more than ten countries, but he has found only one apologist in Europe—the venerable Knut Hamsun. We're not going to burn Hamsun's novels, nor shall we deny his literary talent. But Hamsun has long ceased to exist as a writer, and even Goebbels writes better Fascist articles. Neither a thousand tanks nor the grey hair of a dishonoured writer will save Fascism.

Hamsun's apostasy will unite still more closely the forces of the progressive intelligentsia in the struggle against Fascism. We realize why the people of both hemispheres look with hope to the Red Army. We realize the sentiment which moves the scientists, writers and artists of Europe to send greetings to the people of Russia. On the fields of Russia we are defending all the values of culture and the creative powers of humanity. Progress is a relay race. It is no easy race. History has known the invasion of the Vandals, the *auto da fé* of the Inquisition and the dull fanaticism of ephemeral rulers. But every new generation has taken the torch from the bleeding hands of the men of thought and light. We are moving forward under fire and hurling back the great invasion of darkness. We shall lose much in the struggle, but we shall preserve for a new, happy generation the thought, light and conscience of mankind.

March 20th, 1942.

THE SORROW OF FRANCE

In his last speech Hitler cursed as usual the Red Army, America, Churchill and the Russian climate. However, there was one new

note. Hitler launched an unexpectedly malevolent attack on the French, who are not behaving at Riom as they did at Compiègne.

Although he is swimming in blood, Hitler likes to talk about his love of peace. He had hoped that at Riom he would be proclaimed as a Peacemaker. He had devised the Riom trial as a judgment on the French Republic. It turned out to be a judgment on Germany and her agents. Neither the accused nor the witnesses declare this openly, but the shadow of the real criminal hovers over the tribunal. It was Hitler's plan to make the French condemn themselves and acknowledge that they unjustly contrived the war. But the Riom trial has led to something different. They are disputing about who is to blame for France's having lost the war. Thus it becomes an accepted conclusion that France was obliged to wage this war and that Hitler's victory is a catastrophe for the French people.

"Judge the people who dared lift a weapon against me!" said Hitler. Instead of this, the people at Riom are being tried for not having made successful use of their weapons. And the French people, who follow the debates, pass their own judgment, which is: "The guilty men are those who laid down their weapons."

Marshal Pétain and Admiral Darlan hoped they would strengthen their position at the trial by putting the blame for defeat on the Popular Front. But the defendants, with their backs to the wall, were obliged to hit back. Daladier, who did a good deal in his time to kill the Popular Front, and in 1938-9 prepared 1940, remembered the days when he was regarded as a tribune of the people. He used to be called the "Bull of Vaucluse," on account of his reputation for stubbornness and downrightness. In the Munich period the "Bull of Vaucluse" showed himself to be more like a gentle calf. But when he found himself in the dock, he spoke out straightforwardly, even courageously. Léon Blum, a lawyer and a cautious politician, who has spent all his life in party politics, juggling with votes in the Chamber, had the courage to speak before the Riom judges of thrice-forbidden things—the patriotism of the French Communists and the struggle of the Red Army.

In defending themselves, the accused men bring forward facts revealing the guilt of the judges themselves. Thus Daladier has established the responsibility of Marshal Pétain, who opposed the fortification of France's northern frontier. Pétain had indeed declared with almost touching ignorance that the forests in the region of the River Meuse would make any advance by the enemy impossible. In a letter addressed to Pétain the ex-Premier Paul Reynaud wrote that the Marshal had objected to the formation of

tank divisions, saying: "It is untrue that tanks will play a considerable part in the coming war." Pétain had absolutely no conception of the role of the air force as an offensive arm, and Chauvinot, a professor of strategy and the Marshal's friend, wrote: "The air force will not have any decisive importance."

The men of Vichy want to prove that France was badly prepared for war. The fact can hardly be disputed. But the men who were responsible for the bad preparation of France are just these men of Vichy, the generals who were incapable of understanding the development of military science, and the greedy, dull-witted industrialists who were at the head of the defence industries and inspired the whole defeatist policy.

The myth of the invincibility of the Maginot Line was the fruit of conservative thought. It was thus that the wealthy knights of old relied on the impenetrability of their armour—till gunpowder was invented. However, the rulers of France did not even complete the fortification of France's frontiers. They spent enormous sums on the Maginot Line, but did not continue the line as far as the sea. Moreover, five years before the catastrophe Marshal Pétain held the view that the little forest in the region of Sedan, where the Germans broke through, was capable of taking the place of the gigantic fortifications of the Maginot Line. Thus only half the fence was built, a double-folding door with only one fold.

The neglectful attitude of the French Government in regard to tanks was a hideous mistake. Here again the main responsibility lies with the reactionary upper circles of the French Army. General Weygand, General Georges, General Gamelin and Marshal Pétain were all agreed that tanks were merely an appendage to infantry formations. They were capable of affecting the morale of the troops but were unsuitable for military operations on a large scale.

Daladier and Blum brought up at Riom the question of the sabotage of the war industries. The equipment of the French Army depended on the policy of Schneider, who was also interested in Germany's war industries. Unnecessary to mention that these industrialists are now supporting Vichy and making propaganda in favour of "collaboration" with Hitler.

Nevertheless, in spite of its lack of preparation the French Army possessed good cadres, a strong field artillery, a large number of machine-guns and excellent human material—the French infantryman is brave, versatile and bold in attack. Why then did the Germans occupy Paris thirty-five days after they began to advance?

The first factor to be considered is the inertia of the French

Command. When one analyses the May and June operations of the French Army one can't help shrugging one's shoulders every time and asking: was this stupidity or treason? How can one understand, for instance, the behaviour of General Corap who commanded the French Army on the Meuse front? After the Germans had broken through he neither blew up the bridges nor organized resistance, but calmly washed his hands and said: "The war is lost in any case." How can one fathom the role of Weygand, who on June 10th proposed to carry on with the war, but a few days later demanded unconditional surrender? How can one explain the obstacles that the High Command put in the way of the only tank unit, which was under the command of de Gaulle?

There are many witnesses at Riom. Conspicuous among them are the gold-braided generals. But those generals who could throw light on the treason are conspicuous by their absence. General de Gaulle is now engaged not in writing history, but in making war. He is at the head of a French Army that is fighting for the independence of France. General Giraud was a soldier with a good knowledge of warfare and a bold, honest patriot. He fell into a German trap. The Germans liberated all the generals on condition they gave their word of honour not to take part in the struggle against Germany. When General Giraud was asked to give such a promise he replied: "I consider the proposal contrary to my oath and military profession. All who accept it should be handed over to a court-martial for treason."

De Gaulle was isolated by the French Command. Giraud fell into a trap—many people assert that it could not have happened without direct assistance of some of the French generals. Billotte was killed. Who then was defending France? General Huntziger, notorious for his adventures in Syria, a man of no principles who was already fascinated by Hitler's Germany in 1936; General Dentz, a dull-witted Fascist, an insignificant and petty-minded man who gave orders to fire on Frenchmen who attempted to defend Paris, and who organized the criminal war in Syria against the troops of General de Gaulle; General Corap, the friend of the Cagoullards, who said: "I prefer Goering to Hitler, but I prefer even Hitler to the 'comrades' of the Popular Front"; Admiral Darlan, a careerist of unbridled ambition, who from the first day of the Franco-German war asserted that France had only one enemy—England; Marshal Pétain, a decrepit old man who regarded the régime of General Franco as the apex of political wisdom, and the trench warfare of 1916 as the apogee of military science; General Weygand, who called

two shallow streams the "impregnable Weygand Line," and was not so much afraid of the German tanks as of the workers of Paris. These were the men in whose hands lay the defence of France.

It cannot be doubted that the defendants as well as the judges have been guilty of many things. In stifling the Spanish republic they were preparing the defeat of France. In representing Munich as a victory for France, Daladier brought demoralization into the country. In sabotaging the organization of collective security and under-estimating the strength of the Soviet Union, he unwittingly encouraged Hitler. In spite of the civic courage he has shown at Riom, we cannot forget.

When the war began, the French Government with Daladier at its head prepared defeat in full agreement with General Gamelin, a defendant, General Weygand, a witness, and Marshal Pétain, a judge. It is essential to remember this now, as there are still people in the world who are inclined to repeat the mistakes of that fatal winter. What did the French Government reckon on gaining by sitting tight behind the Maginot Line, concerning itself with how to amuse the "browned-off" troops, arranging football matches and ministerial picnics? They reckoned on gaining time. "We've gained the winter," they said. In fact it was Hitler who gained the winter. The walls of Paris were covered with enormous placards showing the two hemispheres with the countries of the Allies in red and Germany in another colour. Underneath was written: "We are stronger." The rulers of France let Hitler crush Poland, prepare to seize Scandinavia and later on to seize France itself, while they consoled themselves and the people with the motto: "We are stronger." The newspapers wrote: "Time is on our side," and the calm of peaceful days reigned at the front. A German airman was buried with military honours and great pomp. Loudspeakers outside the dug-outs broadcast Strauss waltzes instead of political appeals to the German soldiers. They were afraid of arousing hatred for the enemy. They asserted that France "must be economical with human lives" and refused to bomb Cologne in order not to expose Strasbourg to danger.

What was the result of this policy? In the war itself the French Army lost at the most one hundred thousand men, but in the fatal days of the exodus more than one hundred thousand women and children were killed by German bombs on the roads of France. Scores of French towns have been destroyed. A million and a half Frenchmen are languishing in German captivity. Thousands of children have already died of hunger and sickness in France. The

country is ruined. Economy has turned out to be a criminal extravagance.

Marshal Pétain wanted to lay the blame on the Popular Front. But besides the defendants, judges and witnesses there is present at the trial the spirit of the real public prosecutor—the French people who now know who was responsible for the defeat of France. They hate the capitulationists. Their enemy is Hitler. Their friend is everyone who fights against him.

The responsibility of the capitulationists and all abettors of the catastrophe has become particularly clear to Frenchmen after the defeat of the Germans near Moscow. There is not a Frenchman who does not wonder why France came under Hitler's boot and why Russia has not only stood up to the Germans, but has given them their first real hiding. Year after year the French Fascist newspapers calumniated the Soviet Union and tried to belittle the strength of the Red Army and the Russian war industries.

Now the French have realized that the people are not Schneider, that the people work for themselves and not against themselves. The French have come to see that academic knowledge and degrees do not indicate real mastery of the science of warfare. They have seen the forty-year-old generals of the Soviet Union turn out to be more capable than Gamelin, Weygand or Georges. The French have realized that the moral unity of the Russian people has saved them not only from the German tank columns, but also from that boggy of the whole world—the so-called Fifth Column. Finally, the French and all the nations of the world have seen the meaning of self-sacrifice, resoluteness and real courage. They have seen how the Soviet people prepared their first victories by accepting any sacrifices, giving battle often at great odds, and blowing up bridges and dams. When Blum, in defending himself, mentioned the struggle of the Red Army against the enemies of France, a tense stillness probably reigned in the hall. The victories at Rostov, at Kalinin, were a death sentence to the people who signed the Compiègne armistice.

This is how the real France regards the Riom trial. This is why the numbers of the German divisions defeated in Russia can now be seen marked with little crosses on the stations of the Paris Metro. In the bodies of the German soldiers lying in the snow of Russia the disarmed but unsubdued people of France see the beginning of their liberation. The young Frenchmen who escape in fishing-boats to England, not to play football but to fight for the liberation of France from Hitler, have no need of the Riom debates—they know

who is guilty. They also know who is going to win. General de Gaulle's words: "France has lost the fight, but France has not lost the war," resound like a rallying call. They are mobilizing the people. The German Press is indignant at the behaviour of the Parisians, who cheered when the Renault works were bombarded from the air. Yes, the Renault workers welcomed the bombs, which brought death to many of them—such is the patriotism of the French people. It is natural that Hitler should lose his mental balance when he talks about the Riom trial.

The French people did not sign that piece of paper at Compiègne. The French people are in a state of war with Germany. If the Riom people dare to talk about the Red Army, it is a sign that their patience is exhausted. For France the second front is not a philosophical concept or the subject of academic discussions; it is a question of life or death. And the Red Army, which is justly proud of its resistance, understands the wrath of France, her bitterness and sorrow—the people who composed the immortal song with the refrain, "To arms, citizens!" are filled with a feverish expectation, wondering when the ship of liberty will appear amid the fog.

March 21st, 1942.

IV. OURSELVES

THE FIRST DAY

When we heard that the German Fascists had treacherously attacked our Soviet towns we were filled with rage and indignation. Not with words will our people answer the enemy. The gambler has staked his fortune. Inevitable ruin awaits him.

The German Fascists have subjected many countries to their yoke. I saw the fall of Paris. It did not fall because the Germans were invincible. It fell because treason and cowardice had corroded France. The ruling circles betrayed the French people. But wherever, despite the intention of the Command, the forsaken soldiers showed resistance, the German Fascist troops were held up by insignificant detachments of defenders. The people of Tours, together with a couple of battalions, defended their town for three days against the main forces of the German Army.

The Soviet people are firmly united. They are defending their native country, honour and freedom, and the Fascists will not succeed in their base, underhand game.

They have plundered gay liberty-loving France. They have enslaved our fellow-nations, the highly cultured Czechs, the brave Yugoslavs and the talented Poles. They are oppressing the Norwegians, Danes and Belgians. I have been in the countries which the Germans have ruined. Everywhere I saw people's eyes aflame with anger—the people hate the robbers who have plundered their countries and are murdering their children and destroying their culture, language and traditions. They are only waiting for the time when Hitler's gangster empire begins to totter, and all of them will rise like one man against their oppressors. The Soviet people have faithful allies. These are the peoples of the enslaved countries—the workers of Paris, the peasants of Serbia, the fishermen of Norway, the inhabitants of ancient Prague and the tortured sons of butchered Warsaw. All the peoples are with us. They regard the Red Army as their deliverer. Guerilla warfare has been going on since the winter in the countries occupied by the Fascists—where brave men could no longer bear the monstrous yoke. In November the students of Paris went out into the streets with revolvers. The Norwegians have been killing Fascist detachments at night, and

from their hiding-places in the forests the Poles have been making sorties against the Fascist invaders. In Czechoslovakia the workers have been sabotaging the machinery in the factories, acting on the slogan: "Not a shell for the German Fascists." Now the Germans will be opposed not by a few thousand brave men, but by millions—the peoples of Europe. The end of the arrogant Fascist butchers is in sight.

During the German occupation of Paris I often saw inscriptions on the walls: "Hitler began the war, Stalin will finish it." We did not want this war. We will not shirk it. The Fascists began the war. We will finish it—with the victory of labour and liberty. War is a hard, stern business, but our hearts are steeled. We know what sorrow the Fascist invader has brought to other nations who have been foolish. We know that when he is faced with proper determined resistance he is halted. We shall not quail in face of the struggle which lies ahead of us. History has given us the noble task of defending our country and children, and of saving a world that is tortured by the enemies of the human race. Our sacred war, which has been imposed upon us by the invaders, will become a war for the liberation of enslaved Europe.

June 22nd, 1941.

MANKIND IS WITH US

Early morning. Moscow awoke to a day of hard work and hard living—how long these days are! Piercing the light haze, the sun-rays lit up the stones of the ancient Kremlin. Then the voice of the Head of the Government rang out: "I want to address you, my friends!"

Stalin spoke about the danger hanging over our country, the invasion of our lands by the Fascist hordes, and the wounds inflicted on our cities. People listened in silence, and then went on their way in silence to their work. Hatred has no words. Only the people's eyes shone with a sacred wrath. They went to their work, remembering Stalin's words about the bravery of our soldiers, our unshakable confidence, and the destruction to which Hitler's hordes are doomed. Talk about a people in arms! This is the entire Soviet people—men and women, old folk and children!

The German Press states that "the Russian soldiers defend themselves to the last." The Nazi journalists call the bravery of our soldiers "fanaticism." No, it is not fanaticism. It is their hatred of the Fascist savages, their attachment to their country and their desire to live their own life and speak their own language. We are

defending our young gardens and their firstfruits, the trees which have been watered with blood and sweat for twenty-three years.

"The purpose of this all-national patriotic war against the Fascist oppressors is not only to liquidate the danger hanging over our country, but also to help all the peoples of Europe who are groaning under the yoke of German Fascism." The whole world will hear Stalin's words. The war of liberation will begin.

Our enemies have no rear—they have dozens of fronts: Czech, Norwegian, French, Dutch, Polish and Serbian. We have millions and millions of faithful allies. We have with us all those who have lost their liberty and their country. With us are the widows of the men who have been shot by the Fascists, and the inhabitants of the towns which have been destroyed by the savages. With us are scientists and herdsmen, Bergen and Athens. Who knows how many allies we have in Germany itself? It is of no avail for Hitler to try, by means of "special communiqués" accompanied by the beating of drums, to diminish the anxiety with which Germany is gripped. He presents the German people with deceptive victories. But the people want the truth and bread, and this is just what Hitler cannot give them.

Stalin's words will reach the city of trampled freedom, outraged but implacable Paris. They will reach the peasants of Yugoslavia, the students of Oxford, the fishermen of Norway and the workers of Pilsen. They will awaken a new hope in the hearts of the people who are suffering under the Fascist barbarians. We do not want to impose on anyone our ideas, our tastes or our language. We only want to defend our country and our freedom. But every Hitlerite killed in the forests of Byelorussia, every tank and every plane destroyed, is a victory for the ten nations enslaved by Hitler. It is a victory for England, that refused to capitulate, and for America, that has risen against the Hitlerite empire. Stalin's speech will be heard by the people of London, who have experienced hundreds of barbarous raids, and by the miners of Wales and the weavers of Manchester. Stalin's words voice the will of a country which places independence, courage and dignity above peace and comfort.

Hitler is in a hurry—he has no time. Before him stretches a vast country, the Soviet Union. Before him is the Red Army. Behind him are the British bombers, the American factories and what used to be peaceful, flourishing Europe but which has now become a wilderness inhabited by guerillas. Hitler is in a hurry. He is sending his best divisions into battle. Ahead of us lie days of trial, grim battles and hard work. We must live with our teeth clenched. We

shall see victory. Our patriotic war will become a war that will liberate Europe from the yoke of Hitler.

July 4th, 1941.

LIBERTY OR DEATH!

There are hard times in the life of nations and in the life of every man. One must be able to look truth in the face. Our country is in peril. Hitler is bringing us degradation and a yoke of slavery that means the life of animals, life on all-fours.

We are being invaded by the savages of the S.S., Pomeranian landowners, monocled officers, beer-bloated sergeant-majors, executioners whose methods are the last word in the art of torture, arrogant strangers who want to turn our people into serfs and robots.

They want to Germanize us and force us to forget Pushkin and Shevchenko. They want their thugs to control our towns, where they will shout in German at the cross-roads. They want to line up the Byelorussians, Armenians, Tadjiks and Georgians and bark at them: "Eins-zwei!"

The despicable Hitler called Leo Tolstoy a mongrel. They want to burn the books of Tolstoy and Gorky. They want the streets of our towns to be named after the German bandits—"Hermann Goering Prospect," "Goebbels Strasse."

They want to remind us a hundred times a day that we are "an inferior race" and that we must bow down to their vile "vons"—the Kleists and Ribbentrops.

They want to settle their colonists on our land and distribute our fields and orchards among the Schmidts and Muellers. Our collective farmers are to become day-labourers for the German landowners. They have already worked out their plan for the colonization of our black-earth region.

They want our workers to work for them. Herr Vögler has already declared that his "Stahlverein" will take the Russian ore. They sit in their air-raid shelters with the British bombers circling overhead and discuss who is to hold the shares in Magnitogorsk or Yusovka. They dream of a German trust which will exploit the Baku oilfields.

They want to wipe out our intelligentsia. They will send the teachers to work in the fields, the engineers to pave the roads, and the doctors to look after their pigs. They say their own German intelligentsia is sufficient for the whole of Europe.

They want us to live for them and by them, to talk in a whisper and breathe only as they ordain.

The Soviet people value culture. For them books, pictures and

songs are the air which they breathe. The entry to our schools is free. With us knowledge is for all, like the sun. We are proud of Tolstoy. We cherish our children—they are the Pushkins and Tolstoy of to-morrow.

Russia is centuries old. We cherish her history, culture and glory. The Soviet State is twenty-three years old. We cherish its youth and its air, the air of brotherhood and freedom. The young men of the October generation—the fliers, tankmen and infantrymen—are inspired with the heroism of our great revolution and the legendary courage of the Red Guards and guerillas.

We know what is now at stake: our freedom, our life, our future. We are defending the right to breathe in freedom. We are defending the peace and happiness of our children.

Soviet people never, never, never shall be slaves! The women say to the soldiers: "Defend us from shame!" The children say: "Fight for our free life!" From the rustling boughs of our Russian birch-trees and Ukrainian cherry orchards comes a murmur: "We don't want to grow green for the invaders!" And the soldiers of the Red Army set out for the mortal combat with one thought—liberty or death!

July 5th, 1941.

CONTEMPT FOR DEATH

Smolensk had its first air raid during the night. The Germans dropped thousands of incendiaries on the town. The population did not lose its self-control. Women, old people and children threw water on the incendiaries or covered them with sand. Almost all the bombs were rendered harmless. Fires broke out here and there. The Germans dropped heavy land-mines, but they did not frighten the people, who were fighting the fires.

Every night for a week the Germans raided the town; they flew in from the west just before sunset, when it was difficult to distinguish them. The town grew accustomed to the raids and went on with its everyday life. The spirit of Smolensk was well expressed by a girl who remained at her post during the savage bombings: "We've got to show them our strength," she said.

By order of the Russian Command our troops evacuated Vitebsk, on the right bank of the western Dvina. The army removed all military equipment. The Germans dropped paratroops—forty tanks and motor-cyclists—about five miles from the town, but the first attack was beaten off by guerillas. Then the tanks took cover

in the anti-tank trenches and became strong-points, from which they opened fire on the town with their guns.

The Vitebsk brewery worked for a whole day filling thousands of bottles with inflammable liquid. Then bold men crept up to the tanks and destroyed eleven of them. They also threw incendiary bottles at the motor-cyclists. This operation required great daring, as the attackers were obliged to get close up to their objectives. There was no lack of daring.

When the Germans entered the town, they found it empty and dead. They waited a couple of days before entering it, as they were afraid to go in. For two days seven heroes waited for the Germans near a bridge. When the German tanks and artillery came on to the long bridge that spans the Dvina, they were all blown up. The explosion was heard for miles around. The seven Soviet heroes sacrificed their lives. Is there anyone among us who can read this story of unexampled heroism without emotion?

The inhabitants had left, and the men, old grandfathers and young lads, have become guerillas. Among them are peasants who fought in the partisan detachments twenty-three years ago. These men are the professors of guerilla warfare. Even children are to be found among the guerillas. It is an army of grandfathers and grandsons.

One old forester leapt from a tree on to a German motor-cyclist, gripped him firmly by the neck and forced him to drive into the Russian barricades.

Three German parachutists landed in hilly country near a Pioneers' camp. Hiding behind the hillocks, the children obliged them to fire all their ammunition for nothing. When the Germans ran out of ammunition, the children set upon them with flails and started to flog them. Then they drove them to the neighbouring town.

The guerillas know all the forest paths. They attack the German advance S.S. columns, as well as the enemy's infantry units far back in the rear.

Here is an order of the German Command:

"Townsmen and villagers!

"Should any guerillas, whose whereabouts you have not reported to the German Command, be discovered in the territory of your town or village, you will all without exception be deemed to be the spies of a foreign power and hanged as such."

The "townsmen and villagers" read the order, but they do not give any information to the Germans. They are Soviet people.

In one village the Germans flogged the little children in front of

their mothers' eyes in order to force them to tell where the partisans were hidden, but the women said nothing.

One day an old man with a withered right hand came to the guerillas. "It's all right," he said. "I'm left-handed."

Fighting is going on deep in the enemy's rear. Everywhere the Germans are surrounded by indomitable bands of guerillas, who hide in the woods and among the ruins. The night in Soviet Russia is full of men with rifles, grenades and dynamite. There is no front line, and the Germans have no need to stick little flags on the map; the front is around every German detachment.

Half-litre bottles of inflammable liquid hurtle into the openings of tanks, against engines and tyres of the motor-cycles.

The warehouses, cornfields and villages are set on fire. This is a grievous year for our people, but it is a fatal year for our enemies. They are marching through a flaming country, which does not want the stranger on its soil.

One guerilla put it very explicitly when he said to me: "I shoot at them without missing. My bullet flies from my heart."

In one engagement the Germans captured a guerilla. They took him to a goods platform where twenty gravely wounded Red Army men were lying. Near by stood the German machine-guns. A German officer went up to the guerilla and said in Russian: "I can see at once that you're a guerilla and a Communist. Answer me." The comrade said nothing.

"Very well," said the officer. "You'll have something to say later on at my place." Then he turned to the wounded men and said: "There's no guard. If anything happens, the machine-gunners will mow you down. You're all responsible for this man. If he runs away, I'll shoot the lot of you. Understand?"

The officer went away. The Red Army men said to the partisan: "Run!"

"No!" he said. "I don't want to get you into trouble."

"Run!" they said. "You're still able to fight, but we're done for. We're all wounded, we're smashed up. They'll finish us off anyway. Run!"

"No!" said the guerilla.

Then a Red Army man said to him sternly: "I'm a Communist too. I order you to run. You've got to fight."

The Red Army men screened him from the machine-gunners. He said: "Good-bye, friends." Then he made his way to our lines.

Twenty heroes. . . . It is difficult to write about them calmly—one is stifled by hatred for the enemy and elated with pride in those

comrades—if one could only be like them! The courage of our men, the last night of the seven heroes before blowing up the bridge, the silence of the women when their children were being tortured, the inflexible will of the twenty half-dead Red Army men, the contempt for death in the name of victory—these are our saga. It is stronger than words, it is the very height of the human spirit. Such a people cannot be conquered.

July 20th, 1941.

TO THE JEWS

When I was a boy I witnessed a Jewish pogrom. It was carried out by Tsarist police and a mob of underworld scum. But Russian people hid the Jews. I remember how my father brought one of Leo Tolstoy's letters copied on a piece of paper. Tolstoy lived next door, and I often used to see him. I knew that he was a great writer. I was ten years old. My father read aloud: "I cannot be silent"—the letter in which Tolstoy expressed his indignation at the Jewish pogroms. My mother began to cry. The Russian people were innocent of the pogroms. The Jews were aware of this. I have never heard Jews speak evil of the Russian people, and I never shall. Having won their freedom, the Russian people forgot the persecution of the Jews like a bad dream. A generation has grown up who do not even know the word "pogrom."

I grew up in a Russian city. Russian is my native language and I am a Russian writer. Like every Russian, I am now defending my native land. But the Nazis have reminded me of another thing: my mother's name was Hannah. I am a Jew and proud of it. Hitler hates us more than anything, and this fact is an ornament to us.

Last summer I saw Berlin—it was a nest of gangsters. I saw the German Army in Paris—it was an army of violators. All humanity is now fighting against Germany, not for territory but for the right to breathe! Is it necessary to talk about what these "Aryan" beasts are doing to the Jews? They are killing children before their mothers' eyes. They are forcing old men to play the buffoon, and violating girls. They are slaughtering, torturing and burning. Bialystok, Minsk, Berdichev and Vinnitsa will remain terrible names. The fewer words, the better: bullets, not words are needed, for the Nazis are proud of the fact that they are beasts. They themselves say they set greater store on Frisian cows than on Heine's poetry. They insulted the French philosopher Bergson before his death—to these savages he was only a Jew. They ordered the books

of the Polish poet Tuwin to be handed over to the soldiers' latrines: he was a Jew! Einstein? A Jew! Schagal? A Jew! How can they talk of culture when they violate ten-year-old girls and bury people alive?

My country, the Russian people, the people of Pushkin and Tolstoy, have accepted the fight. As a Russian writer and a Jew, I now appeal to the Jews of America. There is no ocean behind which you can shelter. Listen to the voices of the guns around Gomel! Listen to the cries of the tortured Russian and Jewish women in Berdichev! You cannot stuff up your ears or close your eyes! The voices of the Leahs of the Ukraine, the Rachels of Minsk and the Sarahs of Bialystok will mingle with your still peaceful slumbers. They are weeping for their tortured children. Jews! The wild beasts have marked us down! Our place is in the front ranks. We will not forgive those who are indifferent. We will curse those who wash their hands. Help all who are fighting against the ferocious enemy. Come to the aid of England! Come to the aid of the Soviet Union! Let everyone do all that he can. Soon he will be asked what he has done. He will have to answer before the living and the dead and before his own conscience.

August 24th, 1941.

IN THE BRIANSK FORESTS

Towards the end of August the pride of the German Army, Guderian's tank group (47th and 24th tank corps), reinforced with infantry divisions, tried to capture Briansk. This was mentioned in orders which have been captured from the enemy. However, on September 1st our troops under the command of Petrov, Hero of the Soviet Union, began to attack, forced a passage over the Desna, and having advanced four miles, cut the Roslavl highway. The "march on Briansk" turned out to be a march on paper.

To the south, in the direction of Trubchevsk, the 47th tank corps of the enemy met with unexpected resistance and a head-on tank battle took place. The 17th and 18th German tank divisions came out of this action with a very battered appearance. Our air force inflicted a number of shattering blows on the German tank formations. The intensity of the air bombardments can be judged from the figures: in one day our fliers made 900 flights. Twenty thousand bombs were dropped in a week. The area between the Sojha and the Desna was a shambles for Guderian's tanks. On September 9th our land forces also began to attack in this direction, and the

enemy started retreating in disorder. In one day the units of Kreiser, Hero of the Soviet Union, advanced five to six miles.

Heavy losses have been suffered by the 17th and 18th German tank divisions. The Germans have lost more than 260 tanks, about 600 lorries and hundreds of guns. The 29th motorized division is retreating in disorder. The staff of the 15th motorized regiment has been routed and the officers killed. About 10,000 Germans have perished on the banks of the Desna. They were crack units. It is easier for the Germans to build new planes and to patch up battered tanks than to fill up the gaps in their personnel composition. I have seen raw German pilots brought down on their first flight, and tank men who lost their nerve at the first shot. I have also talked with other prisoners, with bomber crews who boastfully mentioned the names of the English towns of Coventry and Bristol, and with tank men who had been at Arras. These men are Hitler's Guards. They will meet their end on the roads leading to Briansk or Trubchevsk. Who will the German Command put in the place of the soldiers who have been killed? Young squirts? The veterans of the world war? The Italians?

The invaders have been driven out of twenty-six Russian townships and villages. When they entered our villages they found them empty. The collective farmers who went away are now returning in the wake of the Red Army. A few people here and there had got left behind. In the village of Mogor an eight-year-old girl crawled out from under a hayrick as soon as she caught sight of the first Red Army man. She flung her arms round his neck and exclaimed: "Uncle, you've come back!" In the village of Afonino a white-haired old man crawled out. "Our men have come!" he exclaimed, as he made the sign of the Cross. He led the Red Army men to the apiary and showed them the shattered beehives. "It wasn't just for the sake of taking the honey," he explained. "No, he smashed up everything." He was referring to the German enemy. The shattered beehive, token of the bees' industry and skill, is an indication of what the Fascists are bringing with them. Is there any need to mention the plundered houses, the ripped-up pillow, the shattered mirror? It is nothing but a savage frenzy of destruction. Hanging on a line were some fowls which the Germans had been plucking, but did not have time to eat. The dinner was cancelled on account of the arrival of the Red Army.

A head-on tank battle is taking place. There is also taking place a head-on battle of two worlds. Our people are defending their country against professionals who have been trained to commit

atrocities and to plunder. Here is General Yeremenko talking to the soldiers who are going to their positions. He tells them how in 1914, when he was a soldier in the Russian Army, he killed eleven Germans. Near Smolensk sixty German tanks went past General Yeremenko. "And then," he said with a smile, "we gave them the thrashing of their lives." He teaches the Red Army men how to fire at the tanks and how to capture prisoners for interrogation purposes on night patrol. All the pathos of our culture is contained in a phrase which a commander addressed to the soldiers and collective farmers of the Poltava district: "When I was a boy I was a shepherd."

I think of General Lemelsen, who is in command of the German 47th tank corps. He is not very far from here at present. He was once very indignant because his troops failed to take any notice of him, although he was driving in the commander's tank. What arrogance and insignificance!

The forests are alive with troops. Lorries camouflaged with autumn leaves go by. In a peasant's cottage General Petrov bends over a huge map. I had already met him on another front. He is a daring tank man, as Guderian and Lemelsen know to their cost. The last instructions are conveyed to the commanders. The battle is to begin in the morning.

It is an enormous, complex machine, moved by the heroism of millions of men. Here is the field kitchen, which has to take hot borstch in good time to the soldiers in the line. A few days ago the kitchen ran into the Germans: in the darkness the driver took the German with a flag for a Soviet traffic controller. "Russ, surrender!" shouted the German. The driver replied: "I'll surrender at once," and having turned about, he knocked the German down and rushed back. He was wounded, but he saved the kitchen. How many heroes there are like him!

Shells are falling, but here the collective farmers are digging potatoes right up to the front line. As soon as the Germans have been driven out of a village, the collective farmers arrive from the neighbouring villages where they have been waiting in the firm belief that the village will be retaken. I heard one woman whisper to her child: "Be quiet, our generals are thinking." Two lieutenants were in the cottage writing reports, but the woman realized that it was important business and that the fate of her child and herself depended on it. Zola's description of a ploughman still at work on a battlefield expressed the peasant's blind devotion to the soil. What we see here is something different: it is a conscious will. Potatoes

are the same as grenades. I repeat: the whole people is defending itself, and the army is its vanguard.

This is a picturesque locality. There are little hills, a winding river and Russian villages with grey wooden cottages and flaming rowan-trees among them. Our general favourites are the birch-trees. The dense forests are now inhabited by a new species of cuckoo—German snipers. The Germans shoot with automatic rifles and try to pick off individual commanders and create panic. They have brought their hirelings here—four hundred Finns, whose speciality is sniping. There is no lack of people to hunt down and kill the snipers. Women and even children take a hand in the job.

One day whole volumes will be written about our children. They will be remarkable books about cheerful, fair-haired youngsters who only a short while ago were sitting over their school lessons and are now crossing the front lines and reporting on the enemy's aerodromes and columns. Some day they will write the story of inky-fingered Vasya, who helped our soldiers to capture a German staff. Our Red Army men know what kind of children they are defending—they are not only children; they are new people. It is terrible to think that the enemy is destroying what we have created in the last twenty-three years—towns, factories, bridges. But when you look at Vasya you cannot help smiling for he represents something they cannot destroy. We have not only created the material basis of a new world. We have also created its soul—new people.

Our soldiers know that war is a tough job. They have not gone off on a picnic. Side by side with them the Nazi "supermen" look like mother's darlings. The German motorized infantry complain that "they had to go twenty miles on foot." German corporals (book-keepers, shopkeepers, and Nazi petty officials) are full of groans because they have to spend the night in the forests and get drenched in the rain. They find our September nights "exceedingly fresh," as one corporal said to me. Freezing was not on their programme. When I told this hardened veteran that September would be followed by January with its hard frosts round about Epiphany, he shrugged his shoulders and said with a smile: "It doesn't matter to me. I'm already a prisoner."

The prisoners make no attempt to hide the fact that the Germans have suffered enormous losses. How indeed could they hide it? One prisoner kept screaming for three hours on end: "Air force! Air force!"—he couldn't recover from the effect of our bombs. Another prisoner sat down close to him and mumbled sullenly:

"Air force be damned. It's the artillery that gets you. When a man feels pain he likes to talk about it." This last specimen had had a taste of the hurricane fire of our artillery. Of the fifty-two German soldiers in his company only seventeen remained. Waving his arms in astonishment, he said: "How did you manage to get such an artillery?" Then he added: "I thought Russia was a purely agricultural country." He had been told a lot about our Kuban wheat, but nothing about our guns. He is surprised to find such guns among the oats. The German General Staff are not quite so naïve, but they too were probably surprised when they learnt of the losses sustained by the 31st, 34th and 78th German infantry divisions in the last ten days.

Every day you read of the exploits of our troops, yet when you see what ordinary, modest fellows they are, you wonder whether they are the same men. Take for instance the battery of Junior Lieutenant Popov. His score is twenty-two German tanks put out of action. Or radio-operator rifleman Kovalenko who shot down a Messerschmidt. Or the phlegmatic Ukrainian Khomenko. He was eating porridge when two German motor-cyclists drove up. Khomenko shot them both, then sat down to finish his porridge. "It's got cold!" he said. "The devils! Never mind, we'll get Hitler himself before long."

Lieutenant Klochkov's tank was struck by a shell, which smashed the gun. The tank then rushed at the German tank and rammed it. Driver Petrenko's car broke down and he went off to get a spare part. When he came back, he saw some Germans. A car drove up with a German officer and three soldiers. Petrenko shot all four of them with his revolver, got into the German car and drove back to our troops. They congratulated him, but he said: "Our car's still there. I'm going after it." And he went back to get it. The poet Utkin wrote some verses before going into attack: "We charge this mighty blow with all our soul and passion." Utkin was wounded while going into action. Eighteen-year-old Natasha Savelchuk, a collective-farm girl, saw a wounded Red Army man. She harnessed a horse and brought him back to our lines under enemy machine-gun fire.

I have seen hundreds of heroes and heard hundreds of astonishing stories. All this is only a drop in a living sea: behind it breathes, fights and lives an immortal people.

The ancients represented Victory with wings. But Victory is heavy-footed and does not fly. Like a soldier, she makes her way under fire, stoops, falls and goes forward again, step by step. Victory

is a huge, majestic building. Its first stones are now being laid. I gaze with reverence at a fresh grave. At the foot of these birch-trees lies a soldier—one of the founders of victory. He helped to capture a little hillock overlooking a river. He accomplished a great thing—he brought the people one step nearer to victory.

The autumn rain is pouring down. Cars get bogged up to the axles. The tender Germans hunch their backs. One of them wrote, in his little hole, a story about the life of the German troops. The manuscript fell into our hands together with some captured guns. It reminded me of Remarque's novel *All Quiet on the Western Front*. It had the same weariness and hopeless spirit. But Remarque's heroes went through three years of the world war before they began to despair. Three months of war against the Soviet Union have been enough to turn the "heroes" of Compiègne, Narvik and Thermopylae into meek, melancholy creatures. Here is what the German wrote: "To-day the Russians have been firing. Their artillery is pounding away, so are the mortars and those damned anti-tank guns. At dusk we returned to the command station by way of the slope. The lieutenant was killed. Another large splinter cut right through the beam and wounded the major. A third splinter hit the unter-offizier in the neck. When will it be our turn? We're going through the same thing that happened in the world war. If we ever get back home we'll be able to tell our fathers that we lay in real mud the same as they did. If we ever get back!"

How far removed this is from their talk a short while ago! There have been great changes in the East. The first stones of our victory are these attacks of despondency among the enemy, the endless crosses beyond the hillocks, the four thousand German dead in the liberated territory, the French tanks which have had to take the place of the shattered German ones, the inexperienced fliers, the battered divisions and the forty-year-old prisoners.

Battle air is like mountain air; it demands a strong heart. It turns the supposed triumphant victors into neurotics. The battle air has turned our peace-loving people, the collective farmers who yesterday were driving tractors, our stone-masons who were building children's crèches, our students and teachers, dreamers and humble workers, into fighters.

This is how victory is built—in sweat and blood.

September 18th, 1941.

LIFE AND DEATH

General Guderian's adjutant, Lieutenant Horbach, was killed in the fighting near Pogar. An unposted letter was found in his pocket. Apart from the empty boasting ("in ten days' time we shall have closed the ring round Moscow at Tula"), the letter contains some valuable admissions:

"You ask what is my opinion of the Russians," he writes. "I can only say that their behaviour in action is incomprehensible. The most remarkable thing about them, to say nothing of their persistence and cunning, is their incredible stubbornness. I myself have seen how they refused to budge from the spot under the most powerful gunfire. The gap was immediately closed with fresh ranks. This sounds fantastic, but I have frequently seen it with my own eyes. It is the result of their Bolshevik training and Bolshevik outlook. The life of the individual means nothing to them. They despise it."

The German lieutenant is right when he talks about the unexampled bravery of our men and their sacred steadfastness, which he calls "stubbornness." But it was not for Guderian's adjutant to understand the spirit of our men. He even dares to talk about the individual! In his Germany there are no individuals. There are simply machines, robots. But our soldiers are living people. They are not all alike. Each one of them has behind him his youth, his cosy nest and his love. And we are all knit together by our love of liberty, our attachment to our native country, and the sentiment of human dignity. We know what real life is, life at its full stature and with a resonant voice. This life is so beautiful that every soldier is ready to lay down his life for it.

The knights of the skull and crossbones are marching against us, exhaling the odour of the grave. And here is one of these servants of death who says that we despise life. Blind as he was, he saw how the Russians go into battle and how they are not afraid of gunfire, but he failed to understand that what we despise is not life, but death. And if need be, every one of us will accept death for the sake of life, the happiness of our children and the honour of our country.

As we look death in the face in these stern days of trial, we vow to be faithful to the life that is alive.

September 23rd, 1941.

KIEV

In war one must be able to bear sorrow. Sorrow feeds the heart as the fuel feeds the engine. Sorrow kindles hatred. The hateful

invaders have captured Kiev. This is a sorrow for each one of us. It is a sorrow for the whole Soviet people.

Kiev, "the mother of Russian cities," was the cradle of our culture. When the ancestors of the Nazis were still roaming the forests, dressed in the skins of wild animals, the glory of Kiev resounded throughout the world. The ideas of right and justice were born in Kiev. Kiev was a Slavonic Athens, the home of a flourishing art of singular beauty. The Berlin upstarts and pretenders are now trampling its ancient stones. Drunken S.S. men are staggering about the city of Yaroslav the Wise. Stallion-corporals stand in the schools of Kiev, and Hitler's plunderers make havoc in its museums.

Kiev was a city of splendour. From of old it was a lure to hungry savages. Many times they pillaged and burnt it, but it rose again from its ashes. The names of its casual conquerors have long been forgotten, but the name of Kiev is immortal.

Here the fate of Russia and the fate of the Ukraine were cemented with blood. They are the sources of a single river, the roots of a single tree. And now the sorrow of the Ukrainian people is the sorrow of all the Soviet people. In the cottages of Siberia and in the mountain huts of the Caucasus women are thinking of the beautiful city with sadness in their hearts.

We remember the heroes of the Kiev arsenal in the first battles for freedom. The storms of the Revolution freshened the old city. I was there this spring and I did not recognize the place. New quarters had sprung up on the outskirts. The lindens had become a flourishing garden. In the university the children of shepherds were using compasses and graduated retorts. A world was being revealed to them as the fields are revealed when you look down from the steep bank of the Dnieper.

The day will come when we shall know the great story of the heroic defenders of Kiev. Every stone will be a memorial to them. The militia fought side by side with the Red Army, and right up to the last moment grenades and incendiary bottles were hurled at the German tanks. The approaches to the city are saturated with the blood of the enemy. In the very heart of Kiev, at the corner of the Krestchatik and Shevchenko Street, grenades were rained on the German columns. The day will come when we shall know how much the defenders of Kiev achieved for the defence of our native land. Then we shall say: they lost the fight, but they helped the people to win the war.

Let us clench our teeth more firmly. The knowledge that the Germans are in Kiev will feed our hatred. We will take vengeance

for many things, and we will take vengeance on the Germans for Kiev. In 1918 also they swaggered along the Krestchatik. Their officers hanged those who would not submit and gorged themselves in the pie-shops. It was not long before they were forced to return to their own country. I remember how they scampered along the Bibikovsky Boulevard. That time they got away with their bones. This time their children will not get away at all.

The defenders of Odessa declare they will take their revenge for Kiev. And the enemy divisions roving around the Palmyra of the south are meeting with their doom. The brave defenders of Leningrad are also taking their revenge for Kiev. The guns of the Red Navy are roaring, Kirov's men are marching with fixed bayonets and the enemy is shedding his blood. The fighters at Novgorod, Smolensk and Khersov are also taking their revenge for Kiev, and the smitten invaders are falling. The autumn winds are wailing and the Russian forests are thinning—like the German divisions.

When a beloved commander has been killed, his soldiers go into the battle with dry eyes to take their revenge on the enemy. When the Nazis set fire to a house, the collective farmers take their axes and go off into the forest to take their revenge on the enemy. The Nazis have devastated Kiev. We will pay them back for this to the very end, so that their grandchildren will shudder at the very name of Kiev.

We will liberate Kiev. The enemy's blood shall wash away the enemy's traces. Like the phoenix, Kiev will rise again from its ashes, young and beautiful. Sorrow feeds hatred. Hatred strengthens hope. Let us close our ranks. We have something to fight for: our native country and our Kiev.

September 27th, 1941.

DIFFICULT DAYS

The time has come for clear thinking and plain speaking. Hitler has thrown all his forces into the battle. He pays no heed to losses. He is in a hurry. The German tanks run over the German wounded. The enemy has broken through to Orel and threatens every one of us.

We know that the enemy is strong. His strength is that of a machine. He has fallen upon us with his iron belly. We do not console ourselves with illusions, but we also know that the enemy is worn out with twenty-five months of war and that there is hunger in his rear, there are gaps in his divisions and anxiety in his heart. We know that he is in a hurry because he cannot afford to wait.

He is filled with anxiety when he gazes at the ocean, where armaments are being conveyed to ourselves and Britain. He looks fearfully at America, where the factory chimneys are smoking. He looks fearfully at the calendar—winter is on the way. He doesn't want to spend the winter in our forests. Recently captured Germans say: "They told us that if we got to Moscow they'd let us go home." They lead them to death with inducements of peace. Formerly they said to them: "Forward! I promise you bread and bacon." Now they say to them: "Forward! If you don't get killed, I promise you life."

We must stand up to them. The fate of Russia and the fate of each one of us and our children is now being decided.

Hitler once said to Rauschnig: "I don't care who governs Russia, whether it's the Tsars or the Bolsheviks. The Russians remain our enemies." Yes, these bandits are not concerned with ideas and programmes. They regard Russia as a colony, a land of raw materials, an untouched paradise, a seed-plot of slaves who are to work for the Germans.

The Nazis want to annihilate Russia and to break it up into "protectorates" and "Governor-Generalships" under the management of Prussians or Bavarians. "Twenty German 'Gaus' can be carved out of Russia," wrote the *Frankfurter Zeitung*.

In these difficult days the Red Army is defending our native land. If the Germans win, it will be the end of Russia.

They cannot win. Our country is vast, and its heart is even more immense. It can hold a lot. The Russian heart has known so much sorrow and so much joy! We will hold out, because we have a stronger heart. We know what we are fighting for—the right to breathe. We know that what we are enduring is for the sake of our children. We know that what we are standing for is Russia, our native land.

October 10th, 1941.

HOLD OUT!

The Germans are trying to disrupt us with their lies. To the collective farmers they say: "We're not against you, we're against the workers. To the workers they say, "We're not against you, we're against the intellectuals." In reality they don't care who you are, whether you're a worker, collective farmer, intellectual, Russian, Ukrainian, Georgian or Jew; they are against all of us. They want to conquer our country and take our property. They want to annihilate one half of the people and turn the other half into slaves.

They say: "We are against the Soviet régime." It's a lie. They don't care what sort of régime we've got. All they want is to plunder us. There was a republic in France, and the Germans were then against the republic. There was a monarchy in Yugoslavia, and the Germans were against the monarchy. In Poland there was a Government of the Right, and the Germans were against the Right. In Norway there was a Government of the Left, and the Germans were against the Left.

They say: "We are against the Communists." It's a lie. They are against all the citizens of our country. The only people they are for are their spies. They regard all honest people as enemies. Who are the people they are now shooting in Czechoslovakia? Are they Communists? No, they are shooting generals, workers, peasants, teachers, men of the Right and the Left. They are throwing Catholic priests into prison in France, Belgium and Slovenia. They are torturing Orthodox priests in Serbia. Perhaps they consider the priests and abbés also as "Communists."

They say: "We are against the Jews." It's a lie. They've got Jews of their own, whom they favour. These Jews have their passports marked with the letters "W.J.," which means "Valuable Jew." In Yugoslavia the Germans have declared the Serbs "an inferior race." In Poland they have turned the Poles into slaves. They say the French are an "inferior race of semi-negroes." They call the Russians "Mongolian mongrels." They hate all peoples except the Germans, and despise all races except the German race.

They say they will give the land to the peasants. It's a lie. The only land they'll let the peasants have is the grave. Who owns the land in Germany? The Duke of Coburg-Gotha has 10,000 acres, Duke Friedrich Anhalt, 29,000 acres; Count von Arnim Muskau, 26,000 acres; Marshal Goering, 20,000 acres. These dukes, counts and barons have decided to grab the land of Russia.

The Germans are introducing serfdom in the provinces they have occupied. They have converted the collective farms into "German Army establishments," and declared the machine-tractor stations to be the property of the German Government. The collective farmers are forced to work on the "communal farms" under the supervision of German officers.

They say they are bringing "Socialism" to the workers. It's a lie. Who governs Germany? The capitalists, the Krupps and Vöglers. Six hundred thousand workers are slaving for Marshal Goering alone. The German capitalists want to grab our oil, coal, steel, manganese and timber. The workers will slave for them and eat

pig-swill. A German medical journal recently stated that meat was "exceedingly injurious to the Slav race." For this reason the Germans, being anxious for the welfare of all races, will put the Slavs on a vegetarian diet. The rump steaks will be eaten by the Goerings, to whom rump steaks and potatoes are beneficial. The Russian workers will be given the potato peelings.

They say they are bringing culture to the intelligentsia. These miserable degenerates dare to speak of culture to us, the country of Pushkin, Tolstoy, Mendeleyev, Bavlov, Mussorgsky and Borodin. They have driven the French writers to sell chestnuts in the streets. They have forced Czech professors to swab out German stables and Dutch musicians to clean the boots of German corporals. They are destroying culture. They are looking for Russian scientists, doctors and engineers in order to send them to work in Germany, cleaning out the cesspools.

They say they value morality. They are perverts, sodomites and addicts to all forms of bestiality. They seize Russian girls and carry them off to their brothels, where they hand them over to their soldiery, violate them and infect them with syphilis.

They say they profess religion. But they worship the heathen god Wotan. They hang priests. They have badges with the motto "God with us," but with these badges they strike their dying prisoners in the face.

They say they are the friends of national culture. They know nothing about culture. To them culture means fountain-pens and safety-razors. With their fountain-pens they jot down the number of girls they have violated. They shave themselves with their safety-razors, and use the cut-throat model to slice off the noses, ears and breasts of their victims. They urge the Flemings to kill the Walloons, the Croats to kill the Serbs, and the Ukrainians to kill the Russians. And then they kill Flemings, Croats and Ukrainians. They force the Norwegians to speak German. They force the Czechs to write in German, and the Poles to gasp in German before they die. They are destroying national culture. They demand that all the peoples should give up their culture. They want only the German nation to exist. The rest can lick the stones and swallow the dust.

They will not crush us by force, nor will they take us by cunning. Every Soviet soldier knows what he is fighting for. The collective farmer is fighting for the land of his fathers, the worker is fighting for his labour and his State. The intellectual is fighting for our culture, books, the right to think and create, and to perfect the world. The young men are fighting for the purity of love and the

girls of Russia. The fathers are defending the happiness of their children and the honour of the mothers. The youngsters are fighting for their future, and the old men for what they have done. The Russians are fighting for Pushkin, the Volga and the birch-trees, the Ukrainians for Shevchenko, the cottages and the cherry-orchards, the Georgians for Rustaveli, the mountains and the vineyards. All the peoples are fighting for one thing—their native land.

The enemy is advancing. He is threatening Moscow. Our only thought must be—to hold out. They are advancing because they want to plunder and ravage. We are defending ourselves because we want to live. We want to live like human beings and not like German cattle. Reinforcements are coming from the east. Ships with war material from England and America are being unloaded. Every day piles of corpses mark Hitler's route. We must hold out. Our descendants will remember October 1941 as a month of struggle and glory. Hitler shall not destroy Russia! Russia was, is and shall be.

October 12th, 1941.

WE SHALL HOLD OUT!

Not so long ago I was driving along the Mojhaisk highway. A little blue-eyed girl was tending some geese and singing a grown-up's song about somebody else's love. The only voice to be heard there now is the voice of the guns. They tell of the fury of the peaceful people, who are defending Moscow.

Not long ago I was writing in my room. A landscape by Marquet showing Paris and the Seine hung above my table. Golden, rosy Moscow was visible through the window. That room is no more: it was destroyed by a German bomb. I am writing these lines in a hurry, with my typewriter resting on a packing-case.

A great disaster has overtaken the world. I realized this in August 1939, when carefree Paris suddenly began to buzz like an overturned beehive. In this disaster every nation and every honest man is doomed to lose his comfort, property and peace of mind. We have lost much, but we have kept our hope.

When a man puts on a soldier's uniform, he leaves his former snug complex life. All the things that filled his life yesterday become like shadows in a dream. It hardly seems possible that yesterday he was wondering what sort of cover to put on the arm-chair, or shaking his head over a broken cup. Russia has now put on her uniform. She is jolting in the lorries, marching along the roads, rumbling in the carts and sleeping in dug-outs and wagons. In this there is

nothing to regret! Dnieproges has been destroyed, fine factories have been blown up, bridges and dams demolished. The enemy's incendiary bombs have set fire to ancient Novgorod. They are shattering the wonderful palaces of Leningrad and wounding the tender body of beautiful Moscow. Millions of people have been left without a roof. For the sake of the right to breathe, the whole people and every one of us have given up all that we hold most dear.

Moscow has now been turned into a military camp. It can defend itself like a fortress. It has been given the great privilege of risking itself. I have seen the defenders of Moscow. They are good fighters. When you've got Moscow at your back, the earth seems to grip you; it is impossible for you to retreat even a single step. The enemy is in a hurry. He is bringing up new divisions. Each day he says: "Moscow will be German to-morrow." But Moscow wants to be Russian.

What is Hitler after, in penetrating into the recesses of our country? Perhaps he is hoping we will capitulate. We've got unpleasant old men, but no Pétains. We've got thieves too, but no Lavals. The Russia that has been driven along the roads is twice as terrible as Russia in her home. The sorrow of our people will be turned against the foe.

I don't wish to embellish anything. The Russians have never been as methodical as the Germans. But now in these menacing times the people who were sometimes turbulent and sometimes mellow press close together and stand firm. Our railwaymen have shown themselves to be heroes: under a hail of bombs they removed factories and material from the towns. The evacuated factories are already working beyond the Volga and in the Urals. The machines are set up in the night. The workers often sleep in icy-cold wagons and get straight on with the job after warming themselves at a camp fire. Young boys are learning to fly in the aviation schools, but in a few months' time they will take the place of the heroes who have been killed. A mighty new army is being formed deep in the rear. The people have realized that this war will last a long time and that years of trial lie ahead. The people have grown grave, but they have not succumbed. They are prepared to become nomads and to put up with a cave life and the most terrible privations. The war is now changing its character. It is becoming as long as life itself, a national epic. Everyone has now realized that it is a question of the fate of Russia—Russia to be or not to be. "We're going to fight a long time," say the Red Army men as they set out for the west. And in these bitter words there is great courage and hope.

It is impossible to occupy the whole of Russia. This has never happened and never will. Russia has always engulfed its enemies. Normally the Russians are gentle and hospitable, but they can be a bitter enemy. They can take revenge, and they do so with intelligence and even methodically. We know that the Germans are now being killed near Moscow, but the Germans know they are also being killed beyond Kiev. It cannot be denied that Guderian knows how to manœuvre, but even he is unable to subdue the peasants from Novgorod to Taganrog. The German Army is advancing, but scores and hundreds of fronts will remain active in its rear.

Russia is a peculiar country. It is difficult for the mind of the Wilhelmstrasse to understand it. Russia can give up everything. Our people are used to a stern life. The construction of Magnitogorsk may have seemed a pretty picture to people abroad, but in reality it was a hard struggle. Failures do not discourage us. The Russians have long learnt from their failures. They have long been inured to misfortunes. Probably we shall be able to correct our shortcomings. But even with all our shortcomings we shall hold out and make good. The history of Russia is the guarantee of that. And so is the defence of Moscow.

Perhaps the enemy may penetrate even further into our country. We are prepared even for that. We shall not surrender. We have ceased to live by the minute hand, from the morning communiqué to the evening. We have transferred our lives to another system of accountancy. We look boldly ahead, where sorrow and victory await us. We shall hold out—such is the rustling murmur of the Russian forests, the wail of the Russian blizzards and the voice of the Russian land.

October 28th, 1941.

ORDEAL

The wind blows out a weak fire, but fans a big fire into flame. The ordeal will not crush the Russian spirit of resistance: it will make it even stronger. We do not flinch from the map; we see the Ukraine occupied by the enemy, the Germans near Moscow and Rostov. A terrible misfortune lies behind this statement: hundreds of towns have been devastated, millions of people have been enslaved. The Germans are discussing under what name they are going to annex the Ukraine to Germany. Base Antonescu is swagging about the streets of Odessa. How is it possible to bear this? And bombs are raining down on Moscow, our pride and love.

But now men clench their teeth, their eyes shine with wrath.

Resistance is growing. Leningrad continues to hold out as heroically as ever, and the defenders of Moscow astonish the world with their gallantry. A mighty army is being prepared in the rear. The factories of Kiev, Kharkov and Dniepropetrovsk are working day and night beyond the Volga and in the Urals. The machines have become refugees. The benches were quickly set up, and the workers are busily turning out planes, automatic rifles, and engines. The enemy is in the Donbass. But we have got Kuznetsk and Karaganda. The enemy has captured Krivoi Rog. But we have got Magnitogorsk and the mighty factories of the Urals. We have still got plenty of land, fields and benches.

Our enemies have been obliged to acknowledge the bravery of the soldiers and commanders of the Red Army. Then why did we retreat? Why did we give up to the Germans whole flourishing regions and precious towns? In one or other sector of the front the enemy turned out to have numerical superiority. We have got twice as many people as the Germans, but the Germans have got more engines and they can manœuvre more easily.

Fifteen years ago we began to build factories. Our industries are young. Fifteen years ago Germany already had powerful war industries. Hitler built hundreds of new armaments factories. He occupied Europe. The factories of France, Czechoslovakia and Belgium are now working for the Germans. The Germans turned out to possess a greater number of motorized units than ourselves and were able to penetrate to the heart of our country.

But every day our fliers and gunners are destroying hundreds of German tanks and lorries. And every day hundreds of new engines are being shipped to us across three oceans from Britain and America. Hitler knows this. He is in a hurry. We must remember that every attack repulsed and every day gained brings us nearer to the time when we shall be stronger than the Germans. It is our duty to hold out.

Our young people have been accustomed to an exceedingly easy life. The doors of schools and universities were opened wide to them. In Russia a man did not have to look for work : work looked for him. And many of us have grown accustomed to the idea that someone is thinking on our behalf. Those days are no longer with us. Now everybody must take the burden of responsibility on his own shoulders. Each one must think, decide and act, whether he is encircled by the enemy, on reconnaissance or in the ranks. Don't say that someone is thinking on your behalf. Don't count on being saved by somebody else. You have been given the great honour of

defending your native country. You are not a child—you are a man. The country looks to you with confidence. Do not shirk responsibility or initiative. You have one weapon in the shape of your rifle, and another in the shape of your head. The Germans are automatons. You are a human being. Don't forget this fact for a single moment.

The Russians love freedom. The Russians will never be made to do the goose-step. But freedom is not disorder. It was difficult to accustom the people of Moscow to cross the street by the studded crossings. In war nothing is more terrible than disorder. Anti-tank trenches are a good thing, but there are trenches which are even deeper; I mean iron discipline, which stands in the way of the enemy's advance.

The enemy attacked us on the sly. That short night in June was terrible and cost us dear. We must get rid of complacency and be always on the alert. There is no quiet sector. The enemy may strike suddenly. There is no peaceful rear. The enemy may fly over, drop paratroops and break through in depth. Watch your step and your words. The enemy has a good intelligence service and experienced spies. Stand and say nothing. Silence is a weapon. Sometimes it is worth as much as winning a battle.

The hungry, greedy Germans are pushing forward, lured by the stores and homes of Moscow. They want to spend the winter in houses with central heating. They want to eat cutlets. They must be stopped and kept freezing in the Russian forests on a diet of German sausage made from pease. This treatment will do them a great deal of good and by the spring they will have become more reasonable.

Every day British airmen are pounding the German cities. The peoples of Europe are getting ready to rise. The Russians, Ukrainians and Byelorussians in the enemy-occupied provinces have not laid down their arms. Friends, we must hold out! We must make good. When a faint-hearted man says to you: "What does it matter, so long as we're alive?" you should answer him: "We've got no choice. If the Germans win they'll turn us into slaves, and then they'll kill us. They'll kill us with starvation, hard labour and humiliation. We must conquer in order to survive. If an honest patriot wants to save his country he must conquer. If a faint-hearted man wants to save his skin he too must conquer. There is no other alternative."

Foreign invaders have lacerated Russia many times, but nobody has ever conquered Russia. Hitler, the Tyrolese copper's nark,

shall not become the master of Russia! The dead will rise up, the forests will rebel and the rivers will swallow up the enemy. Pluck up your courage, my friends. November, the month of ordeal, is here. Grim winter is not far behind. In the morning we will say another night has been gained. In the evening we will say another day has been wrested from the enemy. We must save Russia and we shall save her.

November 4th, 1941.

THERE IS NO FEAR

The towns of the Volga region have seen people who have been deprived of their homes and made their way to the Volga from the regions invaded by the enemy. The towns of the Volga region are crowded. The throng is great, and so is the friendliness.

No doubt everyone likes to live in his own place. No doubt everyone dislikes having to stand in a queue and is annoyed at not finding any milk in the market. But life in the rear is easier than life in a dug-out. German bombs are worse than queues. It is possible to live without milk, but it is impossible to live under the Germans.

In this war there is no rear. The war is everywhere. Our fliers are bombing Berlin, which is deep in the rear. In Italy the whole population gets 200 grammes of bread a day, and Italy is a long way from the front. Everyone has now got to put up with privations. If you have been obliged to share your room, it is not a misfortune. Let the grumblers think about the garrison of Hangoe, which, surrounded on all sides, has been beating off the enemy's attacks for five months.

However we lived, we did live in our own homes. The Germans are bringing ruin to everybody. There was plenty of food in Paris before the Germans came. Queues were unknown there. But when the Germans arrived queues came into being. And what queues! A mile long, and all for the sake of five little potatoes. The Germans sit in the restaurants and gorge themselves with beefsteaks, while the Parisians get fifty grammes of bread.

No doubt it is unpleasant to have one's room commandeered. But it would be worse to have one's country taken away. Then there would be nowhere to go to. The Germans are driving the Poles into Germany, where they are made to work like slaves and fed on potato peelings.

What is the price of milk in the market? Some say it is too dear. Others say it is too cheap. But you won't hear any talk like that

in the Ukrainian towns occupied by the Germans. There the Germans simply take all the milk. They pay a tiny piece of paper, which you could roll into a cigarette, only the Germans have taken all the tobacco.

If the towns of the Volga region want to save themselves, they must work day and night. The factories have come from Kiev, Kharkov, Leningrad and Moscow, and the workers are hastily setting up the benches. They are turning out engines, planes and guns. Women! go into the factories and learn the jobs. The defenders of Moscow are not only defending Moscow, but Gorki, Kazan, Kuibyshev, and Saratov as well. Help the workers who have arrived to settle down. Help the collective farmers to dig the potatoes. Settle the question of distribution. There are plenty of free shops in the towns. The queues are due to mismanagement and not to any lack of goods. Let everyone show initiative, and let nobody pass responsibility on to somebody else. Everybody is now in the ranks. There is no need to grumble, but to work, organize and act.

This war is not a civil war. It is a patriotic war for Russia. There is not a single Russian against us. There is not a single Russian who would support the Germans. The Germans say they are fighting against the Soviet régime. It's a lie! It makes no difference to them what régime we've got. They have not come to argue with us. They have come to plunder us. All Russians must rise up against them. We have known many difficult things in life. But there is one thing we have never known; nobody ever abused the Russians for being Russians. But now German thugs stand in the streets of Smolensk, Novgorod and Orel and shout: "Get a move on, you Russian swine!" The towns of the Volga region have no desire to experience that shame. They must look the truth in the face. The enemy is strong. But even stronger than the enemy is our courage, our will and our unity. It is for Russia we are enduring and fighting, and it is Russia we will save.

November 4th, 1941.

AFTER ROSTOV

On November 26th Berlin radio arrogantly announced: "When the Germans occupy a town, they never give it up." Three days later the braggarts were driven out of Rostov. There was a general stampede of Kleist's famous tank men, Kluber's "Alpine infantry," and the S.S. "Vikings." They ran more like ordinary Italians than "Vikings."

The German Command issued an astonishing communiqué. Here is the text:

"The troops which occupied Rostov have evacuated the quarters of the town in accordance with the orders received, in order to undertake ruthless measures of repression, which have been rendered necessary, in respect of the population, who attacked the German troops in the back contrary to the rules of warfare."

These are stern times and we are not in the mood for laughter. But here we may laugh a little! The beaten Germans are still riding the high horse. They assert they left Rostov in spite of us. They cleared out because they had to punish the population. We know how the Germans punish the peaceful inhabitants on the spot. They don't go away to Zagreb in order to hang the inhabitants of Belgrade, nor do they migrate to Lille in order to torture the Parisians. If they left Rostov, it was because they were driven out. This can be understood even by the German fools, who have been nine years learning not to think. It can be understood even by the German children.

They are running towards Taganrog and in their rage they swear they will punish the inhabitants of Rostov. But five thousand executioners are no longer available, they are already under the earth. The Germans declare they will demolish the town with guns. But our soldiers are already counting the guns they have captured from the Germans.

They keep repeating that they left Rostov in order to punish the town. Bravo, S.S.! You will have to "punish" all Russia as well by clearing out. But it will be five million and not five thousand corpses that we will bury in our earth.

The liberation of Rostov is joyful news. It is the first swallow. Rostov is the first town to be liberated and calls to the defenders of Moscow: "Hold on! The Germans can run away as well as they can advance."

We know that the danger is as great as before. The enemy is on the threshold of Moscow and Leningrad. But to-day we can say with new confidence: "Stand firm! Not a step backwards!" The Russians have shown that they can thrash the Germans. It is only the beginning that is hard.

December 2nd, 1941

THE HOUR APPROACHES

We have not lived in vain through this painful autumn or known the sorrow of retreat. We have become tempered. We have learnt how to defeat the Germans. The recapture of Rostov has been followed by that of Tikhvin, Yelets, Stalinogorsk, Istra and Kalinin.

They are not always going to drive round in their tanks and make merry. They are beginning to meet their match. The conquerors of Paris are scuttling out of Livny. The "heroes" of Thermopylae are losing their trousers at Alexino. Holding its breath, the world looks on while the "invincible" German Army retreats from Moscow.

This is only a beginning. We know that there are still many trials ahead. The accursed Hitlerite has been given a bang on the snout, but they are not the kind of people to die as the result of a few punches. They've got to have their heads smashed in. The path of advance is a long one, village by village and house by house. The Germans know what is coming to them. They will defend themselves desperately. They may try more than once to break through our front again and to start a counter-offensive. They have put sticking-plaster on their foreheads and ruefully scratch their backsides, but they manage to write haughtily: "The Russians have merely occupied the points we have vacated in accordance with our higher strategy."

No, we haven't "merely" occupied Rostov and Tikhvin. Before doing so, we were obliged to kill tens of thousands of Germans. The Germans did not "merely" vacate our cities; they did their best to hold them. They were driven out of Klin and Kalinin. Is that "higher strategy"? It is an explanation for the benefit of German blockheads. When you carry out strategic operations, you don't abandon your guns; they are not cigarette-ends. Nor do you lose your tanks; they are not pins. Anyway, let the Michels and Fritzes console themselves with "higher strategy." Hitler can bestow a decoration on Field-Marshal Rundstedt for having vacated Rostov. He can present Field-Marshal von Leeb with a golden sword for running away from Tikhvin. He can sprinkle Field-Marshal von Bock's uniform with diamonds on account of Klin, Kalinin and Stalinogorsk. He can say that the climate of Rostov is injurious to the Germans, and that having taken a look at Moscow with the aid of their field-glasses, they found it unattractive. He can say that it is more pleasant to have the winter wind at one's back than in one's face. The whipped buffoon can still ride the high

horse. But what is important is the fact that we have made a beginning; our soldiers are defeating the Germans.

Listen, glorious defenders of Sevastopol: the Germans are good at running away. Listen, Ukrainians: it will soon be the turn of Kharkov. Look, fighters of distant Murmansk: the Germans have not only got tanks but they have heels as well, and how beautifully they flash! Breathe more freely, Leningrad: the ring around you is being broken.

The Germans still have hundreds of divisions and thousands of tanks. They are still trampling our richest regions, and eating and sleeping in our wonderful cities. But something has cracked in their cursed war machine. Take a look at the German himself: he is no longer the same. His eyes are shifty and his cowardly, insolent heart is beating wildly. The first glimmers of doubt have awakened in his stupid square head. It won't be an easy matter to finish him off, but even fools can now see that we're going to do it.

For half a year the mad wolves have been racing about our country and our cities. The hour of retribution approaches.

December 20th. 1941.

SOLSTICE

It was the time of the summer solstice. The shortest night of the year covered the evil doings of the German Fascists. After reading hundreds of diaries and hearing prisoners' stories, we now know how it happened. Hitler's divisions were ready to attack. The Germans were stamping their feet in their impatience to get at the rich, well-fed country that attracted them. Rocket signals soared through the warm night. The first shots rang out. German planes bombed our cities. It was the night before Sunday. People were sleeping peacefully or enjoying themselves in clubs or at parties. The Germans attacked on the sly, flying towards the bright lights of the cities, creeping forward like reptiles in the unown grass, crossing the frontier rivers and killing defenceless people.

It happened six months ago. Only six months, but to us it seems like a hundred years: in a war a day becomes a year.

We remember we were young in those days. There was a lot we failed to understand. In those days we had among us grey-headed people with the souls of children. Now even the children among us understand everything. We have grown up to the extent of a hundred years. Nothing so elevates a nation as a great ordeal. Our faith has been tested with a red-hot iron. Our pride has been tested with tanks and bombs. We have rooted complacency out of our

hearts and burnt out faintheartedness. We willingly parted with our peace and comfort. Months went by. The enemy advanced. People's eyes became harder and their lips were silent. But all they thought of in their silence was that we would hold out.

The days grew shorter and shorter. And now another solstice has come. The longest night of the year has covered the great snowy spaces. Our soldiers are moving through the white snow in the dark night. They are advancing and pursuing the retreating enemy. We have held out.

Not many of the German soldiers who crossed our frontier on June 22nd have survived. Six months ago these pigs were snorting merrily, in the delusion that war was an amusing sport. They plundered the first Byelorussian villages with enthusiasm. They discussed which was the better bacon, Serbian or Ukrainian. They knew they were invincible. Had they not been in Paris? Had they not sailed to Narvik? Had they not crossed the mountains of Epirus? They were whistling when they came to us. Where are they now? Rotting in the earth.

New men have come in their place—old men, young lads and cripples. They have driven to Russia all sorts of men, Spanish criminals, Rumanian cattle, Marseilles pimps, and all the dregs of Europe. The Germans are still shooting with tommy-guns. They are still wounding our cities and sending their tanks against us. But they are not the same Germans. Water wears away a stone. Our resistance is wearing away the German spirit. Where is their former arrogance now? They are not singing; they are shivering with the cold. They are not dreaming about Moscow restaurants, but about a cottage, a roof or a cattle-shed. They say to one another anxiously: "The winter is only beginning." They have begun to freeze in December. What will have become of them by February? On the night of the solstice we can remind them with a smile that the June solstice brings in summer, and the December solstice brings in heavy frosts.

We know that the enemy is still very strong. There are names such as Kiev, Kharkov, Kursk, Orel, Dniepropetrovsk, Odessa, Minsk and Smolensk, Pskov and Novgorod, which sear our hearts, feed our hatred and foster our wrath. We never forget the martyred cities. Revenge, like wine, becomes stronger with age. We have merely put our lips to the brim of the cup. We know that millions of live Germans are still trampling our soil. We cannot have even a moment's breathing-space. We will rest afterwards. But on the night of the winter solstice we can say calmly that the past six

months have not been in vain. We have learnt to defeat the Germans. We were a nation engaged on construction. We have become a nation at war.

In the long December nights the Germans plodded through the snowdrifts towards the west. The world witnessed the unusual spectacle of the Germans running away. They took to flight, abandoning their tanks and guns and setting fire to our towns. The red glare lit up the German corpses. In Germany the Nazis lit bonfires in honour of their victories. In Russia they set fire to our towns in honour of their defeat.

The names of our victories, Rostov, Yelets, Klin and Kalinin resound on the ether. From America to Libya, from Norway to Greece people are talking of nothing but how the Germans are retreating. The French have lifted up their heads, and the shots of the Serbian guerillas ring out more frequently. Our friends and allies watch the Red Army with admiration. The ancients had a good reason for representing Victory with wings, for it flies across the seas. Our victories are the victories of the whole of humanity. In the dark days of October when the enemy was advancing and Hitler was getting ready to enter Moscow, we kept repeating that we would hold out. Victory hasn't dropped from the sky: we have had to fight hard for it and to pay for it with suffering and blood. We have earned it with our steadfastness and courage. Faith, the highest of virtues, has saved us.

Paris is grateful to the heroes of Rostov. The believing Serbs pray for the heroes of Kalinin. New York hails the heroes of Yelets, and the steadfast people of London shake hands across thousands of miles with the heroes of Klin. The Russian people have taken upon themselves the heaviest blow. They have become a nation of liberators.

On this night of the winter solstice we are mindful of all the pioneers of victory. We think of the men who did not waver when the German tanks pressed forward round Moscow. We remember beautiful Leningrad, which has been called upon to undergo a bitter ordeal. The city which was a combination of university, museum and factory has become a fortress. We think of our airmen and sailors. We think of the man who on that summer morning addressed us with the stern words of truth, and on the fateful day of November 7th put heart into us with his courage and strength of will and guided the ship of State through the terrible storms. We think of Stalin, our Commander-in-Chief.

There are still many trials in store for us. Germany will not

easily renounce her wild dream. The spider will not easily let the towns and countries go from its steel web. The Germans will not go from our country of their own accord. They must be driven into the earth. They must be destroyed one after the other.

On December 22nd the sun turns towards summer, the winter turns towards the frosts. We may add: the war turns towards victory.

December 22nd, 1941.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

One year is different from another. Some years are quiet and drowsy. People build new roads, write novels, discover serums, newborn babes smile blissfully and old people die of old age. There are other years which immediately stand out as landmarks. They are hard to live through and impossible to forget. Such will be the year 1941 in our memory.

On January 1st, 1941, Hitler said: "This year will be the year of our final victory." At that time, having conquered half Europe, the maniac's head was reeling. He envisaged the whole of humanity on its knees before him, the jungles of India transformed into Munich beer-halls, German women dropping their offspring on the Russian steppes, and the barbed wire of concentration camps from North Pole to South Pole. It is doubtful whether history has ever known such a god-forsaken dreamer. This semi-literate and pathological pygmy directs a gigantic military machine. This petty demon spits at Voltaire's statue and burns the poetic works of Heine.

The Germans are fond of the word "kolossal." Everything with them is "kolossal"—tanks, women and jokes. They have pipes two yards long and tankards large enough to hold five pints. As for the statue of Germania, sixteen-stone Goering could be accommodated on her little finger. "Kolossal" also were Hitler's dreams. The maniac is deprived of the joys of life. He is not married. He doesn't eat meat and he doesn't smoke. He needs other consolations; the burning of thousands of cities, the agony of millions, tortures and the gallows.

A year ago Hitler was still intoxicated with French blood. He was still sniffing the smell of shattered Rotterdam and gloating over the ruins of London and Coventry. With so many countries still unravaged and so many people still waiting to be killed, the New Year appeared especially attractive to him.

Many people thought that Hitler was on his way to victory. He burnt Belgrade as if by way of a joke and outraged the stones of

the Acropolis. He seized Crete and invaded Egypt. He fomented a revolt in Iraq and got a footing in Syria. He sent pirates to the shores of America and boasted that the U.S.A. would never dare to move against him.

The maniac fingered the globe, looking for a land where he could make new cemeteries. On a night in June he attacked Russia. He moved all the tanks of Europe against us and sent his serfs, the Finns and Neapolitans. He seized Byelorussia and the Ukraine and penetrated to the very heart of Russia, where German officers admired the towers of the Kremlin through their field-glasses. The Germans raised Cain at Yasnaya Polyana, set fire to the Turgeniev manor houses and made for Ryazan. German tank men wrought havoc in Rostov and German commissariat officers already scented the smell of the Baku oil. For eleven months Hitler was triumphant. But there are twelve months in the year, and December is the last of them. The year 1941 did not become the year of Hitler's "final victory." It became the year of his first defeat.

December saw the new German soldiers. It was hard to recognize them. They were grey with hoar-frost. They had forgotten all about the "crusade" and racial characteristics. They had even forgotten about glass-holders as booty. They prefer warm jackets to Iron Crosses, and even the generals think more about warm body-belts than about "Greater Germany".

In the fatal month of December, America declared war on Germany. In the year 1941 Hitler received one new ally, the criminal Pavelich, ruler of "Independent Croatia." In 1941 Hitler got two new enemies: the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A.

In the occupied regions of the Soviet Union, Hitler found very little wheat and very many guerillas. Every town seized by the Germans has become a trap for them, and every road in the rear has become a road of death for them. Long trains are going to Germany from the East, carrying soldiers with frost-bitten extremities, the one-legged, the armless and the blind. And in the East there are graves everywhere, in the forests, in the steppes and among the houses of the towns. German bones are scattered from the Vistula to the Don.

The moment will come when the clocks will strike the hour of twelve in cold, darkened Berlin. Who will be the first to stammer: "A happy New Year"? The gravedigger Hitler? Or his beloved, noseless lady—Death? Hungry women in ragged clothes will pass down Berlin's main street Unter den Linden. Hitler has deprived them of their husbands; they died near Rostov, Leningrad, Tula and

Kalinin. Hitler has taken away his people's boots and clothes and put them on starvation rations. He has brought millions of foreigners like labour cattle into the country. Hungry Italians sleep with the wives of the German corporals, and French prisoners, cursing Germany, plough a soil they loathe. Thistles and nettles will spring up on it. Germany has become the prison and brothel of Europe. The crutches of the cripples tap along the Unter den Linden. The ruins of the houses destroyed by British and Russian bombs stare darkly at the sky. "A happy New Year," a blind man will say to a widow, and the widow will reply: "Blessed are the blind."

How pleased Hitler would be if he could put the clock back! He no longer believes in the future. He clutches eagerly at the past. He shouts hysterically: "I went to war, I subdued, I conquered." Of all tenses the past is the only one that is left to him. He looks with loathing at the new, strange figure—1942. He would willingly replace it by 1940. He still has moments when he thinks he is gloating over prostrate France in the forest of Compiègne. But times have changed. Two years have not passed in vain. Hitler's S.S. men sleep their eternal sleep in the snows of Russia. What about his marshals? He has chased them away.

The Russian December has become the hope of the world. The Wise Men and the nations look to the stars of the Kremlin. The customary words "A happy New Year" sound different now; they echo the hope of tortured humanity. People are dreaming of peace, bread and freedom, and the New Year promises them happiness. Now the night is twenty-four hours long in northern Norway. The Tromsø fishermen listen to the voice of the storm. They say to one another: "A happy New Year. This year they'll go back to their own country." Now the mimosa is blooming in Greece, blooming amid famine and death. In Greece the shepherds say to one another: "A happy New Year! This year we'll chase them away." It is night over Paris. Once upon a time it was a shining, laughing city. Now it is silent; only in a dark attic under the roofs of Paris a girl whispers to her lover: "A happy New Year! This year we'll smash them."

On New Year's night our soldiers are chasing the enemy. It is a night of great work for them. Our country from Murmansk to Ashkhabad is thinking of them now. A happy New Year, Red Army! You have endured terrible days. You did not let the Germans get Moscow. You will pass through the liberated country like the wind of spring. You will pass through Germany like a cleansing storm.

We do not measure victory by the yard or by the pound. We will not accept a quarter of victory, an eighth of liberty or a half-measure of peace. We want liberty for ourselves and for all nations. We do not want the beacon of liberty to be extinguished on the shores of America, or the children of London to be forced to their knees. We do not want Paris to be a German police-station, or Poland to be a land of German galley-slaves. We don't want peace for five, or ten, or twenty years. We want our children to forget the sound of the sirens. We want them to talk of tanks as though they were prehistoric monsters. We want peace for our children and grandchildren. We do not plant trees and build factories in order to be attacked every quarter of a century by the bellicose bullies of Berlin. We want total victory. We will destroy the executioners and smash their weapons.

Behind the victims and the deeds of heroism a wonderful future awaits us. We have grown up to the extent of a hundred years. We have cleansed ourselves of all impurities. The people who will live after our victory will know the full measure of human happiness.

January 1st, 1942.

SPRING IN JANUARY

I started counting the machines abandoned by the Germans but I got mixed up. There were hundreds of them. The mouths of the guns gaped insolently and pitifully towards the East. The captured German tanks trundled obediently along like tame elephants. I recalled the words of the German communiqué: "We have voluntarily shortened the front." What peculiar people! They are cutting their flesh together with their cloth. They may be "shortening" the front, but they are losing tanks at the same time.

The German graves bear witness to the daily increasing strength of our advance. At first you see individual crosses with a carefully painted swastika and ingenious inscriptions. These Germans were buried at leisure in the squares of the towns, beside the village school or hospital. The Germans even wanted their dead to disturb the slumbers of our children. We drove for twelve to eighteen miles. We passed simple birch crosses where the Germans had been buried in a hurry and wholesale: "Here lie eighteen German soldiers:" "Here lies Lieutenant Erich Schroeder and eleven German soldiers." Beyond Maloyaroslavets there are not even any crosses. The bodies have been left unburied. They lie alongside the road. Sticking out of the snow is an arm here and a leg there. A dead German, frozen

stiff, stands beside a birch-tree with his arm raised as though he still wanted to kill someone. Next to him lay another German with his arm over his face.

A Russian had written on a birch cross: "They set out for Moscow and came to the grave."

The offensive spirit, like a breeze, is carrying our troops forward. Our soldiers march across untrodden fields where the snow is endless. Nothing can stop them. The day before yesterday there was a blizzard and the snow blinded your eyes. Still they went on. Yesterday there was sunshine and the frost was thirty degrees below zero. You could hardly breathe. Still they went on.

I had a talk with one Red Army man. He was slightly lame, having been wounded in the knee by a fragment of a mine three days before. They wanted to send him to hospital, but he protested: "I won't go! I've been retreating since June, and now they're not going forward without me!" He made fun of the cold. He thought it was just a "light frost." He was a Siberian. "It ought to be as hard as we get it our way," he said.

Major-General Golubiev said to me: "The Germans advanced from here and got as far as Nara. Anyway, we went over the same road twice as quickly as they did. We're attacking, but their losses are far greater than ours."

Our army has changed. Not only has its material strength increased, but the men have developed as well. They have become tougher, as though they had gone through a lifetime of training in the last eighteen months. Every one of them has become richer in experience. A man who in peacetime was a collective farmer from beyond the Volga said to me: "I've got the hang of this business of how to smash the Fritzes." And General Golubiev laughs: "I went through two military academies. The war is the third and the most important."

The Germans are stubbornly defending their centre of resistance. They want to tie us up. However, we don't smash our heads against the walls, we simply by-pass the strong points. For many months the Germans have been talking of "sacks," clutches, wedges and pincers. Now it is they who are struggling in our "sack," gasping in our clutches, writhing under the thrusts of our wedges and being crushed to death in our pincers.

As I pass along the road of our advance on this dazzlingly bright January day, I think of the pioneers of victory. It was not on December 6th that we laid the foundations of victory, but on June 22nd. They were laid by the heroes who held up the Germans,

exterminated the still fresh German divisions, blew up the bridges, fought their way out of German encirclement, experienced all the bitterness of retreat and gave our country the chance to forge new weapons and train new units.

At the front you realize with what affection the Red Army is surrounded—an enormous country is working and living for it. If we have now got a lot of tommy-guns, it is because the workers in the Urals have had no sleep for nights. If the troops are eating good thick soup, it is because the women collective farmers of Siberia are mindful of the front. "We were short of mortars, but now there are plenty." Where did these mortars come from? The factory which is situated sixty miles from here was evacuated long ago. But the old men who had been pensioned off stayed on, and so did the out-of-date lathes and a certain amount of raw material. Russian intelligence and Russian devotion did the rest. They are good mortars and they make short work of the Germans. The old workmen of the little Russian town can now sleep peacefully. The cheerful, snub-nosed mortar man has got a wonderful pair of woollen mittens. They were knitted by a certain Masha in the town of Atkarsk, who sent them as a New Year present. She didn't give her surname: she just wrote "Masha." This kind Russian girl by the name of Masha can now sleep peacefully.

The prisoners are being brought in—a lieutenant, a corporal and some privates. They are trembling and whimpering. One of them is wearing a leather shoe on his left foot and an ersatz felt boot on his right which appears to be frost-bitten. "Men suffering from light frost-bite are not sent to hospital," the corporal explains. No doubt it would be difficult—half the German soldiers have got frost-bitten feet. They are wearing army caps on their heads. In the summer they wore them with a jaunty air. Now they try to poke their ears under the caps. One of the men has a running nose, but he can't wipe it; his hand is frozen. And when they were brought to the cottage they all started scratching themselves. The lieutenant reeked of eau-de-Cologne; he must have emptied a whole bottle over himself that morning. He pulled up his sweater in order to scratch himself more conveniently, and one of our soldiers exclaimed: "Oh boy! Look at that! That's not a louse—it's a bear! I've never seen one like it before!" The soldiers looked at the prisoners with disgust. "Those lousy Fritzes!" they exclaim.

The corporal had been in France. He was in one of the first German units to enter betrayed Paris. It is amusing to think that I may have seen him in Paris. How the little darling has

changed! Our Red Army men seem to have taken the Germans down a peg or two.

Yesterday four Germans emerged from the forest: these wolves had been driven out by the cold. Only one cottage was left in the village; the rest had been burnt by the Germans. The four Germans scraped on the door. The old peasant woman spat. "Who set fire to the village?" she growled. "You did. You Germans. Stay out in the cold and get warm there!"

A signboard bearing the words "Pokrovskoye village" still remains but there is no village. It was burnt down by the Germans. Nothing remains except the chimneys and the starlings' cotes¹ in the trees. When they retreated the Germans sent special squads of "torch-bearers" to set fire to the towns and villages.

If they hadn't the time to burn everything, they burnt the best they could. And they did it with great relish. At Maloyaroslavets the "Kulturtraeger" showed what they could do by burning two schools, the children's crèche, the hospital and the town library with all the books.

Here are some of their corpses. Lying beside them are empty French champagne bottles, Norwegian conserves and Bulgarian cigarettes. It is dreadful to think that these wretched creatures are to-day the masters of Europe. No more champagne-swilling for some of the "masters." They are lying in the frozen earth.

In the village of Bielousovo a meal had been left untouched. The Germans had uncorked the bottles but had not had time to put their lips to them. In the village of Balabanovo the staff officers were caught napping. They ran out in their underclothes and triumphantly perished in their silk French drawers at the point of the Russian bayonets.

The women burst into tears when they see our soldiers. These are tears of joy, the thaw after a terrible winter. For two or three months they were unable to speak, watching the German butchers with hard, dry eyes, and afraid to exchange even a few words, a complaint or a sigh. Now it is all over. And on this freezing day it seems as though spring is here, the spring of the Russian people in the middle of the Russian winter.

The peasants have terrible stories to relate about the dark weeks of the German yoke. It is not only the atrocities that are terrible; there is something terrible about the German himself. A woman

¹ In the northern Russian countryside starlings are protected on account of their insect-destroying propensities and special wooden nesting-boxes — skvoreshniki—are made for them.

told me: "He pointed out to me how he had thrown his cigarette-end into the stove, gave himself airs and talked about Kultur, Kultur. And then, if you please, excuse my mentioning it, he relieved himself in front of me, a woman. It was freezing and so he couldn't be bothered to go outside."

"They're so dirty," another woman said. "One of them washed his feet and wiped them and then wiped his face with the same towel." "While one of them is eating another sits at the table and kills lice. It's disgusting to look at them." "He put his dirty linen in a pail. I said to him: 'That's a clean pail,' but he laughed. They have befouled us." "They stole everything, the parasites! They took the children's things. They even took away the pipe of the samovar." "They boasted that their country was rich. One of them found a reel of cotton at my sister's and a piece of soap in my place. It wasn't scented. It was just a plain piece of soap. Anyway, he was delighted and made up a parcel. He sent the soap and the cotton home as a present." "They told me I was to wash their clothes. They didn't give me any soap and said I was to do the washing with my fists." "If you didn't immediately give the German what he wanted, he pointed his rifle at you."

"They have befouled us," that is the best way of putting it. The words contain all the indignation of our people against the physical and moral filth of these Hanses and Fritzes. They were supposed to be a cultured people. Now everybody has seen what their "culture" is like—obscene postcards and drinking-bouts. They were supposed to be a clean people. Now everybody has seen the lousy scratching wretches who turned a clean cottage into a public lavatory.

When the Germans are driven out, the floors of the surviving cottages are washed with hot water, scrubbed and scoured for three days running. "What have you opened the door for, Granny?" I asked. "I'm getting rid of their stink," the old woman replied. "They have filled the house with smoke and stench."

A peasant woman with a kindly Russian face of the Martha Posadnitsa¹ type said to me: "They were afraid to go to the front. One of them cried. He said to me: 'Pray for me, little mother,' and pointed to the ikon. And I did pray for him too: 'May you get killed, you devil!'"

The Russians were a kind-hearted people, as everybody knows.

¹ This refers to Martha Boretskaya, widow of the posadnik or mayor of Novgorod in the times of Ivan the Terrible. After her husband's death she organized resistance against Ivan's besieging army.

They were compassionate and indulgent. The Germans have worked a miracle: they have scorched pity out of the Russian heart and engendered a deadly hatred. Even the old people express the one desire: "Kill the whole lot of them!" Some of these old people were still blind and deaf three months ago. One of them greeted our troops with a chicken. He bowed and said: "Do you accept fools? I'm a fool. When the Germans came, I thought it wouldn't make any difference to me. We're humble folk. But they took my granddaughter away. I don't know where she is. They killed our cow. They took away my felt boots. You see what I'm going about in now. I managed to hide one chicken from them. When I heard they were going away, I lit the stove, and the old woman roasted the chicken for you. Thank you for coming." He stood there and wept. But in the heart of this seventy-year-old grandfather there was the same hatred that filled the hearts of all of us.

The Germans had not had time to burn down the old man's house. Many houses were saved from the fire by the Red Army men. Our troops advanced very rapidly beyond Maloyaroslavets, and the Germans failed to carry out the order to destroy everything as they retreated. In one village the "torchbearers" had already driven all the people out of the houses, but suddenly they heard the sound of machine-gun fire and bolted. The village remained intact. In another village they had just set fire to one house when our ski troops appeared. The Germans took to their heels at once, and our men put out the fire. They saved lives as well as houses. I saw some people who had been condemned to death, but the Germans did not have time to shoot them. They dragged a girl away with them, but took fright and had to leave her behind. Every Red Army man can write home: "I saved a Russian house from fire. Russians are now living in it. Children will grow up in it and they will remember us. I saved a Russian from the rope. He was going to be hanged, but we came up in time." Besides saving his native country, he saves individual villages, such as Lukyanovka, Petrovskoye or Vysielki. He saves individuals, such as Fedya the shepherd, Krivtsov the forester, Maria Vladimirovna the teacher. And in their liberated homes the rescued people now bless each soldier.

The peasants are hurrying in their sledges over the scrunching snow in order to see their homes as quickly as possible. Not long ago they were moving towards the east with stern, sad faces. Now they are going westwards with smiling faces, screwing up their eyes against the bright glare of the sun-bathed snow.

The Red Army men overtake them. They too are in a hurry to

drive the enemy out of Medyn. This is a near-by town. At first it was by-passed but now our troops are pressing against it. Tomorrow the people and the stones of another liberated town will weep for joy.

Let the people of Maloyaroslavets rejoice—to-day the power station has begun to work again and there is light in the houses. Let the people of Borovsk put glass back into their window-frames so that they may be warm at last. Let the collective farmers at Ilyinsk ventilate and clean the houses that have been befouled by the Germans. All this is behind them. The Red Army is going forward and looking forward. It is not thinking of Maloyaroslavets or Borovsk, but of Vyazma and Smolensk. Ahead of it are Russian people who must be saved from death. And up to the waist in snow with never a thought of fatigue the beloved soldiers of Russia move forward.

January 14th, 1941.

THE RECAPTURE OF MOJHAISK

A German map lies in front of me. It was found in an abandoned car. It has a couple of arrows pointing in the direction of Moscow, the heart of Russia. One of them goes through Odintsovo and the other through Golitsino. It is a November map showing the so-called "Mojhaisk sector."

Mojhaisk has been taken. Everybody expected it, yet to us it seems an unexpected joy. The name of the ancient town had become a symbol for the Muscovites, who were constantly saying: "They are still in Mojhaisk." It was from Mojhaisk that the German tanks rolled towards Moscow. It was their last halting-place before the Red Square. In Mojhaisk the Germans celebrated victory beforehand. To-day the Muscovites can say with a sigh of relief: "They're no longer in Mojhaisk."

Men's faces and staff maps have changed. Lieutenant-General Govorov is now looking at the map, where the red arrows are pointing towards the west. The last scene in the great battle for Moscow was played in Mojhaisk.

Steadfast Red Army men, gallant commanders, tankmen, gunners, airmen and cavalry took part in the battle. The keen, calm eye of the People's Commissar for Defence followed every detail of the gigantic action.

General Govorov, one of the commanders of the battle for Moscow, is here in front of me. He has a fine Russian face, strong

features that look as if they had been moulded and an intent gaze. You are conscious of the calm that goes with strength, and of simple, natural bravery.

Over twenty-five years ago General Govorov began his great career as an artillery-man. He beat the Germans in 1916. He defeated the interventionists; he broke through the Mannerheim Line.

Artillery has long been the pride of Russian arms, and its glorious traditions have been carried on by the artillery-men of the Red Army. Throughout the most difficult periods Soviet artillery has maintained its superiority. Every artillery-man has a magnificent presence of mind, a trained facility for calculation, an ardour which is scientifically controlled by mathematics. How different all this is from the hysterical careering of the Germans, the crackle of tommy-guns, the roar of the motor-cycles, Hitler's clown-like speeches, and the drunken faces of the S.S. men. Perhaps it is for this reason that General Govorov, an artillery-man from head to foot, seems to me to be the incarnation of calm Russian resistance.

The General told me about the heroism of the gunners who defended Moscow in October. Sometimes they remained all alone, but they did not let the Germans pass. Now our artillery has started to attack. "We've got to gnaw through the enemy's defences," said the General. "The artillery is taking part in all phases of the battle. It has got to destroy the enemy's main nest of resistance and isolate it from other nests. Then the next one and so on. The enemy's superabundance of automatic weapons makes it impossible to confine oneself to suppressing enemy firing-points. It's no good driving them underground. They've got to be destroyed. The artillery can no longer be guided only by the information of the infantry. The artillery leads the battle."

The telephone at Govorov's H.Q. never stops ringing all through the night. The General hasn't time to sleep. His eyes, heavy with lack of sleep, peer at the map. "No. On the right," he says into the 'phone. "A prisoner has reported they were retreating by the road parallel to the line of fire." Then the General puts on his greatcoat in which he looks enormous, and strides across the snow, verifying, controlling or speeding up the fire of his batteries. He is modest and brave, a fine leader and a fine soldier.

We broke through the German front in the Mojhaisk direction on January 10th. Our flag is now fluttering over the town. The Germans had accumulated enormous stocks of war material there. It was all intended for Moscow, and much of it, for instance these German guns and cars, will actually get there.

The houses have been burnt and the wells poisoned. Everything has been mined, even the corpses of the Fritzes. By means of this barbaric destruction the Germans hoped to hold up the Red Army, but their efforts are in vain. The water in the wells is analysed and mine-detectors locate the hidden mines. As for the houses, our troops have long been accustomed to the forests. It is much quieter outside the inhabited localities.

The infantry are marching over the snow. The communications men are fixing up wires. The guns are roaring. The wide straight road leads from Mojhaisk to the west. We have only accomplished the first stage of the march. It is a long road. It runs from here to the jutting cape of Europe, "the end of the world"—Finisterre—the kingdom of death. It is a hard road. But the snow crunches submissively underfoot as our soldiers march boldly on. The long road will be traversed.

January 21st, 1942.

THE SECOND DAY OF BORODINO

On January 18th in the village of Shalikovo, which had been almost entirely burnt down by the Germans, a woman lamented that "the parasites threatened they would come back." On the following day the Germans' long-range artillery began to fire at the remaining houses of the village. Our guns replied. Towards morning General Orlov's troops began to attack. They occupied a village on the outskirts of Mojhaisk. The Germans tried to defend themselves, and fighting went on in the streets. In the darkness a Red Army man asked an old woman: "What village is this, Granny?" She waved her arms and said: "You've gone astray. This is Mojhaisk. The Germans are here. They'll kill you." The Red Army man laughed: "Why will they kill me? I'm going to kill them, that's certain." It was still dark when our men reached the centre of Mojhaisk. The Germans took to flight. An hour later it began to get light and the inhabitants of Mojhaisk saw the Red Flag flying over the building of the Town Soviet.

The Germans were in a hurry, but they managed to blow up the cathedral of St Nicholas, the church of the Ascension, the cinema, and the waterworks. They had mined the hospital but failed to blow it up. They did, however, succeed in blowing up one hundred of their own wounded. They wanted to set fire to the house where three hundred wounded Red Army men were lying, but our men arrived in time.

How many times I have heard the words: "Our men have arrived!" They are unforgettable, beautiful words.

Mojhaisk has immediately become the rear. The people are tearing the German notices from the walls, and putting plywood in the window-frames. There is a great bustle in the shops: tomorrow they will begin to serve out bread, groats and sweets. Only the birch crosses in the centre of the town remind you of the three months which the town spent under the German yoke.

A middle-aged woman is coming along the street. She knows what the Germans are. Her husband, Valentine Nikolaievich Nikolaiev, was a sixty-two-year-old teacher of mathematics, retired on a pension. One day he was walking along the street and happened to take out his pocket-handkerchief. The Germans shot him for "signalling to the Russian airmen."

Why did they kill a twelve-year-old girl after having violated her? Why did they hang an unknown patriot? No need to ask: they are Germans.

Our soldiers are in a hurry to forge ahead. They saved three hundred of their comrades in Mojhaisk and sixty homes in the village of Psarevo. At Gorki they saved the Kutuzov monument, and at Semionovsk they saved a girl whom the Germans wanted to drag away with them. They have saved thousands of homes and tens of thousands of lives. They are urged on by the words "Our men have arrived," and by the thought that our people are waiting for them. It is heavy going. The snow is so deep that you sink into it, and the temperature is thirty degrees below zero. But the capture of Mojhaisk has cheered every one, and they have gone on without stopping, covering ten miles in a day. And here is Borodino.

"Russia has good cause to remember the day of Borodino." The accursed Germans wanted us to forget all about our great past. As I came up to the Borodino museum, it was still burning after having been set on fire by the Germans. The tongues of flame were licking the words "To our glorious forefathers" on the pediment.

Why did the Germans turn the Borodino museum into a slaughter-house? Why did they set fire to it when they had to retreat? They vented their spite on our glorious forefathers for the bravery of their glorious descendants. They wanted to wipe out all memory of the year 1812, because a hundred and thirty years later Borodino has once again seen heroes—in other uniforms but with Russian hearts.

They wanted to blow up the monument, but they did not succeed. Yesterday three Soviet gunners, who gave their lives for the glory

and greatness of Russia, were solemnly buried beside Kutuzov's monument.

The Germans wanted to check our advance at Borodino. We outflanked them from the north and they took to flight. In revenge they ravaged the museum and all the surrounding villages. The air is filled with the heavy smell of burning. In the large village of Semionovskoye, memorable in connection with 1812, out of 107 houses only three remain. Of the village of Gorki nothing is left standing except the German signboard with the inscription "Gorki."

I shall never forget the sight of a peasant family standing beside the ruins of their house. They had come to see whether the fire had spared anything. Frozen with the cold, they stood warming their numbed hands at the smouldering brands of what had once been their home. They were an old man, a woman and four children. Suddenly the woman cried out: "The parasites! May they . . .!" It seemed as though the soil of Russia was crying out.

The Red Army men share their food with the people whose homes have been burnt. The soldiers quicken their step, for they are winged with the hope of saving yet another home and family.

The road to the west is a broad road. Along the route the Germans had put up new signposts, indicating the number of miles to Moscow. It was easier for them to calculate the number of the miles than to cover them. Instead of looking to see how many miles it is from Moscow, our soldiers look to see how many it is to Vyazma. They glance over their shoulders and forge ahead. Yesterday they occupied Uvarovo, the last point in the Moscow region. General Orlov, who comes from Byelorussia, said to me with a smile: "You'll soon be coming to my part of the world." And the soldiers wisecrack: "The Fritzes will soon be getting a taste of Vyazma gingerbread."

In one village the children showed us the stolen property which the Germans had abandoned in their flight. One German officer had left behind forty brassières—apparently he had decided to do a bit of speculating even in this line. A little boy said to me: "What does a German want those things for, Uncle?"

Wretched people! They are capable of killing a human being for the sake of any old rag. They defend themselves in the villages, because they're afraid to retreat in the cold. Why do they still go on fighting? Because they're afraid of being called to account.

We do not talk of revenge, but of justice. We do not want to shoot sixty-two-year-old German teachers. We will not touch twelve-year-old girls. We have no intention of burning German museums.

But we know one thing: for those who killed the old teacher Nikolaiev and that little girl and who burnt the museum of Borodino there is no place on earth. Their death-sentences have been signed and ratified by the Russian people.

Russia will never forget the second day of Borodino: the burnt villages, the devastated museum and the brave Red Army men, who said to their glorious forefathers: "We have not disgraced you. We have defended Moscow against the accursed invaders."

January 24th, 1942.

THE UKRAINE IS WAITING

On frosty moonlit nights in the streets of Moscow I catch a glimpse of the Ukraine. I hear the beat of its tortured heart. I hear steps in the snow. It is our soldiers who are on the march. The Donbass is welcoming its liberators. Kharkov is waiting its turn, and so are Poltava, Dniepropetrovsk and Kiev.

In the hot summer days, the Germans were devouring cherries and plums. They had a fine time in those days. "We're the bosom friends of the Ukrainians," they said condescendingly.

The compassionate snow has covered the graves of the Ukrainians who were tortured to death by the Germans. Zhitomir has been burnt to the ground. Beautiful Kiev has been mutilated and defiled by the Aryan beasts. Kharkov is drenched in blood. The Germans have forgotten all about their "friendly feelings." Their hands are dripping with blood. It's no good their taking away the peasants' soap; they won't be able to wash off the blood.

They have announced that the Ukraine is now part of Germany. Gauleiter Erich Koch of Koenigsberg, a brutal, overbearing Prussian, has been appointed Governor. He has found a way to Germanize the Ukraine—by annihilating the Ukrainians and settling Germans on their land.

Here is the text of a circular letter from "Regional Führer and Ober-Praesident" Erich Koch, addressed to the Prussians who are now trampling the soil of the Ukraine.

"The Führer has outlined to me the colossal tasks connected with the appropriation of the gigantic territory which has been conquered by Germany. I have been appointed Reichskommissar of the rich and blessed Ukraine. I have got to render it submissive to the will of the Führer and useful to Europe. Our age-long dream—the union of the Baltic with the Black Sea—has been realized under the sceptre of the Führer. Our East Prussia is also interested

in this matter. We are going to transfer a considerable part of German industries to the east.

"The confidence of the Führer enables me to ensure the economic future of each one of you. I will settle you in accordance with your wishes, taking devotion to our National Socialist Party into consideration."

Thus the Ober-Praesident promises the executioners of the Ukraine an "economic future" on the Ukrainian soil. According to his plan, the Prussians are to lounge under the blossoming cherry-trees, bathe in the Dnieper, eat Ukrainian delicacies, stroll along the Krestchatik and have the Ukrainians at their beck and call. They are already discussing the details of their post-war bliss. Says Fritz: "This is where I'm going to have my pigs, here my Gretchen will play the piano and here my stableman will flog the Ukrainians."

"The Reich Institute for the study of the East" has announced an architectural competition for "the appropriate planning of farm-houses in the Ukraine." The Fritzes are anxious about how their estates on the banks of the Dnieper are going to look. They like things to be "gemütlich," that is, nice and comfortable. They want the gallows to be set in the midst of flowering limes and the cries of the tortured people to be accompanied by Viennese waltzes.

"The Reich Institute" is in Berlin. But at present the Germans in the Ukraine have no time for "architectural planning" or "gemütlichkeit." They are busy killing people, but at the same time they are trembling with fear. They are hanging people, but the executioners' teeth are chattering. Who is it they are afraid of? Voiceless Kiev? The frozen Dnieper?

The heart of the people cannot be silent. The blood of the people cannot freeze. Everywhere the Germans are haunted by the vision of the people's avengers—the guerillas. On December 28th the commander of the 48th German tank corps issued the following order:

"The correct way for a man to behave is to act ruthlessly and mercilessly. I order that guerillas in civilian or semi-civilian dress, as well as persons wearing military uniform acting in conjunction with the guerillas, are neither to be taken prisoner nor shot, but to be hanged without exception. Persons aiding and abetting the guerillas are also to be hanged."

"Up with the rope!" shouts the corps commander. "Slip it on!" yells Ober-Praesident Erich Koch. "Pull it tighter!" whispers Hitler. But the Ukraine cannot be strangled! That beautiful land

has seen a good many things in the course of its life. More than once invaders have trampled her cornfields and murdered her children, but she has always risen and driven out the invaders.

The Germans may build model farmhouses. We will put the last Fritz and his offspring into one. Excursionists will be able to learn how dreadful and revolting were the parasites who attacked the Ukraine in 1941.

You may console the Prussians and promise them Ukrainian land and cosy nooks, Herr Ober-Praesident. You may transfer your industries to the Ukraine, if you so desire. Your machines will work for us. You may transfer to our country your civilian Fritzes—landowners, supervisors and gendarmes. We'll find room in our country for all of them—soldiers and civilians, landowners and generals, for the commander of the 48th tank corps and for Governor Erich Koch. The soil of the Ukraine will receive them all. They will be buried and no service record or certificate of Aryan descent will be required of them.

The frosty night is calm, white and desolate. I hear the muffled song of beautiful Oxana:

Never, never shall the Ukraine
Be slave of the German butchers.

The snow crunches under the feet of the Red Army—Russians and Ukrainians, Byelorussians and Georgians, Tartars and Jews—as they march to save Oxana from the hangman's noose. They are marching to save the Ukraine from the Germans.

January 29th, 1942.

DEATH AND IMMORTALITY

The Germans did not bury their dead in the cemeteries or somewhere apart, but in the main squares of the Russian towns. They wanted to humiliate us even with their graves. They thought they had conquered the Russian towns for all eternity. Maloyaroslavets was to become "Klein-Yaroslav" and Mojhaïsk—"Moschaisk-Stadt." They expected that monuments to the German soldiers would be erected in the squares of the Russian towns. They wanted the lousy Fritzes, the gangsters and violators to rest side by side with Leo Tolstoy. Their parade of the dead in someone else's country did not succeed: the living had to go, and so did the corpses—there is no room for German graves in the squares of the Russian towns.

Bit by bit, town by town, we are clearing the invaders out of our

land. It is a feat that has no equal in history. Many of our heroes are already giving their lives in this stern struggle. We must bury their remains with military honours and maintain their sacred graves with great devotion.

I attended the funeral of one Red Army man. The unit was going westwards, and the brief halt was full of significance. Three times the farewell volley shattered the air. Tears came into the eyes of the brave men. The political instructor made a short speech at the grave: "Farewell, comrade! Farewell, friend! You died the death of the brave. You died liberating your native land from death. We are going on towards the west. Each of us will give the enemy an extra bullet on your behalf. We shall carry your memory with us. You will go on with us to Smolensk, Minsk and Berlin."

In the squares of Maloyaroslavets and Mojhaisk I have seen the sacred graves of the brave men who took part in the liberation of these towns. Years will go by and the terrible months of war will be forgotten. New cities, schools and clubs will be built. Our cities will become more beautiful than ever. The precious monuments will remain in the heart of the liberated towns, and the mother will say to her child as she points to the names engraved on the plinth: "Those are the men who saved you, Petya (Peter.)" And in the open country the women collective farmers will honour the Red Army soldier's lonely grave. The corn will wax ripe around it and Time will not touch it

The names of the German invaders who perished in an alien land will be consigned to oblivion. The German people will beg the other peoples of the world to forget about them. But the names of our fallen heroes are immortal: in dying each one of them rose again in others, in his brethren and children and in the people. The Germans in front of us still live, but in the eyes of history they are already dead. They died the day when they started their vile business of hanging, robbing and torturing. Nobody will have a good word to say for them either in Russia or in Germany.

Our soldiers who have fallen on the field of battle have not only conquered the enemy, they have also conquered death. They died for their families, their friends, their little village and our immense country. The dead orphans will leave mothers behind—all the women of Russia. And those who died childless will have for posterity the whole Russian people.

January 31st, 1942.

THE MIRACLE

The French call the Battle of the Marne "the miracle of the Marne." In August 1914 the German Army was marching on Paris. Defeated at Charleroi, the French were retreating in disorder. But near the capital the French Army rallied and hurled the Germans back sixty miles.

The Battle of Moscow cannot be compared with the Battle of the Marne. In 1914 the French were not alone in fighting Germany, and, to a considerable extent, the "miracle of the Marne" can be explained by the Russian advance into East Prussia.

We have had against us the most powerful army in the world. For years the engineers of Germany had been building this hellish war machine. For decades the German generals lived only for their plans for the invasion of Russia. On waking up in the morning, they gave their minds to the problem of the best way to reach Moscow—whether by way of Tula-Ryazan or Yaroslavl? The Germans took no pleasure in eating or drinking or studying. They did nothing but prepare to attack.

We built cities, worked and studied. We were ready to defend our house, but we did not dream of war. We were bringing up human beings. But the Germans were building tanks.

They soon crushed Poland. Even more swiftly they put an end to France. They seized all the war industries of Europe: the Skoda works in Czechoslovakia, the Schneider-Creusot factories in France and the factories of Liège and Rotterdam. They secured Spanish copper, Norwegian nitrates, Rumanian oil and Hungarian wheat. Germany came against us with all the riches of Europe in her train.

The strength of the German Army can be judged by the number of campaigns it has carried out. The Polish soldiers at Westerplat and Modlin sold their lives dearly. Until recently the French Army enjoyed universal respect. Not all the French generals were capitulationists, and some of them put up a stiff resistance. The battle round Arras was ferocious, but it was won by the Germans. Inconsiderable formations of the German Army in Libya are not only holding up the British advance, but are counter-attacking. Who will say after this that we have stopped and repulsed a weak opponent?

In November the Germans were convinced of their victory. They were already distributing permits for the Red Square. They brought their artillery close up to Moscow and pointed their long-range guns at the city.

On December 6th the Red Army started to attack. The guns that

had threatened Moscow did not get a chance to fire a shell. They were captured by the Red Army men. The Germans shuddered, and the whole world began to shout on all wavelengths, "The Germans are on the run!"

In the very days when the Germans were arguing as to which regiment should be the first to enter Moscow, and when the military commentators of the Allied countries were writing sorrowfully about the triumph of the German plan, our Command was busily preparing to attack. We won't say that the Battle of Moscow was a miracle, but our nation, our people and our spiritual strength are a miracle. We have been rearing this miracle for a quarter of a century. We have been through much suffering to achieve it. We moulded it out of the Arctic snow, the sand of the desert and a clod of clay. We put our faith in man, and man has saved Russia. Tanks are important, but still more important are the constructors and drivers of the tanks. People can make new engines, but engines cannot take the place of man's mind and will.

In the autumn the factories were transferred far away to the east. The most delicate instruments were unloaded amid impassable mud or snow. It seemed unlikely that the delicate machinery would survive the cold and cramped conditions. But the workers wrought a miracle: a week later the benches were already turning out aircraft engine parts. All the railways were blocked while men and things were being transferred. The engine-drivers worked seventy hours without a stop, taking double-length trains through the blizzard. They wiped their faces with snow and continued their journey. In a month the railwaymen had cleared the lines, and this too was a miracle. Children saved the potato crops in the fields from the frosts. Young girls of Moscow dug the ground in the rain and sleet of wintry weather. Women weavers and students of the Conservatoire in light slippers helped to fortify the capital. The heroes of Leningrad worked under artillery fire, beating off the attacks of the Germans and starvation. Was not this a miracle?

Twenty-eight heroes¹—the figure is engraved in our memory—they died, but they did not let the enemy through to Moscow. There were not only twenty-eight heroes: there were millions. There was one single hero—the people.

In these days we have again realized the human strength of Stalin. He had no thought of attacking other people's countries.

¹ The twenty-eight heroic guardsmen of Major-General Panfilov's division who, alone and unaided, held up the advance of fifty German tanks at the approaches to Moscow.

He was thinking about a new world. He devoted himself to the construction of factories, the utilization of the Arctic, the building of canals to convert deserts into orchards, to schools and the education of man. A great poet expresses his essence in a poem, outstripping his contemporaries. Stalin wrote his Constitution. But not for a moment did he forget the danger that was threatening the country. He kept an eye on the evil, frenzied bustle in Germany, and when the German fanatics attacked us, Stalin bent over the maps of the General Staff. Just as before he had known the number of tractors or the merits of this or that designer, so now he began to calculate how many anti-tank rifles were necessary for this or that army. The British and Americans who visited Moscow were astonished at his military knowledge. Russia had to put on military uniform and, as always, the man in the plain tunic was at her side. Into the defence of Moscow and the preparations for our offensive he put all his clarity of thought and profound composure. He said: "We shall not give up Moscow," and we did not give it up. He said: "We shall defeat the Germans," and we began to defeat them.

In what does our miracle consist? In our firm bearing, limitless endurance and courage which cares neither for resounding words nor fine gestures. Our victory is clad in camouflage dress. You won't notice it at first. Its mouth is closed and its face is powdered with snow.

Miracle means our advance. Our soldiers are fighting and marching in ferociously cold weather. There is nowhere to get warm, and there is no question of halting. The Red Army men are urged on by lofty ideals: they realize that our cities and our people are out there in the country ahead. To gain a day is to save a hundred homes from the incendiaries. To gain an hour is to save a Russian man from the rope and a Russian girl from dishonour.

Our allies speak with admiration of Soviet strategy and the equipment of the Red Army. One may add that our people are doubly worthy of admiration, especially the Moscow workers, the Siberian collective farmers and the Caucasian wine-growers who are hastening to the rescue of the Ukraine and Byelorussia. Istra was a miracle, so were Mojhaïsk and Lozovaya.

We shall not lose sight of the stern reality. Germany is still very strong. The Germans are defending every warm house. They are afraid to go out into the cold. They will defend every inch of the land they have seized, for they are afraid of the still greater chill of revenge. German engineers are building new tanks and new air-

craft. The German generals want to take their revenge in the spring and to win back their losses or perish. We know they won't succeed.

Specialists test the thickness and resistance of tank armour. Who can determine the strength of the Russian heart? The poet Nikolai Tikhonov once wrote of our people: "If nails were made out of these people, there'd be no stronger nails in the world." Yes, everything can be made out of such people: nails and tanks, poetry and victory.

February 8th, 1942.

FORWARD!

Australia, Canada, China and Mexico, the whole world is now talking about the courage of the Red Army.

It happened in the late autumn. Wet snow was falling. Moscow was in the grip of a raw cold. The German tanks were moving eastward. A sacred fire flared up in the heart of Russia. Workers from Moscow and the Urals, collective farmers of Siberia and Azerbaidjan were falling in the ranks where they stood, but they refused to retreat.

The enemy began to withdraw. Our soldiers saw burnt-out cottages, women stripped of their clothes in the savage frost, gallows and the bodies of tortured comrades. The Russian people were filled with wrath. They had been a kind-hearted people, now they had become a people bent on vengeance.

Our grandchildren will be astonished when they read books about this great war. They will read about our soldiers who marched over the untrodden snow in terrific cold, about our snipers, skiers and sappers, and they will say: "How did they do it?"

The words of the communiqués are scanty: "We liberated a number of inhabited localities." Thousands of individual exploits are hidden behind these words. What can be higher than to lay down one's life for others, to save the children of the Ukraine and the women of Byelorussia from death and to liberate the Russian towns of Smolensk and Novgorod?

The Germans do not leave of their own accord. They defend themselves as fiercely as they can, realizing that death lurks behind them. Their newspapers are now saying: "We've got no choice." They were able to choose when they put the insane corporal Hitler on the throne. They were able to choose when they declared war on Europe, and when they attacked us on the sly that night in June. Now they have indeed no choice. They know that their doom is on the way, and that they will be "kaput," as the Fritzes say. Now

the choice is ours. And we have made our choice; we are going forward.

Hitler is pinning his hopes on the spring, when the roads will be dry. He wants to break our courage with his tanks. He hopes to use machines in place of the soldiers he has lost. He is building up his reserves for a decisive battle. We can see the gambler's cards, and we must knock the trumps out of his hands. During the winter we must kill the German divisions intended for the summer. If Fritz is wounded in February he won't be able to dance in May.

Hitler senses approaching disaster. He calls up his engineers, constructors and generals to the rescue. He is laying crafty plans and will stop at nothing to deceive us. But he will not succeed.

We have now experienced the meaning of the German yoke. You are going to the west, collective farmer of the Volga region—you don't want your village to experience the fate of the villages around Kaluga or Mojhaisk. Workman of the Urals, you don't want your family in Magnitogorsk to experience the sufferings of Kerch. You go forward and you say: "We'll liberate the Ukraine. To the Dnieper—for Siberia! To Byelorussia—for the Urals!"

Millions of our people are waiting for us. They have been suffering torments. At night the mother whispers to her child: "Wait a little! Our people will come." At night we hear the terrible silence of the captured towns. The defeated German is savage and inhuman. In the summer he was murdering women. Now he is murdering little children. In the summer he was hanging people. Now he is impaling them. Red Army man, you've got a mother or a sweetheart. You've got a wife and children at home. You know what it means when a child is murdered before the eyes of its mother.

Where is this comrade hurrying to? He wants to drive the Germans out of their strong-point, and to save the life of a Russian child. He wants to bring relief to the Russian mother.

The Nazis are feverishly fortifying their positions. They have converted our cottages into German fortresses. They are still very strong. They have their old Prussian training and experienced generals. They have tanks, guns, mortars and aircraft. And they have no choice. They are defending themselves with the stubbornness of despair.

The road to the west is a hard road, but it is the road of our salvation. Those who have gone forward will not stop. In the service records of every one of our divisions are the names of the villages which have been liberated, and in the memory of every Red Army man are the eyes of the liberated people.

The Ukraine, Byelorussia and the Crimea are waiting. The girls who are threatened with dishonour are waiting. The old people are waiting and their lips will murmur blessings on their saviours. The earth that is still trampled by the brutish Germans is waiting.

Who will tell the story of the heroes of Leningrad, the most beautiful city in the world, the city of the October Revolution, which is suffering great privations? Every day it is being battered by German shells. "Forward to the rescue of Leningrad!" cry the Russian soldiers. The time will come when the eyes of the northern capital will light up with joy.

To halt for a day is to retreat. The enemy is taking advantage of every hour, every minute. He wants to rally his forces in preparation for the spring. He glances feverishly at the thermometer, and never takes his eyes off the calendar. He is counting the days. Let us upset his calculations!

We're no more afraid of April than we were afraid of December. Was it ourselves or the Germans who failed to prepare for the winter? We are not idle this winter; we are preparing for the spring. The benches of our factories are not idle for a single moment. The workers of Skoda and Creusot are toiling like galley-slaves. The workers of the Urals are working like heroes. We know that Hitler is turning out tanks. And so are we. We are matching tank against tank. Can Hitler reply that he is matching a people against a people? He has no people. He has got millions of murderers, who hang together for mutual security. Criminals may serve for a desperate gamble, but not for heroic deeds.

The Soviet pilot who rammed an enemy plane says bashfully: "It was nothing. Just you go and have a talk with Kuznetsov." Natasha, the girl who carried twenty-six wounded Red Army men off the battlefield under enemy fire, talks about it reluctantly in everyday language, as though she had been carrying milk jugs. Our people are modest, not fond of boasting. They go forward modestly but steadfastly.

Our great country is thinking only of the Red Army. People are willing to go without food and sleep if only they can give presents to the soldiers, such as woollen mittens for the winter and cotton socks for the summer. But there are no better presents than bombs, shells and bullets. Shoot, soldier, shoot—the whole country is supplying you with ammunition.

Armaments are coming to us from America and Britain. The Hurricane is not at all a bad little thing! The tanks which the British are making are not bad either. The fate of the whole world

depends on the battles on our front. In helping us the Allies are helping themselves. Only scanty German garrisons now remain in western Europe. The Fritzes are uncomfortable at La Rochelle, Middelburg and Tromsø; who knows what will happen in the spring?

This spring will not be Hitler's spring. History does not repeat itself. We will repulse all attacks. The Germans are not the only ones who are building up reserves. We too are building up our reserves, not for defence but for attack. We do not say like the Germans: "It will all begin in the spring." It all began on June 22nd. Until December 6th the Germans forged ahead, but we barred their path and forced them to turn back to the west. Now it is we who are forging ahead.

We have only just set out on the road. We are not counting the miles we have gone, nor do we look back. We are motivated by the single word: "FORWARD!"

Perhaps some people in the remote rear do not realize what the advance of our army means. They may be thinking that we are driving a defenceless enemy along a broad highway. The path of the Red Army is a hard and terrible path. The German empire has been piling up armaments for seventy years. It is impossible to bring her to her knees in seventy days. The Germans are now frantic. Like dying scorpions, they want everybody else to die with them. In the little town of Sukhinichi they defended their right to stifle Paris and to plunder Belgrade. They defend themselves in every village and in every cottage. They are afraid to hold their hands up because those hands are still covered with blood.

The enemy fire rockets in the night and set cottages alight. The Düsseldorf book-keepers are afraid of the darkness. Strike at the enemy by night!

The enemy avoids fighting in the open. They skirt nervously round a forest; the Dresden sausage-makers have never seen a real forest. Hurry on, ski-troops! Gallop ahead, cavalymen!

The enemy is sitting tight in the towns. The Germans are bugs. They have taken a fancy to our dwellings. They creep in and defend themselves with guns. Smoke the Germans out of the houses! It is not meet for ancient Russian towns to be nests of Germans.

The enemy wants to halt our advance. He counter-attacks and pretends to be advancing. Wherever he shows his snout, he must be thrashed. This is no time for German promenades!

We must not give the Germans time to recover their senses! We will drive them further back. In October we said to one another

the bitter but courageous words: "We must hold fast!" Do you hear, friend? Like the beating of wings over Russia flies the simple, valiant word: "FORWARD!"

February 17th, 1942

COURAGE

For twenty-four years our people have loved and cherished the Red Army. For its sake they have put up with sleepless nights and a crust of bread. When a detachment of Red Army men passed through a city square, the mothers looked with confidence at the gay, sunburnt soldiers and realized they would not be betrayed. The children were playing under the trees. They have now grown up and are fighting beyond the Arctic Circle or in the steppes of the Crimea.

The Red Army has not let us down. We all know that if we are now living, breathing, thinking, hoping, talking our native tongue, and living in our native towns, it is only because the Red Army is a mighty power. In a medieval ballad the Devil remarks: "I do exactly as I please on earth, because the men of good will have wishes, but I have the will. They are made of wax, I am made of iron." Our people were a people of good will. They did not carry freedom on the points of their bayonets, but they have learnt to defend their destiny with the bayonet. The Devil has now found out what the human will can do. We have barred the path to his iron centipedes, because the heart of every Red Army man, who played as a child in the square and later sang roguish and tender songs, has proved to be stronger than iron.

The little red stars shine far out over the world. Their light is seen in both hemispheres. They are watched with hope by the workers of Detroit and the peasants of Egypt. No star is brighter than this which shines on the cap of the soldier, and the year-old Russian child stretches out its little hands towards it: the star that will save.

Courage is not an accident or an attribute—innate and impetuous daring can be an attribute. Courage is a virtue. Courage is the highest degree of human consciousness, like love and wisdom. It ripens in the heart of the people as wheat ripens in the hot sun. When a man is inspired from his youth by the feeling of human dignity, when the shepherd is brought to the telescope, when the milkmaid deputy enters the palace of Soviet Deputies, life becomes joyful and significant. Our fathers may have thrown coins on to the ground, but they never threw a piece of bread: they respected bread

like the sweat of the human brow. We are accustomed to respect human dignity. It is defended by courageous people.

Courage is love of life, such love that the individual's fate becomes pale and imperceptible. If the coward thinks to save his life, he is making a bitter mistake! Cowardice smacks of treachery, and the man who has saved his life at any price will never be able to enjoy life again. For him all the brooks are poisoned, all songs are stifled and all emotions are displaced. A great love of life implies great courage.

Before battle there is a period of great stillness—sometimes it may only last a minute. In that minute the stillness has a peculiar emphasis. Nowhere is there such a stillness as in war. And in these brief moments a man involuntarily remembers a great deal. His mind does not reproduce his past life like a film, but isolated visions create the web of time. He looks on it as one might look at an orchard full of fruit. If it is his destiny to part with life, he will do so not as a man who is subdued by death but as one who has conquered death. He knows that he will go on living in his loved ones. And if he has no relations, his life will be continued in the life of his people. If the hero has no mother living, all old women will bless him. If he has no children, all the sons and daughters of Russia, dark and fair, will owe him their life, peace and happiness.

To die for Russia is not only to die for the Soviet State, history and freedom. Any boy, that one for instance who is now playing in the square, is also Russia, living, perceptible and precise.

In the German Army there are both cowards and bold men. But there is no real courage in the German Army. A man who is accustomed to browbeating others cannot defend his own freedom. A man who is accustomed to enforcing his will with the whip cannot defend his own dignity. We have seen the stubbornness of the German divisions in our towns, the daring of this or that German tank man, the dashing recklessness of the German airmen. But we have not seen courage in the German Army.

The Red Army is intimately connected with our people; its glory is the glory of our country. Who paved the way for the victors of Rostov and Kalinin? Peaceful people, the men of the Cheluskin expedition, Arctic fliers, the builders of Kuznetsk and Magnitogorsk, the doctors who fought against epidemics, the school mistresses who took the alphabet to the reindeer tents, the people who dug huge canals, drained bogs and built up a great, harmonious country. It is not a question of our having more iron ore than the Germans. They still have plenty of iron and a great number of tanks. The fact is that

the Devil's heart has proved to be made of dirty wax. But the heart of our native country is warm flesh, which is stronger than any metal.

A favourite character of Russian legend spent half his life sitting down and then went out to battle and began to defeat his enemies. We did not start the quarrel: we were a people united in brotherhood and work. But once having entered the fight, we shall not turn back. There are ships for deep-sea navigation, fleets for far-off cruises. The Red Army is an army for long-term operations. The Red Star will not deceive the world. It will not set or fade. The men with the Red Star on their caps bring life with them. They bring life into the world of ruins, tortures and the gallows. Death will not take them. Dead, they are immortal. Alive, they will pass singing through the streets of the liberated towns, and the hand of a rescued child will stretch out towards the little Red Star.

February 23rd, 1942.

HEROINES

German Unter-offizier Willi Menne, anti-tank battery commander of the 3rd regiment, was recently killed on the Leningrad front. On him was found an extensive diary. He had made notes of all he had seen and tried to express his own reflections. Here is what he wrote about the death of an unknown Russian woman:

"While inspecting Novgorod, our infantry found a woman fighter among the ruins. When they wanted to disarm her she flew at the officer like a fury. She was restrained with difficulty. It took three strapping infantrymen to get her under control and they could only get her to move forward by blows. For all of us this was evidence of the terrible coarsening of manners which has resulted from Bolshevism. Even the women are affected by it. The Russian woman refused to answer questions. Folding her arms on her breast and refusing to have her eyes bandaged, she met death with a smile of contempt."

That is how an enemy writes about the heroic conduct of a Russian woman. We do not know the name of this heroine, but we shall never forget that young woman in a grey uniform surrounded by vile enemies amid the ruins of ancient Novgorod, city of Russian freedom, smiling as she looks death in the face. She is stronger than death. She has risen above her fate. From an unknown woman she has become Russian womanhood, simple, pure and immortal. The lunatic Fritzes thought our women would become their slaves. They thought that Soviet girls would do the Germans'

washing in the daytime and dance for them in the evening. These gross, insolent males were accustomed to dealing with greedy but submissive females. They expected to find housemaids and fan-dancers in our country. They have found women who are ready to defend their honour and freedom to the last drop of their blood.

March 8th, 1942.

WAITING FOR SPRING

When the Germans were retreating in January, they set fire to the villages. In February they started to round up the people and drive them away. The chimneys of the ruined houses, and the empty villages that seemed to lie under a spell, will remain engraved for ever in our memory. The Germans are forcing the women collective farmers to dig trenches, and they even take the little children so that their mothers won't run away.

"Work or I'll shoot the children!" shouts the German officer. The women dig the frozen ground. I have seen some of the dug-outs. The Germans intended these to protect their troops against our shells, but they were disappointed.

Not long ago the Germans defended themselves in the cottages. Now they are digging holes in the ground; our gunners have compelled them to change their habits.

The officers' dug-outs are almost luxurious. Like beasts of prey they filled their dens with the booty which they stole from the houses of the collective farmers. In these dug-outs you come across brass bedsteads and samovars. As for women's clothes, the robbers used them as carpets.

It is a pleasant sight when one of our tanks approaches one of these German dens. The Germans run out squealing—their carpets are forgotten. An hour later a young tank man reports: "We noted that we had killed thirty Fritzes, but we don't know how many were killed in the dug-outs. We didn't count them." His words have the modesty and force of an artist who has just finished a great canvas.

The Germans had hoped to carry on positional warfare in this sector. At the beginning of February they were thrown back thirty-seven miles. They dug themselves in and now they are being driven out. At present fighting is going on for a village and a couple of hills, the taller of which is called the "nameless height." Nothing remains of the village except craters in the snow. The Germans have been driven out of the hollow, but they are still holding out on the hills. On the site where the village stood there are 400 dead

Germans. The Germans have found "positional warfare" a costly business. And our troops continue to gnaw their way through the German defences. How many kilometres will they advance tomorrow? The Germans hate retreating here as they need seven-league boots to reach the next defensible position.

General Vlasov is talking to his men. They look at their commander with affection and confidence: Vlasov's name is connected with the advance from Krasnaya Polyana to Ludinaya Gora. He is a tall man and speaks in good Suvorov style. Talking about the German soldier he says: "Last summer he fought with gusto, but now he's fighting out of fright."

A little while ago the forest seemed dead and empty, but now things are beginning to hum. After an hour's interruption the battle begins to flare up. The Germans are feverishly throwing in their reserves. The sun feels warm. In the shade the snow is lilac-coloured, but in the sunshine it is like rose coloured foam. Spring is not far off, and it makes our men feel good to think about it. One of them said: "It will be getting warm soon. We'll get warm from the sun, and Fritz will get warm from us."

February corroded the German Army. It was not only a question of their losses but of the morale of the troops. It looked as though the Germans would warm themselves in the dug-outs and pull themselves together. But having had a rest, they grew thoughtful and then they were seized with even greater weariness. I do not take the mutterings of the prisoners as evidence of this, as the Nazi soldier in captivity is often servile and false. Nor do I base it on the letters or diaries of the hysterical Fritzes, some of whom were already shrieking with alarm in July. But here is the letter of a model German soldier. It was written on February 28th, 1942. The author's name was Franz Ecker and he was an Ober-gefreiter:

"I was looking forward to a nice pound of bacon, but it was no go. When I read your last letter, in which you say that you're going to cook plenty to eat when I come home, it made my mouth water. Yes, it would be wonderful. I feel as though I could eat and sleep for days on end. Here we get nothing but the same eternal canned stuff and a few ounces of bread. It's enough to drive you mad. Now we're being attacked furiously every day by the Russians. Yesterday they tried to break through. We had a very hot time. We beat them off, but there are very few of us left. You can't do anything with the new-comers. They are afraid and run away as soon as they come under fire. Friedl Poldl is really lucky to have been killed in time. We are now rotting in earth holes, but it will

begin all over again in the spring. It's nothing like so good as they write in the newspapers or show on the films. I've already been fed up to the teeth with it a long time. I don't want to hear or see anything. But I'll stick it. I say to myself: anyway the time will come when we'll go back home. I put up with enough this winter, I'll stick it out in the summer as well. What's your news? Probably nothing new. Various gentlemen are doing well and having an easy time. I'd like them to spend a day or two here. Then they'd realize what it means."

Franz Ecker was a model soldier. He condemned the recruits and said he would stick it out in the summer. It is difficult to say whether he would have done so, as he terminated his earthly labours on March 3rd. But his comrades are hardly likely to stick it out even in the spring, let alone the summer. The letter I have quoted reveals a profound pessimism. The ersatz positional warfare has become a bog for the Germans. They thought they were going to hold their ground, but they got stuck in the mud and began to rot.

There was no positional warfare for our troops. Even in February they continued to advance. The centres of resistance merely delayed them. Our army has refused to accept immobility even for a single day. For the tank man who smashed the dug-out and killed Franz Ecker, March 3rd was the continuation of the remarkable epic offensive which began on December 6th.

"It will soon be time to take off our felt boots," said a Siberian soldier. Then he added with a grin: "It's easier to walk in ordinary boots. We've got a long way to go." And he pointed to the tender red glow of the first sunset of early spring.

March 11th, 1942.

MARCH WINDS

Every day young soldiers are arriving at the front. Everything is new to them—the thundering music of the guns, the grim air of the battle and the simple, calm talk of their experienced, battle-scarred comrades.

Why are peace-loving people, such as the collective farmers of Siberia, the workers of the Urals and the shepherds of Uzbekistan marching, rifles in hand, against the west? It is because we all love our wives, our homes and our country. We are attacking in order to save children and our native orchards from death.

Men of Siberia, the Urals and the Volga, it has fallen to your proud lot to defend your home far away from that home. You know that your courage is saving your family from danger. You

hear the German mortars? You will soon get used to their barking and learn how to stop their mouths. You go into battle, knowing that your family cannot hear the Germans guns and will never hear them. Remember the fate of the Ukrainians and Byelorussians. Their fields are under the German heel and their children are in the power of the German monsters. The Ukrainians and Byelorussians are not going into battle to defend their homes but to win them back. Perhaps to-morrow they will find them in ruins, but they will save their families from death and bring death to the plunderers.

Young soldiers, you are being drafted into glorious units of the Red Army. You will hear stories of your old comrades who stood in our country's front line. They took the heaviest blow upon themselves. The enemy was very strong in the summer, and as yet we had no experience. The Germans overwhelmed us with their numerical superiority in machines, and the old soldiers tasted all the bitterness of retreat. They trudged sadly towards the east, abandoning Soviet towns and the graves of the dead. Tears came into the eyes of brave men when they looked back and saw Kiev behind them. . . . You will hear stories of the bravery of the older men. They did not retreat without fighting and they made the enemy pay dearly for his campaign. From the German frontier to the suburban villages of Moscow there are German crosses instead of telegraph poles. They mark the eastward path of the Germans. Now we are driving them back to the west. Their route from the suburban villages of Moscow to Yukhnov, Uvarovo and Toropets is also lined with German crosses. They are our signposts, and we are going to make our way by them.

You are new to fighting. The older men will tell you what it meant to fight in August. The Germans were then confident of victory: they had their best regular divisions. Our men had to fight the pick of their army. You are going to fight Germans of the second class with ersatz S.S. men, imitation "Vikings" and plastic "Death's Heads." Our troops of those first months knocked out Hitler's best divisions and cleared the way to victory.

The Germans say it was the winter that brought them to grief. They lie: it was your older comrades who did it. Winter at the front is no holiday. Our soldiers have hands, feet and ears as well as the Germans. The Germans were sheltering in warm cottages. Our men spent the night in the open with the thermometer at thirty degrees below zero. The Germans slept, but our men went on over the untrodden snow. It is not a question of climate; in East Prussia the winter can be colder than in the Ukraine. It is a question of

courage. Our soldiers drove the Germans out of houses, villages and towns, because the Germans came to steal bacon whereas our men are defending liberty.

You are going to the front together with the spring breezes. Hitler has said he will attack in the spring. He wants to raise the morale of his troops. He swaggers and blusters, but he is no longer the same Hitler. He is a beaten Hitler now. No doubt he has still got plenty of troops, tanks and guns. No doubt he is dreaming of how he is going to attack. But it no longer depends on him whether he will attack. It depends on you.

The Germans have experienced generals, who work out skilful operational plans. They foresee everything except what the enemy is going to do. They are good chess players. Their queens move all over the board. Their only trouble is they can't foresee how their opponent is going to move. They are used to dealing with people who play a losing game. Hitler says the spring is a good time for attacking. Fine words!

Fresh divisions, you are going into battle. The old comrades look confidently towards you. Red soldier, to-morrow the name of your division may resound throughout the Union. You have heard about the Guards regiments. Like you, they came out of the unknown and were covered with glory. The Kremlin watches them with pride. The captured towns await them. When a new division goes into battle it is like youth and spring. If you are steadfast, you will exalt your comrades and cover your banners with glory.

Fighting is new to you. Remember that the older comrades fought in those earlier, terrible days. You have become part of a regiment with a glorious banner. What exactly is the regimental banner? It is the history of the valour of your comrades, the memory of the heroes who have fallen and the honour of your own name. Maintain the honour of your regiment. In an honest family there are no bad sons. In a glorious regiment there are no bad soldiers. You are responsible to your wife, your conscience and your country. You are also responsible to your comrades who have fallen. They died that you might live. You are attached to your wife, the comfort of feminine tenderness, the laughter of children and your favourite work. You feel what all our men are feeling. We are going into battle for the sake of life itself. If the Germans win, they will torture and kill everybody. We want to live; this is why we are not afraid of death. It is hard to get accustomed to danger at first. It is hard to look death in the face for the first time. It is a bitter grief to lose a dear friend or a good comrade. But if you look death straight in

the eyes she will shrink back and turn aside. If you are courageous to the end, the day of victory will come and peace will return to our homes. As you stand at the grave of a friend and comrade, say to yourself: "I will not profane his memory. I will take vengeance on his killer. I will go into the attack, so that the wife of my fallen friend may bring up her children in peace."

General Vlasov says that "men must not be pitied but looked after." If you stop and pity yourself when you are under enemy fire, you give him time to recover and he will mow you down. In war an hour's delay costs many lives. The man who has no care for his comrades does not pity them; he is a contemptible coward. If you take care for your comrades, you will be taking care of yourself as well.

You are going to the front together with the March winds. The spring storms are drawing near. The war is flaring up. The Germans will try to halt our advance and begin to counter-attack. Remember that they are not the same Germans as those who attacked our frontier guards last summer. The Germans who are now facing you are nervous, jumpy. Our men have already given them a thrashing. The example has been set. You must strike them a hundred times as strongly.

You have a good rifle. You can look up at the sky with confidence. There may be German aircraft there, but it is getting more and more uncomfortable for them—our fighter pilots are pressing hard on them. They are squeezing the Germans out of the sky. You must squeeze the Germans off the earth. You can wait calmly for the German tanks: we've got tanks as well. The country has forged a faithful weapon for you.

Fighting is new to you. To-morrow you will become accustomed to the voice of war. To-morrow you will be an old front-liner. Remember the heroes of last summer; they had a glorious but bitter task; they laid the foundation-stones of victory in the galling dust of the path of retreat and in the blood of the unknown heroes who were left in the territory captured by the enemy. The heroes of the winter were the first to have the joy of stopping the enemy. They drove him back and bit deep into his defences with their teeth. You will be a hero of the Russian spring. You will not let the enemy recover his senses. You will see the waters of the Dnieper and you will rest under the cherry-trees of the Ukraine. Your older comrades began the story of victory. You will finish writing it.

March 13th, 1942.

THE SPRING EQUINOX

To-day is the spring equinox. In all latitudes day equals night and night equals day. The days will get longer and longer. To-day there is a brief equilibrium—no longer winter, not yet spring.

Six months ago at the autumn equinox, day and night were also equal. Then the days grew shorter. Bitter days for us. The Germans had just celebrated the capture of Kiev and were preparing for their October campaign against Moscow.

Now we are greeting the spring in a different mood. We passed through sorrow as through a dark impenetrable forest. We have come out on to the fringe. We have reached the suburbs of many of the towns captured by the Germans. We have reached the threshold of victory.

The equinox is as if day and night balanced each other for a moment in the scales in the hand of Nature. But everybody knows which scale will go down and which way the pointer will swing. Two armies are fighting for life or death, day and night—ourselves and the Germans.

According to popular belief, the first skylarks arrive on Annunciation Day. This year the winter has been exceptionally tenacious, and the spring larks are not likely to appear very soon. The spring Fritzes, on the other hand, have already appeared. Every day German regiments and divisions are coming to us from the warm countries. They are arriving before the proper time; they had been prepared for other operations. However, Hitler proposes and the Red Army disposes; the Russian February has had a bad repercussion on the German May. Hitler is fond of talking about the four seasons of the year, but now the Germans are obliged to fight according to our calendar.

We know which towns were liberated by the Red Army in December and January. By smashing the Germans in February and March, the Red Army has prepared the liberation of other large towns, some of which are situated far from the scene of the fighting. A thousand dead Germans are a step towards Kiev. A thousand dead Germans are a road to the west.

The Germans thought they were going to have a rest, gather their forces and calmly prepare for their spring operations. Instead of that, they have been compelled to defend villages and dug-outs from our attacks, and to shed their blood in difficult counter-attacks. Wherever they are still holding out they are losing thousands and

thousands of men. Where they have lost enough thousands they retreat.

At present two armies are at grips. The battle goes on day and night. Our communiqués report in stern, severe language: "Nothing of importance took place at the front." When battle is raging, people don't tell stories—they fight. The reports come afterwards. At present our soldiers are creating the victories of to-morrow.

German reserves have already appeared at the front, and German carrion fliers have already appeared in the sky. If the tanks are still sleeping like animals in their winter sleep, one of these days they will wake up. We know that the Germans have been working during the winter. We have not been sleeping either. It will not be an easy struggle, but there will be no repetition of last July.

Of late the Germans have given up using the word "blitz." They seem to have forgotten all about a "lightning victory." We may remind them that they thought they were going to capture Moscow in August. Nine months have passed since then. Quite a long time. A woman can bear a child in nine months. The Germans have not conquered and they are not going to conquer. In the past nine months Russia has been carrying victory in her womb, and the world will soon behold it. But the German hopes have been converted into skulls. Hitler now says he is in no hurry. For once he is not telling a lie. Where can he hurry to? The grave? It is we who are hurrying. We are forging ahead to victory. We want to force our way through to peace, liberate our towns, plough up the soil that has been trampled by the enemy and console our terrified children.

We have shown the world the greatness of the Soviet human being. We have sacrificed and will continue to sacrifice everything for our native land in order that it may live. Great people and great nations do not measure their sacrifices by the inch. We have set an example to others. It is difficult to realize from a distance all the intensity of our March battles. But if it is impossible for our friends to see the compactness of the German divisions a thousand miles away, they can see through any pair of field-glasses the extent to which the German garrisons on the Channel coast have grown thin. Gaps have appeared in the German wall; bricks have been hurriedly transferred from the west to the east. The equinox is a season of storms. In the spring it is usual for prisoners to pine for liberty. In the spring the peoples who have been enslaved by Hitler will lift up their heads. And who knows whether a good spring wind may not burst into the gaping gap?

A woman bears a child in nine months. In nine months Germany has lost millions of her children. They have gone from their Berlin or Munich homes to graves in Russia. But Germany has not only lost her soldiers. She is beginning to lose her faith. And faith cannot be hired in Paris or Madrid, nor can it be ordered from Antonescu or borrowed from Mannerheim. Germany may have substitutes for soldiers, but even Germany has been unable to invent a substitute for faith. That is why the German cities are silent and why the German soldiers have nothing to say. They are still fighting. They are automatons, who will go on fighting till their sergeant-majors give them the order: "Eins-zwei. Quick march—into captivity." They are still serving their guns and loading their rifles, but they already have their doubts about Russian booty, the "star" of the Führer, and the coming spring.

The German Army is still facing us. It is still holding on and refusing to clear out. But the laws of life are immutable. To-morrow the day will outbalance the night. To-morrow we will prevail.

March 22nd, 1942.

THE SOUL OF A PEOPLE

On April 2nd the *Angriff* published the reflections of Ober-leutnant Gotthardt under the title of "A people without a soul." The Ober-leutnant has spent several months in the occupied territory of Russia, and he did not like our people. He writes:

"The fact that the people here do not laugh may be explained by their condition, but the absence of tears has a dreadful effect. Everywhere we observe a stubborn indifference even in the face of death. The people remain indifferent not only when their comrades are dying, but even when it is a question of their own life. A man was sentenced to death. He calmly smoked a cigarette. Is not this dreadful? Whence do these people get the strength to defend themselves so stubbornly and to go on attacking? To me it is a mystery."

How proud we feel on reading this German officer's admissions! Perhaps he thought our girls would smile at the Germans? They turn away from them. He wants to know the reason why the Russians don't laugh. He has given the reason himself; it is hard to laugh in the midst of gallows. A girl is being led to the gallows, but she does not weep. Her eyes are stern and dry. The Ober-leutnant thought she would weep, and that the executioners would enjoy her terror, weakness and tears. But Russian tears are a scarce treasure; they are not for the contemptible Hitlerites. Our country is generous

and so are our people. They despise stinginess; there is only one set of circumstances in which the Russians use the word "stingy" with approval. That is when they speak of a "stingy tear"—perhaps the solitary tear of a mother is the most terrible of all. Those tears are not for the Germans to see. The mothers of Kiev, Minsk, Odessa and Smolensk are weeping in the darkness of night, but in the day-time the executioners see dry eyes burning with the fire of hatred.

The Ober-leutnant calls the fortitude of the Russians "indifference." He thinks that if we cannot bear life under the German heel we cannot hold life dear. The German is dull-witted, arrogant and blind. Our people knew how to enjoy themselves before the accursed Hitlerites came. Kiev was wonderful in the April evenings. The little lights glittered over the Dnieper like glow-worms. The fragrant buds were already opening in the gardens, and the snowdrops were glistening among the fresh green grass. The young students, girls, lovers and dreamers strolled along the walks, talking of spring, love, examinations and a life as broad as the Dnieper. Didn't the young workers of Smolensk play a game of football which was up to championship standard? Wasn't Minsk a city of poets? Didn't the boys of ancient Novgorod dream of flights into the stratosphere? Wasn't there plenty of gaiety in our parks of culture and rest? Weren't there plenty of flowers in our meadows—cornflowers and poppies, harebells and daisies, and did not our young lovers play the ageless game "He loves me—he loves me not"? The invaders thought they would look into our soul and see our emotions, but the doors of the Russian soul were closed tight against them. And so the German Ober-leutnant can only talk of our "indifference."

He asserts that we are indifferent to the death of our comrades. The blood surges furiously to your head when you read these base words. All of us have relations, friends and comrades who have fallen in the war. Their faces are ever before us. Inscriptions can be removed from a monument, but the names of the heroes cannot be removed from our memory: they are scored deep into it by human sorrow. Why is it we hate the Hitlerites so strongly? Because we know whom they have killed. We do not answer the terrible news of the death of a friend with tears, but with shells, grenades and bullets. Why is Ober-leutnant Gotthardt hateful to me? Because I now know that together with others he "sentenced to death," that is, he tortured a Russian. I do not know the name of this comrade. The German says that he calmly smoked a cigarette before his death. Honour and glory to him! And death to his executioners! It is not indifference in us, but passionate, indomitable love for our people

and our life, and equally passionate and indomitable hatred for the invaders, violators and executioners.

Gotthardt asks whence the Russians get their strength. Why didn't the soldiers of the Red Army give up Moscow? Why are they performing magnificent exploits in an effort to liberate the towns which the Germans have captured? The learned Ober-leutnant, who has a penchant for philosophy, replies: "To me it is a mystery." I am not surprised. How can a contemptible hangman realize the strength of the Russian soul? He understands setting out on a campaign for oil, plundered bacon and Russian fur coats. He knows that the Leutnant must submit to the Ober-leutnant, and the Ober-leutnant to the captain—he can understand all that. He knows that Hitler gives the orders and Fritz does the shooting. But now he has before him a Russian peasant who has killed a German officer. Nobody ordered the guerilla to risk ending his life on the gallows. He was obeying his conscience. He was guided by his love for his native country. And to the German this is "dreadful."

This man Gotthardt was taught to write articles, to use the various types of machine-guns, to shout "Heil Hitler" and to recognize the different brands of champagne. He was turned into the semblance of a man, and this semblance exclaims: "I can't understand why people go to their death." He can't understand why a man is a man and not a Hitlerite vermin. A soulless executioner himself, he asserts that our people have no soul. He can read German. Perhaps he is a spy, in which case he will have been taught to read Russian also. He can distinguish the letters of our alphabet. But there is one book written in a language which he cannot understand. That book is the soul of our people. It is a great soul! It is in every Russian word, in every look, in every blade of grass. It is now indignant and raging like the sea in stormy weather. It is in every shot fired from a Russian rifle, in the roar of the guns and in the droning of the engines. It is in the light rustle as our scouts creep over the earth. It is in the terrible "Hurrahs" and in the terrible silence an hour before battle, a day or a month before the great spring battles.

April 19th, 1942.

OUR SPRING

Never before has the world talked so much about the spring as this year. They have embarrassed her like a young débutante, and she is loath to come out on to the stage. A warm day is followed by a cold one, and suddenly, as though to remind us of the Russian

January, a light snow covers the ground for a while. Nevertheless spring has arrived. The aerodrome runways are getting dry, and our pilots are bringing down tens of enemy planes every day. The spring crops are being gathered in the fields—smashed German machines, helmets, rifles and unexploded shells. Snowdrops are in bloom on the heroes' grave in the forest. Solitary icefloes drift down the rivers. The season of the May rainstorms is approaching.

In the legend the sorcerer's apprentice calls up the spirits and then cannot control them. On December 6th the Germans began to retreat from Moscow. On December 7th Hitler began to talk about the spring. For five months he rang all the changes on this word at all the cross-roads of Berlin. And now spring is here. Our soldiers have changed their snug "valenki" felt boots for seven-league boots. And Hitler has changed his favourite mistress—he has betrayed spring and is now taken up with winter.

On January 30th Hitler said that in the spring his "crack troops would again go forward." He hoped by using the word "spring" to warm up his frost-bitten Fritzes and to take the chill out of Germany's frozen heart with seasonable fancies. The spring is here, but where are Hitler's crack troops? Some of them will never wake again. Others are gloomily inspecting their swollen feet, and the new-comers are waiting apprehensively for the start of the spring fighting. They know now that Russia does not mean bacon or stockings for them, but death.

In May 1939 the Germans were eating ham in Prague. In May 1940 they were stamping in and out of the shops of Copenhagen and Oslo. In May 1941 they were guzzling Greek wine. In May 1942 they were sitting in damp dug-outs. War had lost its meaning for the Fritzes, as there was nothing more to plunder. One of them, a classic specimen, Otto Moss by name, declared on being taken prisoner: "I don't know what the war is about, as I'm not interested in politics. I haven't read the leaflets. In fact I haven't read anything since I left school. Personally I've no interest in this war at all." How can the war interest a bandit? One Nazi corporal recently wrote to his wife: "Just imagine, I've forgotten what a chicken looks like!" This is a cry from the heart. It is more terrible than the muttering of the generals. It is the verdict of the German Army.

Spring has come, but it won't be Hitler's spring. Why has Field-Marshal von Rundstedt left the steppes of the Ukraine for the gusty coast of Normandy? Why has Hitler's favourite, General List, the "subduer of the Balkans," left the sunny Crimea for chilly Norway? Like birds, the German generals are subject to spring migrations.

Berlin is a city notorious for its draughtiness, and the spring breeze is dangerous for the weak. Hitler sent for his Governors; the butcher Heidrich came from Czechoslovakia, Terboven from Norway, Field-Marshal von Witzleben from Holland and General von Stuelpnagel from Paris. It was a conference of butchers. They discussed how they were going to shoot hostages, behead women, torture and hang. But the nations refuse to be pacified. Though subdued, they are like those dangerous waters in whose depths are swift currents which lie in wait for the incautious navigator.

At six o'clock in the afternoon of May 1st, France will hold a silent demonstration before the monuments of the Republic at the request of General de Gaulle. It will be the parade of the army of to-morrow. Pétain no longer serves as a screen for the Gestapo. Instead of the dotard Marshal's uniform, the convict garb of the thief Laval is now spread over humiliated France. People are being shot in Paris, St. Nazaire and Boulogne, and the spring breeze rustles over the graves of France. When Laval's speech was being broadcast, it was interrupted by a voice which said: "Tell us, Laval, how much have you received for this—for every head and for the head of France?" It was the voice of the French people. They know that this spring will be stormy.

The storm is gathering force with the spring. Here is the chronicle of the last days of April. A German major was killed at Trondhjem in Norway. A dump of aircraft shells was blown up in Greece. Two military trains were derailed in France. Old men and children, Communists and priests are working against Hitler. In Moravia an old peasant woman, Maria Prokes, was executed for setting fire to three German granaries. In Paris two girls were arrested in the Boulevard Sevastopol for hitting a German officer who had insulted them. At their interrogation the French girls, evidently inspired by the name of the street, said that "they wanted to be strong like the heroes of Sevastopol." At Liège the priest of the church of Châtelet was arrested for refusing to perform a funeral service for a soldier of the "Wallonie Legion" who had betrayed the Belgian people. Per Krog, one of the leading artists of Europe, has been arrested in Oslo. Europe does not want to die. She is struggling to her feet. Blood-stained, reviled and starving, she is reaching out to life.

We know how many tanks and aeroplanes the United States are producing. We know what forces are concentrated in the narrow island of Great Britain. For Europe victory in 1943 would be a victory in the midst of a wilderness, whereas victory in 1942 would be the victory of life and the salvation of the work of a whole genera-

tion. It is the hope of the cities and vineyards that are still intact. And the wind is blowing from the Atlantic coast. . . . It appears that von Rundstedt will not succeed in stopping up the cracks, nor will List be able to block the fjords with barriers. The will to attack will grow stronger with the spring in Europe. But it will not be Hitler who will attack.

The air raids on western Germany may be considered as only a preparation. They are a good preparation. The population of Germany has got to be taught the lesson of bombing. The German rear had a dull time during the inactive winter months. It was only enlivened by the letters from the Soviet-German front. Now bombs have been added to the letters.

The German Information Bureau whines: "The barbarous British air attacks on the ancient Hanseatic towns of Lubeck and Rostock have aroused the greatest indignation in Germany. Hitherto there has existed an unwritten law, in virtue of which even in war-time the monuments of European culture, wherever they may be, were considered inviolable. England has betrayed these principles." The shameless vandals are now pretending to be Humanists. Who destroyed the ancient city of Coventry? Who damaged Westminster Abbey? Who destroyed the great monument of ancient architecture in Novgorod? Who disfigured the palaces of Leningrad? Now the barbarians are complaining that they themselves are being injured! Have not the British dared to bomb such a "monument of European culture" as the Heinkel works at Rostock? The British fliers dared to attack the vipers' nest, and the vipers are hissing, masquerading as museum curators, university professors, and lovers of humanity. Never mind, let them weep! We know that their filthy tears will not make up for the tears of the mothers of Leningrad, London and Belgrade. We are not settling accounts with tears, but we will strike at the beast wherever we can. Spring has come to Germany with the wailing of sirens and the thunder of bombs. It is not the sort of spring that Hitler was dreaming about.

Hitler has prepared a large number of tanks, planes and guns for the spring. But it is free people who carry on the war. Free people think and sacrifice themselves, and it is only free people who can conquer. The Hitlerites are the slaves of machines. It is not the German who drives the tank, but the tank that drives the German. The German Army has grown up in the school of infamy. It has been fed with easy gains. It has not been trained in courage and fortitude, but in arbitrariness and arrogance. It now stands before us, armed to the teeth and yet toothless—it has no backbone, no will

and no soul. The German corporal is looking to see how he can wriggle out of the danger in the spring. Fritz is looking for a loophole. Whom will Hitler call to the rescue? Murderers. The epileptic Führer hopes that the man who has murdered his wife will make a good soldier. He is making a mistake—the wife-killer knows how to murder, but he doesn't know how to die. Neither the Italian deserters nor the Rumanian rabble will save Hitler. The time will come when Hitler's enormous army will begin to fall apart like a rotten clout. Every one of them hates his neighbour. The Prussian hates the Bavarian, and the Saxon hates the Austrian. The Germans hate the Italians, and the Rumanians hate the Hungarians. The underlings hate their masters, and the corporals hate their lieutenants. Goering hates Himmler. And yet these robbers wanted to conquer the Pamirs, Patagonia and the North Pole! They are miserable buffoons, starving rats, who to-morrow will devour one another!

Hitler will try to attack; but he has talked too much about the spring. We must turn his spring attack into a spring retreat.

Spring has come, and it will be our spring. The hope of the world is fastened on the Red Army. We have not slept during the winter months. Every day our soldiers have been exterminating thousands of the invaders. Our women have remained at the benches and put all their love for their husbands, sons, sweethearts, brothers into their work. We have raised herds of new tanks, reared flocks of new aeroplanes. We have sacrificed to future victory all that we held most precious; we have torn from the heart of Russia new divisions which will become the divisions of victory.

May 1st was for us a sacred holiday of labour, brotherhood and spring. Who is there among us who does not remember the peaceful crowds of joyful people, the festive dress of our cities, the flags, the sunshine and the songs? We paid tribute to labour. The German invaders have devastated hundreds of our towns and cut down our young orchards. Our wonderful schools, new cities, clubs, museums, factories and children's crèches have been ruined. The fruits of so much self-sacrificing labour have been destroyed. The wrath of a shattered hive is terrible. And on May 1st, Labour Day, our hatred of the Hitlerites is stronger than ever. What is the Russian land, what is our work to them? They came to plunder, carouse and kill. Our reply is shells, tanks, aeroplanes and rifles. Our reply is the blood of the invaders. During the winter it melted the eternal snows. During the summer it will saturate the dry earth.

May 1st is the day of the brotherhood of the peoples. We shall remember everything. We shall remember the fate of the Ukrainians

and Byelorussians, and the fate of the peoples of Europe. "Fraternity or death!" exclaimed the patriots of the French Revolution. We wanted fraternity, but Hitler has made widows of millions of women, and orphans of millions of children. So we say: Death to the Fascists! That is our vow of fraternity—for our brethren who have died! For a living life!

Our newspapers have long been writing about the atrocities of the Hitlerites. Now this terrible subject has found its way into private letters. It is not the reporters who now talk about the subject, but the collective farmers of the liberated villages. I was in a village near Mojhaïsk when German prisoners were being escorted. A dog went up to them and turned away growling. "Even a dog understands," said a woman. Everybody hates them. It seems the rivers will cast out their foul bodies and the earth will vomit their remains.

May 1st is the festival of spring. Soon the cherry-trees in the Ukraine will be in bloom and the forests of Byelorussia will be green again. Soon the ancient stones of Novgorod will be basking in the sun. Our land can bear the aggressors no longer. There is no place for the gallows among the trees of Russia. The foul German corporals shall not stride about the Russian meadows. Forward, friends! The spring will be full of violence and hardship, but it will be our spring.

April 30th, 1942.



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